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The Bookworm.

AN ILLUSTRATED TREASURY
OF
OLD-TIME LITERATURE.



v. 6

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London :

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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Our Note-Book.

ALTHOUGH it is not so stated on the title-page, it is nevertheless a fact that Mr. James Baldwin's "The Book-Lover : A Guide to the Best Reading," which G. P. Putnam's Sons have just issued, is a new and cheaper edition of a book which has had a very considerable popularity in a more expensive form. We are not at all surprised that it has sold well, for it is exceedingly entertaining as well as useful. Personally, we dislike Courses of Reading and Schemes for Practical Study to which Mr. Baldwin refers, but when such things have been decided upon it is at all events very desirable to have a competent guide, and Mr. Baldwin may certainly claim to be this. The elder Pliny declared that no book was so bad but that some part of it might be read with profit, but amid the high pressure at which every phase of life is now carried on we cannot afford to read every book we come across upon the plea that it may contain something of profit for us. This was possible at a period when half a dozen books were considered a fairly extensive library even for a man of means and culture. Now, it is necessary to obtain the greatest amount of knowledge with the least possible waste of time. After a chapter of wise hints as to the choice of books, Mr. Baldwin gives some equally solid advice as to the best manner of reading, and then on the value and use of libraries. We might traverse a good many of the hints he lays down in his chapter on "Books for every Scholar," but our disagreements would perhaps be more matters of opinion than of fact. After several practical chapters, Mr. Baldwin comes to the almost inevitable question as to "The Best Hundred Books," and into this extremely debatable matter we do not now propose to enter. We can thoroughly com-

mend Mr. Baldwin's little book, which is daintily got up and deserves an extensive sale.

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The annual volume of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s *English Illustrated Magazine* is not nearly so interesting from a purely literary point of view as some of its predecessors. The articles which will attract the reader of literary or artistic tastes are few indeed as compared with previous years. Archdeacon Farrar's paper on three portraits of Milton is good, and that on Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons is graphic and exceedingly interesting. But even this article does not give a full idea of the wonderful order and magnitude of W. H. Smith & Sons' business. The astonishment is that there should be so few mistakes, and that every blunder is so readily traced to its immediate source. To every one interested in athletic sports, in natural history, and in railways, this volume will be especially welcome ; whilst for any one, old or young, it would be difficult to name a handsomer presentation book.

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It has become an annual pleasure both to read and to praise Mr. Joseph Jacob's charming books of fairy tales. This year he has gone to Indian sources for his inspiration, and it is almost needless to say that the field is peculiarly rich. Most authorities, including our friend Mr. Clouston, argue that India is the home of the Fairy Tale, and we think that, on the whole, their arguments have a great deal of force in them. The examples which Mr. Jacobs has selected for his book are not unfamiliar to students of the science of Folk-Lore, but they will not on that account be less welcome to readers who do not consider themselves as coming within that category. A few years ago the fairy story was regarded as peculiarly the property of young people, but this can no longer be said to be true. The subject has now become almost an exact science, and the origin of many of the stories a matter of study and inquiry as keen as the most important branches of historic doubt. So long as men like Mr. Jacobs and Mr. Andrew Lang take up the subject there will be no want of grown-up readers, and their books will continue to receive their proper position on the bookshelves of both old and young. Mr. Jacobs has been again fortunate in having the co-operation of Mr. J. D. Batten in giving, by his beautiful pictures, a vivid reality to these stories ; and Mr. David Nutt, the publisher, is doubly fortunate in having two such harmonious collaborators.

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A prefatory note to "The London and Middlesex Note-book" (Elliot Stock) tells us that the experiment of publishing a work devoted solely to the antiquarian and historical interests of London and Middlesex has been carried out in the volume now before us, and though it does not compass all that the editor intended, he hopes that it will meet with the approval of those who are interested in the records of the past, and that much of its contents will prove of permanent value to students. A mere glance through this handsome volume will prove that the editor, Mr. W. P. W. Phillimore, has succeeded in compiling a volume of very wide interest and permanent value as a book of reference. To an Englishman no city in the world possesses the attractions of London, and in spite of the innumerable histories, good, bad, and indifferent, there are still vast quantities of important facts which only need gathering together and digesting to throw many side-lights on the history of this the most extensive city which the world has ever seen. Mr. Phillimore has commenced to do this useful work, and we hope he will be encouraged to continue it.

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The late Mr. William Blades's "Books in Chains" is a very welcome addition to Mr. Elliot Stock's Book-Lover's Library, and Mr. Wheatley's introduction is an excellent *resumé* of the lamented author's life-work by one who knew him well. The subject from which the book derives its title occupies two chapters, dealing respectively with chained books at Wimborne Minster (see *BOOKWORM*, vol. ii., p. 153), and in England and Abroad. The other essays which go to make up the book have appeared in various quarters, the most important of them, "De Ortu Typographiæ," having first seen light in *THE BOOKWORM* during 1888. Mr. Blades has not by any means exhausted the subject of books in chains so far as regards foreign examples, there still being several of the highest interest and importance in various parts of the continent. We trust that at some not far distant period the custodians of these chained books will publish articles descriptive of them; and the interest would be rendered still greater if collectors would publish accounts of books in their possession which still carry marks of having at one time been in chains. These occur occasionally in the auction room, and a couple of examples were recorded in *THE BOOKWORM*, vol. iv., p. 339.

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Mr. George H. Ellwanger's "Story of My House," which Messrs.

George Bell & Sons have issued in this country, is almost too dainty a book to handle. It is as pretty to look at as it is charming to read, and that is saying a good deal. Mr. Ellwanger deals with a variety of topics, on every one of which he is equally at home and entertaining. We prefer, however, the chapters dealing with the "Magicians of the Shelves," on "Authors and Readers," and on "My Indoor Garden," in each of which the author is particularly happy. Mr. Ellwanger writes with equal taste and fluency on nature, art, and literature, the one adding to rather than (as is sometimes the case) detracting from his appreciation of the other. "The Story of My House" is not a book to be picked up and read through with the dreary industry of the subscriber to a circulating library. It is essentially a book for which one must feel in the humour to appreciate properly, and under such conditions it is not likely to be dropped quickly. It only wants to be known to be appreciated on this side of the water, its popularity in America having been quite phenomenal. We may mention that the quaint and appropriate headings and tail-pieces have been specially designed by Mr. Alan Wright, and that it contains, as frontispiece, a view of the author in his study.

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We have already called attention to Mr. Quaritch's admirable "Dictionary of English Book-Collectors," of which the second and third parts have appeared. The collectors dealt with in these two parts are Mary Queen of Scots, Charles Spencer Third Earl of Sunderland, Sir James Thorold, Colonel T. Stanley, James and Thomas Edwards, John Rennie, Henry Perkins, Henry Huth, Thomas Allen, John Horne Tooke, B. H. Malkin, George John Earl Spencer, and Mrs. John Rylands. The illustrations to the two parts include a facsimile of the cover of a copy of Paradin's "Chronique de Savoye" (Lyon, 1552), bound for Mary Queen of Scots, and now in the possession of Lord Rosebery; a steel engraved portrait of Henry Huth; a portrait of Earl Spencer; and facsimiles of the first and last pages of the Mentz Psalter of 1459, now in the possession of Mr. Quaritch. With one exception, all the notices are written by Mr. Michael Kerney, than whom there is no greater living authority on book matters, not even excepting Mr. Quaritch himself. The Huth article is written in part by Mr. F. S. Ellis and by Mr. Alfred H. Huth, the son and present owner of the magnificent library which is said to have cost his father about £120,000, and of which an account appeared in *THE BOOKWORM*, vol. iii. pp. 225, 327.



Small Books.

THE French equivalent to our own *Notes and Queries*, *l'Intermédiaire des Chercheurs et des Curieux*, recently published the following note on a subject to which we have made frequent reference in *THE BOOKWORM* :—

The smallest work I know of is a tiny child's prayer-book printed in Paris, without date, by Firmin-Didot. It is 27 millimètres in height, and 25 wide, including margin. Is any other book known of smaller than this?

In one of the following issues several readers gave an enumeration of books still smaller. We give the answers of M. de la Coussière.

The following is a description of a book still more microscopic than that alluded to in the question. "The Little Fabulist." Paris: Firmin-Didot, 56, Rue Jacob. No date; 87 pages; wood engravings. The two copies I know have the back and guards covered with satin, and the flat sides are ivory. One of them measures 23 millimètres by 19; the other, less cut in the binding, 25 millimètres by 20.

"The Joujou Amusant": New Almanack for the Year 1803. Paris: Marcilly, Rue Julien-le-Pauvre. 64 pages; engravings, calendar, and songs; 29 millimètres by 20.

"Little Child's Prayer-Book." Paris. Printing Works of Ad. B. Lâiné, 19, Rue des Saints-Pères. 92 pages, copper-coloured metal binding and clasp; 26 millimètres by 20.

"The *Nécessaire d'un homme de bien*." Paris. Jaunet, late Joubert; 64 pages, 21 millimètres by 17.—This book was printed before 1790, as the last page contains a notice to lords of the court.

The measure I employed being rather defective, the measurements given may be accepted as correct within a millimètre.

Subsequently, M. de la Coussière added to the preceding remarks the following note:—

“When I answered the question I had not looked in one of my glass cases, where I have two books, one of which is smaller than any of those already mentioned, being only 19 millimètres by 14. It is entitled the ‘Alarm Almanack for 1781.’ Paris: Boulanger, Rue du Petit-Pont: Le Mercier (*sic*), 64 pages. There are some engravings and quatrains for singing regarding it. The book has guards of silk, and is encased in a beautiful little gilt trinket, 21 millimètres by 18, embellished by pretty ornaments of Louis XVI.

“I have also a small child’s prayer-book, no date, printed by Firmin-Didot, containing five engravings, and measuring 25 millimètres by 17. It has ninety-eight pages, although there are only ninety-two numbered, and it is bound, velvet back and ivory sides. These little books were given to us, when children, in Easter eggs.”

Most of these little books are not printed typographically, but in copper-plate drawn on hollow engraved plates, like those used for visiting cards. There are some, however, of similar form in print. We may mention, in particular, “The Christian’s Exercise,” printed at Paris, in 1757, with no less than 192 pages. The copy in M. Coussière’s possession measures, with its original binding, 35 millimètres in length, 20 in width, and not more than 10 in thickness. There is also “The Little Fabulist,” no date, Paris. This little book is about the size of the preceding, containing engravings on wood, and is printed typographically.

A large number of microscopic books are Missals, Prayer-books; they are often in leather cases or metal, and then sometimes form trinkets. There are some noted collectors of these little books. M. Salomon, a well-known Parisian amateur, for instance, has about 200 specimens. Are the curious books we have just enumerated actually the smallest made? We should not like to say so. A Parisian bookseller assured us recently that a book passed through his hands which was smaller than any of them. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to answer a question of interest to bibliophiles and virtuosos—Which is, really, the smallest book in the world?



London Booksellers.

MR. EUGENE FIELD'S experience of the London bookshops has not been a happy one, if we may judge by the following which appears in *Geyer's Stationer*:—Nearly every book-dealer in London is a publisher. Consequently, if you seek a particular book, it is hard to procure it at once unless you know the name and location of the publishing house. There are certain dealers—notably Hatchard, in Piccadilly—who will get any book there is in print and can be got; but they require time. Go into any shop and ask for an item, and the chances are nine to one that the answer will be, "No, we haven't it, but we can get it for you." In every little nine-by-four shop you hear talk about "our factory." "We shall have to send down to our factory" for this article or that. This sort of thing makes even strong men very weary. After inquiring in vain at half a dozen shops for a copy of James Whitcomb Riley's poems, I made the long journey to Paternoster Row, and applied for the book at Longmans', the publisher. I was referred to a dealer in St. Paul's Churchyard. Thither I proceeded. They were all out of the book, but could get me one. "How soon can you get it?" I asked. "In a week or ten days," they said. "Where do you have to go for it?" I asked. "To the publishers," they answered. "My friends," said I, "I have travelled four miles for that book, and I am going to camp here till I get it. The publishers are only one minute's walk from here—now fetch me that book!" Very few of the second-hand book shopkeepers know what they have in stock. You ask them for a certain book, and they shake their heads, when the chances are that several copies of the book you want are con-

spicuously displayed upon their shelves. Their so-called catalogues are not worth much, because they include, in most cases, only the high-priced books. The real curiosities are to be found, not in the catalogues, but upon the top and bottom shelves of the dusty stalls.

[We quote the above more as a curiosity than anything else. Its absurdities are too numerous and too obvious to be worthy of categorical replies, and Mr. Field's unhappy and quite needless troubles will afford amusing reading to those who know the real facts of the case.—ED. BOOKWORM.]

Real Bookworms.

TWO fine specimens of the genuine bookworm were discovered recently by Mr. Benjamin, of New York, embedded in a precious copy of "Seneca," dated London, 1675, and belonging to John Carey in 1782. One small white worm had entered at the lower right-hand corner, the conical cocoon from which it had emerged still adhering to the leaves of the book without. With its fellow, which was working towards it from the back of the book, no cocoon was found. The former, three-eighths of an inch long and one-eighth of an inch in diameter, was unwittingly killed by the disturbance of its shell, but the remaining member of the family is still alive and healthy. This book-destroyer is now exceedingly rare; so much so that when Mr. Bernard Quaritch found one five years ago, in one of his treasured volumes, he celebrated the discovery by giving a dinner to a large party of his principal clients.



The Friendship of Books.

PROBABLY no cultivated person can be more eloquent than when talking about books; and as the subject is one at all times pleasant to read about as well as to listen to, we have pleasure in reproducing the gist of two lectures delivered during October. The first was delivered by Sir John Lubbock to the students of the Morley Memorial College, Waterloo Road, London.

Beginning with a reference to the praise bestowed on books more than four hundred years ago by Richard De Bury, Bishop of Durham, Sir John said:—Consider how much better off we are now than he was then. You may buy for the price of a pot of beer or one or two pipes as much as you could read in a month. Again, while our books are small and handy, theirs were ponderous, immense—very inconvenient either to hold or to read. Even our deepest books are, in a sense, light. But, what is far more important, we have not only all the most interesting books which De Bury could command, but many more also. Even of ancient literature much has been discovered. Again, in his day, one might almost say that the novel was unknown. In poetry he lived before Shakespeare or Milton. In science, chemistry and geology have been created, and, indeed, the progress of discovery has made all the rest—natural history, astronomy, geography, and others—far more interesting. I have already mentioned novels, and I think those who cry down public libraries because many novels are read in them make a great mistake. I believe we have, most of us, to confess the truth, learned more English history from Shakespeare and Scott than from Stubbs or Green. Moreover, good novels teach us, what is very important, a knowledge of human knowledge.

Books are peculiarly necessary to the working men in our towns. Their life is one of much monotony. We look down upon less civilised races, but yet the savage has a far more varied existence. He must watch the habits of the game which he hunts, their migrations and feeding grounds. He must know where and how to fish. Every month brings him some change of occupation and of food.

He must prepare his weapons and build his own house. Even the lighting of a fire, so easy now, is to him a matter of labour and knack. The agricultural labourer turns his hand to many things. He ploughs and sows, and mows and reaps. He plants at one season, and uses the bill-hook and the axe at another. He looks after the sheep, and pigs, and cows. To hold the plough, to lay a fence, or tie up a sheaf is by no means so easy as it looks. It is said of Wordsworth that a stranger having on one occasion asked to see his study, the maid said, "This is master's room, but he studies in the fields." The agricultural labourer learns a great deal in the fields. He knows much more than we give him credit for, only it is field learning, not 'book learning—and none the worse for that. But the man who works in a shop or manufactory has a much more monotonous existence. He is confined, perhaps, to one process, or even one part of a process, from year's end to year's end. He acquires, no doubt, a skill little short of the miraculous, but, on the other hand, very narrow. If he is not himself to become a mere animated machine he must generally obtain, and in some cases he can only obtain, the necessary variety and interest from the use of books.

And if reading is an advantage anywhere, it is especially and peculiarly so in London. Our climate does not permit us to sit out in the open air so often as in southern countries, our river is not so pure, our air not so clear as in the country or smaller towns. Nor can you escape to the woods and fields so easily as the people of villages and smaller cities. Books, however, will transport you to the green fields and downs, the woods and rivers, mountains and seashores. They will even take you abroad, and bring before you other countries—the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, the lakes and mountains of Switzerland, the beautiful islands of the Pacific; you may travel all over the world, without suffering from the heat of the tropics or the cold of the poles; you may visit Rome and Greece, and the wonderful cities of Egypt. Nowhere, again, is it possible to read with more profit than in London, because in the British Museum—the most magnificent museum in the world—in our picture galleries and elsewhere, you have specimens and monuments and pictures which do much to illustrate the books. We hear much now about the creation of a great university for London. But after all, as Carlyle well said, you have a university where you have a library. I have been subjected to some good-humoured ridicule for having said that I believed the time would come when working men would be the great readers. But I adhere to the opinion. You have

shorter hours than doctors, or lawyers, or merchants, and when you have done your day's work you have had plenty of exercise, while we have still ours to get.

To whom do we owe our national progress? Partly, no doubt, to wise sovereigns and statesmen, partly to our brave army and navy, partly to gallant explorers who paved the way to our Colonial Empire, partly to students and philosophers. But while we remember with gratitude all they have accomplished, we must not forget that the British workman, besides all he has done with his strong right arm, has used his brains also to great advantage. Watt was a mechanical engineer; Henry Cort, whose improvements in manufactures are said to have added more to the wealth of England than the whole value of the National Debt, was the son of a brick-maker; Huntsman, the inventor of cast steel, was a poor watch-maker; Crompton was a weaver; Wedgewood was a potter; Brindley, Telford, Mushat, and Neilson were working men; George Stephenson began life as a cowboy at twopence a day, and could not read till he was eighteen; Dalton was the son of a poor weaver, Faraday of a blacksmith, Newcomen of a blacksmith; Arkwright began life as a barber, Sir Humphrey Davy was an apothecary's apprentice, and Bolton, "the father of Birmingham," was a button maker. We ought to be as proud of them as of any of our generals or statesmen. Those who love reading are, to a great extent, independent of the caprices or tyranny of their fellow-men. Indeed, there is hardly any trouble which an hour's reading will not diminish. A library, indeed, is not only the best university; it is a true fairy-land, a Paradise upon earth, a Garden of Eden without its one drawback, for all is free to us, especially the fruit of the tree of knowledge for which we are told that our first mother abandoned all the pleasures of Paradise.

The second lecture was delivered by the Rev. S. A. Barnett at the opening of the Whitechapel Free Library, and was very happily described by Lord Roseberry as an "exquisite little speech." The subject was "Books and their Uses."

The uses of books, Mr. Barnett said, were innumerable, but their chief use was to be our friends. All of us put friendship at the top of our possessions, and valued above all things a good friend. East London suffered most of all from the loss of the friendship of West London, and no amount of gifts, no kind words, no number of missions and no laws, were they for relief or coercion, could ever make up for that loss of friendship. The chief use of books was to

be our friends, and books made very often the turning-point in a man's life. For himself he remembered how reading Seeley's "Ecce Homo" gave him a new foothold for faith, and how Maine's "Ancient Law" made his life travel back to the very beginnings of things, and how Browning's poems gave him a ladder on which to step from the common things of earth to the glories of heaven. They were friends which inspired and rebuked and never wearied, which never sulked and never had any moods; they were friends which gave and took, and there must be reciprocity in true friendship. They gave to the readers what their readers needed with an exquisite sympathy, but they also took something from the reader. Books were faithful—they spoke alike to rich and poor, in sickness and in health—they were the comforters of many sick beds, and it was a striking fact that Tennyson, a man with many friends, asked on his death-bed for a book, and that his last words were, "I have opened the book." The best books, like the best people, needed to be introduced—their exterior was not always attractive. There were books which needed no introduction—pleasing books which made good company for the idle hour; but those books which stood by a man in his hours of trouble and helped him in times of difficulty, in sorrow, and death, were friends who very often needed an introduction. Now, introducers were not very common in East London—those people who, knowing the life within the books, were able to introduce them to people who had no knowledge of the books. Happily they were becoming more common, and people were beginning to recognise the fact that they in East London needed some other knowledge than how to increase their earnings. All labour had its best comfort in enabling great men to live. The Greeks and Jews stood high above other nations, not because they achieved great conquests, but because they left us great lives on which we could feed our character. No accumulation of wealth, no aggrandisement of empire would enable the English nation to bear great men. They wanted more men who would come amid them who, knowing something of the books themselves, would introduce them to readers. There were 10,000 books in that library. Among them it was certain there were friends to suit all characters, and all men, and all times. Light books—novels and tales—books to be men's companions, and to take them from their surroundings—these books had their value, and a very great value, in their neighbourhood. But it was the solid books, the philosophies, the histories, the poetry—it was these that could help them in their trouble, and it was these that he urged his friends in Whitechapel to seek.



Biblioincineration.

[Among a very varied collection of "Bibliopoliana," we possess a broadside with the somewhat startling title of "Biblioconflagratio." It is, of course, American, for only an American genius could invent such a title, to begin with. The following is the leading article, so to speak, of the broadside, and was indited from the "Temporary Sanctum" about three years ago. Its chief fault is its length, but we prefer to give it *in toto* to a garbled condensation, inasmuch as Mr. Ruggles is only at his best when at his worst, or, in other words, when he can scorn any fear of the editorial blue-pencil.—ED. BOOKWORM.]

RIENDS AND PATRONS:

Instead of reclining "among the roses of relaxation" as we had purposed briefly doing, we must still remain at the front, and again mount the editorial tripod for the purpose of inditing our first *semi*-annual message. As sooner or later befalls the lot of most business men, and especially those of this historic town, we too have undergone the ordeal of fire, have passed through the crucible of conflagration. On the night of February 20, our Bookery, Knicknackatory and Sanctum Sanctorum were entirely consumed, thus sweeping away in a few brief moments the vast literary accumulations of a busy lifetime. Our tons of book stock, and valuable private library of choice new and "O. P." works on peculiar subjects and ordinary topics treated in an uncommon manner (dating from 1473), the most of which were extra matterated and enriched with clippings akin to the subjects treated gummed to the covers and fly leaves, and favourite passages carefully marked; of prized bibliographical works and finding lists containing the titles, authors, publishers, sizes, prices and date of publication of nearly every book issued in America

since the discovery of the Continent, of costly extra illustrated volumes, Confederate States imprints, "Juniana," "Baconiana," "Facetia," etc.; our cords of periodicals, embracing original issues back to 1714, and many *facsimiles* of others more ancient, including a fine selection of papers with singular titles; our profusion of fascinating pictures and statuary, hundreds of photographic and stereoscopic views gathered by years of travel, thousands of portraits of celebrities and pictures for purposes of illustration, our aggregation of numismatic treasures, (some ante-dating the Christian era), numerous acquisitions in philately, glittering specimens of the mineral kingdom, our wonderful accumulation of autograph letters, documents and signatures, our avalanche of quaint *bric-a-brac* and souvenirs of eccentricity, our *omnium gatherum* scrap books of psychological oddities, local history archives, and our own twenty-three years' literary contributions, our common-place books filled with uncountable intellectual notes, our oceans of newspaper clippings and gleanings of a third of a century, and unedited material filed away for use in the near future, our miles of correspondence with names and addresses of myriads of bibliophiles, biblioworms, and warm personal friends, our electrotypes, printed advertising matter, circulars and stationery, our worlds of old book catalogues in various languages, all our account books, invoices, and office records generally, together with furniture, clothing, trunks, satchels and packing cases, while last in enumeration, but first of all in sentimental value, the original Webster's Elementary Spelling Book, in which we conned our letters, with our other old text books of school-boy days, and several generations of family heirlooms that are hopelessly unduplicatable, have all been reduced to ashes by the chemical action of the devouring element.

The old mansion and landmark that has withstood the vicissitudes of wind and storm, the lightning's threatening flash, and human carelessness for over half a century, at last has been forced to surrender to the insinuating fury of the remorseless fire fiend, and is now but a mass of smouldering ruins. Originally constructed for and occupied as a caravansary, it has for lo these many years, in its lower regions served for families therein to dwell, while six of the upper apartments have been occupied by our constantly accumulating stock and steadily increasing business. The chimney "burned out" and ignited the building, and soon the great depository of the wisdom of the ages went down in the maelstrom of destruction. Charred fragments of books were wafted on the wings of the winds for miles around.

The families barely escaped with their lives, one heroic woman working barefooted in the snow and cold with the thermometer marking zero, and her limbs congealing.

Our patient pets, however, exhibited the composure of unmurmuring stoics; the ebony blackbird looked on undismayed, the usually timid partridge ne'er moved a muscle, the modest meadow lark showed no embarrassment, the shy prairie dog uttered not a single bark, nor did the duck quack, or the new-born chicken even peep, the "guinea pig" calmly submitted to the roasting process without so much as a grunt or squeal, while the great horned owl, our "god of wisdom," looked on undismayed as the terrible incineration was swiftly progressing, and all endured the great transition so calmly as to cast no reflections whatever on the clever specimens of the deft taxidermist's skill that they were. How like unto the paralysis of death in the human is the great equalizer cremation, and our worshipped curios and sainted volumes, whether arrayed in cloth or leather garments, in plain paper or sumptuous morocco apparel, have all been reduced to a common level and met a uniform fate.

He who pilfers our wallet gets trash, but cruel fate that robs us of our mind's gods and jewels that had been gathered by years of toil and hardships, of feverish brain tension and physical perspiration, commits to us the unpardonable sin indeed!

It is a calamity that we long have feared and have seen in both dreams by night and daytime reveries, and as we had frequently foretold, nothing would be saved in case of our absence. It is not the regular stock in trade, that will take several months to have re-manufactured, that we so much regret as the sacrificing of curio accumulations. But bad as the calamity is it might have been much worse. We feel *very* thankful that no lives were lost and no one even seriously hurt.

The pecuniary loss is upwards of \$5,000, upon which we have an insurance of \$3,000. Had the fire occurred earlier in the season the loss would have been much heavier, considerable quantities of stock having been shipped out during the winter. The sentimental loss and consequential damages are simply incomputable.

The ruins have been thoroughly dug over and proved to be a miniature gold mine, as considerable quantities of old and new coins, in various stages of preservation, have been unearthed.

Having a large amount of unfinished business in the west, (where we were fortunate in getting goods shipped in advance of the conflagration), we concluded reluctantly to remain and complete before returning to the scene of devastation. But oh, what a month of sus-

pense and anxiety it has been to us ! What with telegrams awaiting in town after town, constant reminders from customers about local fires, the burning prairies, etc., we have veritably been fire-haunted, and experienced a sublunary inferno. We are now, however, taking the matter philosophically, and feel that we but assumed unnecessary risks and have reaped the usual outcome ; for have we not in life a surfeit of unavoidable chances to incur without burdening ourselves with others that can be evaded. We had long contemplated the erection of a brick building, a removal "from the old house into " a new, and was just reaching our hope's fruition, and well thought our plans, when trusting against fate for a few months longer, the devouring demon, whose coming can never be definitely prognosticated, appeared upon the scene with the usual result. But away with useless regrets and manfully survey the future ! So we are now giving our thoughts to perfecting safer arrangements.

Do we purpose *phœnixising* ? Most assuredly the answer must be in the affirmative, for are we not "in for life" and "wedded to our idols until death do us part ?" Moreover, with orders and letters of cheer and sympathy rolling in by every mail, how could we retire, even did we so desire ? "

We shall at least for a while longer remain in this unique antiquarian town, and have consequently established new headquarters at the corner of Chicago and Matteson streets, and shall at once begin new acquisitions, and as far as practicable duplicate the old curiosity shop as speedily as cash and the "gift of continuance" will accomplish the splendid desideratum. We intend to make it a great educational institution for the rising generation and a philosophical Mecca to which enthusiastic bibliophiles can sojourn with both pleasure and profit. Like Barnum's show, everything will be new, fresh, and sparkling, but we fear on the contrary that as Carlisle remarked of his History of the French Revolution, (the manuscript of which was burned and afterwards re-written from memory), "it's pretty good, but ah ! ah ! it is not like the old one ! "

So you see, friends, we are not crushed, nor even despondent ; our plans have only been disarranged, causing much temporary inconvenience and some delay, but not frustrated nor abandoned. Having for years possessed all assets, no liabilities, the loss will not affect our financial standing, and we shall continue to purchase and sell goods for cash as heretofore, and proceed on our mission of diffusing intelligence, handling the most precious goods on earth, the ink-preserved brain-drops of the "Knights of the Pen, the Monarchs of the mind !" until comes the time to close the volume of Existence

when the future scribe can truthfully write upon the final stage, "He fought the great battle of Life, he kept the moral faith, fire could not conquer him, the idiotic mouthings of blatherskiting empty heads could not swerve him from his purpose, and he never got off from his hobby until the grim monster did them separate." Thus with a goodly amount of insurance, a comfortable bank account, valuable real estate and outside resources, we purpose keeping step to the music of progress, and ever retaining as our watch-word, *Bibliopolenildesperandum!*

Yours for the Conflict,

J. FRANCIS RUGGLES.

Franklin's Favourite Books.

THE following is a list of "favourite" books drawn up by Benjamin Franklin in the year 1722, published in the *New York Courant*, reprinted in the *New York Critic* of August 20:—Pliny's "Natural History," Aristotle's "Politicks," "Roman History," "Athenian Oracle," "Sum of Christian Theology," Cotton Mather's "History of New England," Oldmixon's "History of American Colonies," Burnet's "History of the Reformation," Virgil, Milton, "The Guardian," "Art of Thinking," "The Reader," Cowley's Works, "The Ladies' Pacquett Broken Open," "History of the Affairs of Europe," "The Tale of a Tub," Josephus' "Ant.," "History of France," Herr. Moll's Geography, "British Apollo," Heylin's "Cosmography," "Sandy's Travels," Du Bartas, "Theory of the Earth," "Hudibras," "The Spectator," "The Turkish Spy," "Art of Speaking," "The Lover," Oldham's Works, "The Ladies' Calling," Shakespeare's Works, St. Augustine's Works.

Lord Tennyson's Masters.

ABOUT three years ago a statement appeared in a weekly journal, *Wit and Wisdom*, to the effect that "Lord Tennyson said that he attributed his command of metrical language to his acquaintance with Horace." This statement was challenged by a correspondent, whose letter was forwarded to the Poet Laureate, for the accompanying facsimile of whose reply we are indebted to the above-mentioned periodical:—

Aldworth.

Haslemere.

Oct 18/83

Lord Tennyson

On being asked whether he considered

Keats & Horace 'his masters'. answered

'No - Keats & Horace were great masters

not my masters'





The Works of Sir William Jones.

A PROTEST.

IN the issue of *THE BOOKWORM* for September last an article, descriptive of some of the treasures in the Althorp Library, is reproduced from *The Times*, in which occurs the following passage (p. 318):—

“And these seven gorgeous folios in crimson and gold? Is it Homer, Dante, or Shakespeare, or even Buffon, that has been thought worthy of such honour? No; these volumes are the works of Sir William Jones. He was almost a great man once; he helped to found a Sanskrit scholarship, and he wrote one solemn little poem which is printed in most of the anthologies; but his works, it is to be feared, have long since become mere furniture, and not even in this splendid form will they tempt the Manchester reader. But perhaps the Althorp Library is not richer in dead reputations than any other collection of its size.”¹

Such an unjust—even ignorant and flippant—estimate of the writings of one of the most distinguished Englishmen of his day, or indeed of any period, might be allowed to pass with the contempt which it so well deserves, had it been confined to the ephemeral columns of a newspaper which seems likely soon to degenerate (if the catastrophe have not already taken place) from the whilom “Thunderer” to a mere “ancient dodderer,” as Sir Richard Burton

¹ The works of Jones are not in “seven folios,” but in six vols. 4°, published in 1799, and there is another edition in 13 vols. 8°, published in 1807. Two additional vols. 4° were issued in 1801.

once styled another celebrated public print. But when it is placed on permanent record, so to speak, in the pages of *THE BOOKWORM*, the case is very different, and I feel it necessary to enter my indignant protest against these misleading remarks.

The writer of *The Times* article shows one thing very conclusively—that a man may know a great deal about the several editions of certain books, and little or nothing of their contents—like the book-collector in the “Ship of Fools,”

“What they mean, does he not understand.”

Before speaking of the works of Jones as “mere furniture,” and of his “dead reputation,” he had penned another choice passage, in reference to the Caxtons in the Althorp collection, which, according to him, are good for nothing but to be looked at and devoutly handled; “a modern reader,” he sagaciously opines, “would hesitate long before fairly sitting down to read ‘The Four Sons of Aymon.’” If by “modern reader” he means the fatuous devourer of current frothy fiction, this may be true enough; but does he not know that the romance he mentions is considered by students of mediæval European literature as a very important composition, and, moreover, that it forms one of the excellent publications of the Early English Text Society, ably edited and annotated by an eminent living English scholar?¹

If Sir William Jones was not a great man, in the strictest sense of the term, it was probably only because he diffused his vast erudition over many different subjects, instead of concentrating his extraordinary abilities on a single important department of research and study. It was not a “Sanskrit scholarship,” however, that Jones founded, but the Asiatic Society, through which the priceless riches of the literatures of Eastern countries began to be known to some extent in England, and which largely encouraged the study of Oriental languages throughout Europe.

¹ Henry Stephens, in his “Introduction” to his “Apology for Herodotus” (a separate work from the “Apology,” be it known to whom it may concern), relates a droll noodle story which shows the widespread popularity of this romance: A youth went before the bishop as a candidate for holy orders, and his lordship, *to test his intellect*, asked him, “Who was the father of the Four Sons of Aymon?” Being unable to answer, he was dismissed, and returning home told his father of the bishop’s puzzling question. “Thou fool,” says the enraged parent, “canst thou not tell that? See—there is great John the Smith; he hath four sons. Prithee, who is their father?” Quoth the youth, “I understand it now,” and next day he again went before the bishop, and when once more asked who was the father of the Four Sons of Aymon, promptly answered, “Great John the Smith.”

Sir William Jones wrote many things much more important, interesting, and valuable than "one solemn little poem which is printed in most of the anthologies" (save the mark!). I suppose the writer refers to the well-known lines, found among Jones' papers after his death, in which certain hours of each day are set apart for different purposes, and "*all* for Heaven." It is true that Jones was no poet, and indeed he published very little "original" verse; but his metrical paraphrases of poetical pieces, from the Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, and other Asiatic languages, are exceedingly graceful; each of them "dwells, like bells, upon the ear."¹

The writings of Sir William Jones, notwithstanding the immense progress that has been made within our own time in those rich and varied fields where he first broke ground more than a hundred years syne, are still, many of them, of value to earnest seekers after knowledge, and form very useful stepping-stones to more extended studies in Oriental literature.

Jones was, I believe, the first European to discover the existence of a Sanskrit dramatic literature, dating long before the commencement of our era, and to publish a complete English translation of one of the oldest extant Hindu dramas—that of "*Sakuntala*," by Kālidasa, fondly styled by his Western admirers "the Shakespeare of India."²

He was also the first to introduce into Europe, through an English rendering, the "*Hitopadesa*" of Vishnuserman, a Sanskrit version of the celebrated collection of apologues and tales commonly known as the Fables of Pilpay, or Bidpai—a work which, in various forms, but with the same fundamental outline, has probably been rendered into more languages than any other book in the world, with exception of the Bible, and which contains prototypes of several of the so-called Æsopian fables and other European popular fictions.

He also published the famous *Muallakāt*, the Seven Arabic Prize Poems, which were suspended on the Temple at Mecca, before the

¹ A fine example of Jones' charming versification is the "Persian Song of Hafiz," an elegant paraphrase of one of the *ghazels* of "the Anacreon of Persia," one line of which, "orient pearls at random strung," is among our most "familiar quotations." His "Ode to Spring," from the Turkish poet Mesihi, is another delightful piece, but this will be found more closely rendered by Mr. E. J. W. Gibb, in his "*Ottoman Poems*" (Trübner, 1883), with the peculiar rhythm and rhyme movement of the original *murebba* cleverly reproduced.

² It seems the text used by Jones was not quite accurate in some places. This fine drama has been elegantly rendered into English prose and verse, as in the original, by Sir Monier Williams, and printed in splendid style by Messrs. Stephen Austin and Sons, Hertford.

advent of Muhammed, transliterated into Roman characters, with a prose English translation. Was it no great thing to introduce to mere English readers the spirited strains of the renowned Bedouin poet-hero Antar—the Bayard of the Arabian desert, which was the cradle-land of European chivalry? ¹

His eleven annual discourses before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta, on the Philosophy of the Hindus, on the Arabs, the Persians, the Tartars, the Chinese, &c., afford much interesting information. His “*Poeseos Asiaticæ Commentariorum Libri Sex*,” and so forth, and his “*Traité sur la Poesie Orientale*” are excellent pieces of work, and it is not easy to understand why they have not been done into English for the special benefit of “unlearned” readers. But it would be tedious to enumerate all the important writings of the pioneer of English orientalism, for which he found time amidst his onerous judicial duties and during a too brief lifetime.

Many eminent scholars, and others who have in humbler ways attempted to popularise Oriental literature in this country, have gratefully acknowledged their indebtedness to the writings of Jones. The late Sir James Redhouse in his letters to me always referred to Jones in terms of the highest respect and admiration. My venerable, amiable, and learned friend Mr. Samuel Robinson, who died at Wilmslow, in December, 1885, at the great age of 91, his fine intellect unimpaired and his warm heart filled with benevolence to the last, has recorded, in the preface to his “*Persian Poetry for English Readers*”—printed in 1883, for private circulation, but accessible at the principal public libraries—that through the perusal of Jones’ commentaries on Asiatic poetry he was “bitten with a taste for Oriental literature,” and induced to acquire a knowledge of the Persian language. I was Mr. Robinson’s happy guest a few days before his death, and found him as fond as ever of Firdausí, Háfiz, Nizámí, Jámí, and other famous poets of Irán. I trust it may not be considered as “bad form” for me to add that it was Jones’ translation of the “*Hitopadesa*” that gave my mind its bent for the study of comparative folk-lore.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

¹ The Seven Arabic Prize Poems are reproduced in my privately-printed “*Arabian Poetry for English Readers*,” 1881, which may be consulted at most of the great public libraries. It also contains an epitome of the “*Romance of Antar*.”



The "Poeticon Astronomicon."

AMONG what may be termed the minor *incunabula*, few possess so many points of interest as the "Poeticon Astronomicon" of Caius Julius Hyginus. The first edition, which is extremely rare, and of which we believe there is no copy in this country, was printed at Ferrara in 1475. It consists of 66 folios or leaves—of which the first is quite blank, whilst the second commences thus: "Hyginus M. Fabio. Salutem, F." There are 27 lines to the page, and at the back of the last leaf comes the following:

"Sidera cum causis celo translata sub alto,
Scire cupit quisquis perlegat iginium;
Hunc Augustinus Bernardi impressit alumnus
Dum pius Alcides regna secunda tenet:
Roma suos spectet: Venetumq potentia libros
Hos Augustini nobile vincit opus.
M.CCCC.LXXIIII."

The second addition appeared at Venice in 1482, and had neither title-page, pagination nor catchwords. There are 57 lines to the page, each of which is made up of 31 lines. The printer's name occurs in some verses preceding the colophon of which two lines run:

"Hoc Augustensis ratdolt germanus Erhardus
Dis positis signis indig pressit opus."

It was edited by J. Sentinus and J. L. Santritter, and the chief interest about it turns upon the excellently designed if unskilfully engraved woodcuts which make the book of exceptional interest in the early history of wood engraving. In the same year and place Ratdolt printed the first edition of Euclid's "Elementa Geometriæ," the first book to appear with woodcut diagrams. Three years later



Eo spectās ad occasum supra corpus hydrę a capi/
te qua cancer instat: usq; ad mediā partē eius con/
stitutus medius æstiuo circulo diuiditur: ut sub ipso
orbe priores pedes habeat collocatos. Occidens
a capite & exoriēs. Hic habet in capite stellas tres
In ceruicib' duas. In pectore unam. Inter scapilio tres. In media
cauda unā. In extrema alterā magnā. Sub pectore duas. In pe/
de priore unā clarā. In uentre clarā unam. Et infra alteram ma/
gnam unam. In lumbis unam. In posteriore genu unam. In pe/
de posteriore claram unam. Et ita est omnino numerus stellarū
decem & nouem.



FROM "THE POETICON ASTRONOMICON."

another edition of the "Poeticon" was called for, and in which the same illustrations were used, whilst the text was practically unaltered, except so far as regards the typography, the Gothic character of the earlier edition giving place to Roman type. The British Museum possesses a copy of both these editions. It appeared again in 1488 (p Thomem de blavis de Alexandria) and again in 1512. During the year 1517 two impressions were struck off at different places, one in Paris by Pasquier Lambert, and the other in Venice "per M. Sessam and P. de Raramis." All these were in quarto, the first and only folio edition having been printed at Cologne in 1539, by J. Soteris.

Great as was the English taste for astrological works, it is strange that there should be not the slightest trace of the "Poeticon Astronomicum" ever having been translated into our language. Its interest is now purely antiquarian, but we are glad to have the opportunity of reproducing, through the kindness of Mr. Tregaskis, bookseller, of Caxton Head, High Holborn, one of the most characteristic illustrations. Mr. Tregaskis's copy is the 1485 edition, and is in extremely fine state, with ample margins and spotless leaves.

Some Odd Books.

MRS. H. E. TABOR writes :—"Looking over some back numbers of THE BOOKWORM, I came across an article in the May number (vol. v., p. 173) with the heading 'Some Odd Books,' and relating to the curiously original collection of books, being really a botanical collection, at Warsenstein in Germany. It particularly interested me, having this autumn made a tour in Germany, Austria, and Bohemia, and having visited the fine Strahöwer Library in Prague, the largest in Bohemia, in the Monastery of the Premonstratensians. Amongst the many treasures which were shown us by one of the order, whose courtesy made it one of our most agreeable visits, was a Botanical Bibliographical collection (to which he called our attention), exactly corresponding to the one mentioned in the number already referred to."

First Editions of Tennyson.

THE first sale by public auction of the earliest editions of Tennyson's works, after the poet's death, took place recently at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's rooms, in Leicester Square. The sums realised in each case indicate a decided upward tendency, whilst the competition for the possession of two or three of his earliest works is as keen as the demand for the later issues is flacid. The explanation is obviously found in the fact that of recent years—indeed for more than a quarter of a century—each of the familiar volumes has been issued in extremely large numbers, and that in every instance within the period indicated the market is stocked with sufficient first editions to satisfy collectors for many generations to come. With "Poems by Two Brothers" and a few others it was very different, and whatever changes may occur in the fashion of book-collecting, they are not likely to affect the commercial value of the first-fruits of the dead Laureate. In regard to the now historic little volume which first saw light at Louth in 1827—"Poems by Two Brothers"—the copy which came under the hammer yesterday was bought by Mr. Bumpus for £30, and this figure represents up to the present the high-water mark of its value, being £2 in excess of the highest figure paid hitherto.

The copy of the "Poems, chiefly Lyrical" (1830), which was the unaided work of Alfred Tennyson, was an exceptionally pretty one, being bound in green morocco extra, double with water-silk linings, and having gilt edges. This went for £5 10s. The next edition of this book, which Moxon published in 1833, contained three sonnets and two other pieces which were afterwards suppressed, a fact which alone gives it an extraneous value, and a copy of this was knocked down for £7. The first collective edition of Tennyson's "Poems" 1842, in two volumes, in cloth and uncut, with the author's autograph attached, sold for £10 5s.; whilst a first edition, in similar condition, of "In Memoriam," went for £5.



The Devil's Library.

AN old-time catalogue, in a New York library, of "the most valuable books relating to the Devil, his origin, greatness, and influence," contains the titles of over five hundred volumes, and does not presume to be complete. It is introduced by the motto, "Fools deride—Philosophers investigate," and by four motto verses, including the fine epigram by Defoe :

"Bad as he is, the Devil may be abused,
Be falsely charged and causelessly accused,
When men, unwilling to be blamed alone,
Shift off those crimes on him which are their own."

A series of introductory illustrations show the Devil as he has been variously delineated by various races. The Egyptian Devil seems to have been a cross between a dog and a hog, walking on his hind legs with the assistance of a staff. The Assyrian has a lion's body with wings, a scaly neck, and a dragon's head with horns. The Cingalese Satan has two heads with tusks, four arms, sits on a colt, and has venomous snakes climbing all over him ! The French is the first of the old devils to exhibit the combined traits so familiar to us now. He has horns, the ears of an ass, a goat's tail, and rooster's claws, but his body and head are human, with bat's wings growing from the shoulders. This enemy of man is shown in the cut to be grinning in a most malignant and diabolical manner, and scattering gold around to tempt his victims within the clutches of his claws.

But Beelzebub has been represented in other and far more polite forms. There is a print from the illustrations of Goethe's "Faust," which shows him as a courtly gentleman, elegant in dress and

polished in manners. It seems as if mankind, as it advanced in refinement, improved its great foe as it has improved, or at least refined, the vices with which it pays him tribute. Thus, in the thirteenth century, the English devil was a horrible monster, with the distorted body of a man, the horned head of a bull, a docked tail like a hackney horse, only three fingers and toes on each extremity, spikes at its knees, and shins like the spurs of a game-cock.

By Thomas Landseer's time, however, the artist had elevated him to a quite genteel sort of person, with a sardonic leer, but good clothes and an unblemished anatomy. Landseer—the brother of Sir Edwin, it should be stated—once made ten etchings, called "The Devil's Walk," which are very rare and valuable. The most industrious and extensive of all artistic glorifiers of his satanic majesty, however, has been George Cruikshank. That ingenious draughtsman has pictured him in every conceivable form, as long as it was hateful, for he has always been too conscientious to paint the Devil as an attractive being. "The True Legend of St. Dunstan and the Devil" is one of Cruikshank's most humorous works, and his "Gentleman in Black" is almost inimitable, as far as the unique grotesqueness of the plates is concerned.

The catalogue contains a choice assortment of proverbs applying to the ruler of the infernal regions. All are quaint, and some are very curious indeed. Thus one tells us, "The Devil is good when he is pleased," another that "Satan is all Christianity," and another still that "The Devil is ever God's ape." "'Tis a sin to belie the Devil," "An idle brain is the Devil's workshop," "Idle men are the Devil's playfellows," "What is gotten over the Devil's back is spent under his belly," "It's an ill battle when the Devil carries the colours," "He must have a long spoon that must eat with the Devil," "Where God builds a church, there the Devil builds a chapel," and "Hell and chancery are always open," are some odd sayings. Odder still are, "The Devil's meal is half bran," "Seldom lies the Devil dead in a ditch," and "Hell is useless to the sages, but necessary to the blind populace," which latter is a very true and philosophic statement indeed.

These are only a few of their kind. "Hell's prince, sly parent of revolt and lies," is one of many names applied to him. "Fear made the devils, and weak hope the gods," and "The Devil tempts all, but the idle tempt the Devil," are among the statements laid down in these wise saws. One tells us, "Resist the Devil and he will flee from you;" and another, "He that takes the Devil into his boat

must carry him over the sound." It is unpleasant to reflect that "Hell is wherever heaven is not," but the proverb says it is, and of course it must be so. A verse by an old English writer tells us

"The Devil
Is civil
And mighty polite,
For he knows
That it pays,
And he judges men right ;
So beware
And take care
Or your hair he will singe ;
And moil you
And soil you,
And cause you to twinge."

Better poetry, though no better sense, is the following, by Hone :

"Good people all, who deal with the Devil,
Be warned now by what I say,
His *credit's* long and his tongue is civil,
But you'll have the Devil to *pay*."

"The Devil's Memorandum Book" was published in London in 1832. It had eighty illustrations, mostly caricature portraits of public characters.

[The reader who desires a fuller acquaintance with the extremely curious subject dealt with in the foregoing article, is referred to BOOKWORM, vol. vi., where Mr. J. Herbert Slater devotes three interesting papers to "A Bibliograph of the Devil."—ED. BOOKWORM.]





Of my Books.

AROUND the narrow circuit of the room
Breast-high the books I love range file on file ;
And when, day-weary, I would rest awhile,
As once again slow falls the gathering gloom
Upon the world, I love to pass my hand
Along their serried ranks, and silent stand
In breathless heark'ning to their silent speech.
With rev'rent hand I touch the back of each
Of these my books. How much of their dead selves—
The hand that held the pen, the brain that wrought
The subtle fancies on these pages caught—
Have men immortal left upon my shelves !

And then sometimes a sudden chill doth strike
My heart with very horror, and I shrink
Away from their dull touch, shudd'ring to think
How much of human life that, vampire-like,
These books have sucked beneath their leathern wings,
How brains have broken and frail bodies bent
To feed with human blood these bloodless things.

In this thin book of poesy is pent
A beautiful young life ;—imperial Rome
Holds what was mortal of it. Then I see,
All withered at the top, a noble tree
Here in the scathing scorn of this dark tome.
By this long line of books that mutely stands
A master-mind was wrecked, so that in years
He sat a poor old man in doting tears,
Because his dogs in pity licked his hands.

But then again there comes a rushing thought,
And to my *living* books my arms I raise
In loving fellowship of life and breath,
And, like poor Southey when his brain was naught
Save a pale glimmering light of other days,
I touch them tenderly. My spirit saith :
“ Who gave their lives for these can know no death.
For I have walked with them in mortal guise
Through woodland ways and swarming city streets ;
Yea, have I met the gaze of Shelley's eyes,
And in ‘ Hyperion ’ kissed the lips of Keats.”

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.



Tennysonianana.

A BOOK WITH A STRANGE HISTORY.

AN interesting incident has been communicated to the *Brighton Herald* by Mr. W. J. Smith, the well-known bookseller of Brighton. Some years ago, in the ordinary course of his business, he came into possession of a copy of "Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam," the subject of the Laureate's "In Memoriam." It had had a romantic history, which was thus set forth in Mr. Smith's catalogue, the "Brighton Book Circular," for 1874 :—

"The interest of this book is largely increased from its being the presentation copy to 'Alfred Tennyson with the Editor's most affectionate Regards.' It was found among the effects of a poor French teacher, who died from starvation at Worthing, a few months since. She was missed by her neighbours for a few days, and as a signal of distress she hung a white handkerchief from her window, and when visited was found in a complete state of exhaustion—she died in a few hours. The book will be sold if a good sum is offered, not otherwise."

Before placing the volume in his catalogue Mr. Smith wrote to Mr. Tennyson (as he then was), telling him that the book was in his possession, but no notice was taken of the letter. Later on, however, he received the following letter :—

"December 15, 1875.

"SIR,—I observe that in the catalogue of your books, which I believe you were good enough to send me, there is one (No. 492) belonging to me, 'The Remains of Arthur Hallam.'

"Many years ago it was lent by my sister to a music-mistress.

She was often requested to return it. Since that time having lost sight of the lady, I had despaired of ever again getting back my book, until I saw it advertised in your catalogue the other day. On receiving this I wrote at once to a friend of mine at Brighton asking her to call upon you, and explain the circumstances under which the book was lost, but she had already left the place. Of course I shall be very glad to pay any expenses that you may have incurred with regard to this book, and shall be very much obliged to you if you will forward it to me here.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

“A. TENNYSON.”

“The friend of mine” thus referred to was Miss Thackeray, who, as a matter of fact, called on Mr. Smith, who explained the circumstances to her. Several other letters followed, and the upshot of the correspondence was that the Laureate once again found himself in possession of a volume to which so curious and special interest was attached.

A Musical Celebrity.

MR. W. H. JAMES WEALE, keeper of the National Art Library, South Kensington, writes :—“In the October number of *THE BOOKWORM* (vol. v., p. 345) is an article headed ‘A Musical Celebrity of the Eleventh Century.’ Will you allow me to point out that the identity of Guy d’Arezzo with Guy de Saint Maur des Fossés was proved by a learned Benedictine, Dom Germain Morin of the abbey of Maredsous, in an article published more than four years ago in the *Revue de l’Art Chrétien* (New Series, vol. vi., pp. 333–338)? From that source ‘A Super’ has evidently derived his information, but not his spelling, *e.g.* *Œarius* for *Oacrius*.”



An Almanac of Three Centuries Ago.

IT is not so many years since the Worshipful Company of Stationers, London, issued, with all the factitious importance of their official imprimatur, almanacs containing forecasts of the weather and prophecies of future events, those under the auspices of that eminent and most ancient humbug, Francis Moore, physician, being the most generally known. In a letter dated November 14, 1868, a prominent member of the bookselling trade addressed a formal protest to the Company, petitioning them "to discontinue such pernicious nonsense as 'Vox Stellarum,' Hieroglyphics, and other antiquated rubbish." A published copy of this letter bears the endorsement, "They made no reply." But, whether influenced by the aforesaid impeachment, or from the gradual change of public opinion, soon after the above date Moore's Almanac, and its fellows, appeared shorn of their prophetic readings to the satisfaction of most people, but the great annoyance of a minority who to this day bewail the loss of the old prognostications.

Even amongst educated people at the present time, in face of the craze for spiritualism and the occult sciences that finds favour in very cultured circles, it would seem premature to think that the disappearance of the old prophetic calendars is a decided proof of the advance of common sense. For if the modern almanacs for "the classes" no longer pose as emanations from inspired sybils, yet, in England at least, Zadkiel, Raphael, and other collateral descendants of the once omnipotent Francis Moore, sell their thousands of copies annually. These are full of pictorial hieroglyphics ingeniously vague in their message, accompanied by wordy sentences presaging as loosely as possible the calamities and troubles of the future. Consequently, in the turgid confusion of their ambiguous

phrases, which may be interpreted by the light of after events to have denoted the conflagration of a city—or a cowshed, the death of an emperor—or his most distantly removed cousin, it is not to be wondered if the oracle now and again makes a palpable hit. In such a case, the one fulfilled forecast not only augments the credulity of those who before believed in the soothsayers, but wins a new army of converts willing to ignore the nine hundred and ninety-nine failures for the sake of the single success.

It is noticeable that “Prophesy to us smooth things!” is evidently not the cry of those to whom these almanacs look for support. If it were so, doubtless their shrewd projectors, who turn an honest penny by giving superstitious folk the nutriment they crave, would be quite ready to discover all sorts of pleasing surprises looming in the future. As it is, beyond a very vague reservation—that notwithstanding the untoward influence of certain planets, death and disaster *may* after all be avoided; or, that in spite of seeing only red ruin ahead, yet if the stars ultimately escape this, that, or the other, peace and plenty may after all be our portion—they all unite in foretelling every form of ill, from mild epidemics to disasters that paralyse a continent. There is undoubted wisdom in this gloomy warning; if having foretold good it arrived not, those defrauded of the promised joy might reasonably grumble; but if, although evil were foretold, good came in its place, the recipient would forgive and forget the doubtful augury. Human nature at all ages loves to terrify itself with vague presentiments of evil. From the child who conjures up bogeys in the back garden, and demons in dark corners, to the older fanatic who reads doom (in big letters) in every political incident, or the brave patriots who constantly forecast defeat by land or sea, there is a distinct pleasure of a morbid sort to be found in contemplation of imaginary disasters close at hand. By a curious fatality, those who have least occasion to add to the sum of their miseries appear to be the very class most eager to detect dark days ahead. The poorly-paid artisan, or the half-starved widow, who might be satisfied with the present woe without anticipating worse, are the types of the readers and supporters of these nineteenth-century Cassandras.

But, in spite of the coincidence that has been, now and again, on the side of the almanac-makers, from Murphy’s often-quoted stroke of luck, to Zadkiel’s happy divination in recent times of a dissolution of parliament, which most unexpectedly occurred on the day he had named, those who continue to doubt these seers are in no way discomfited. The laws of statistics, which show a regularly recurrent

proportion of accidents in the streets, and a curiously equal supply of events that appear to be governed by pure chance, might reasonably be brought forward to support a theory that a certain proportion of the guesses at truth made by these modern prophets would be found to be lucky ones. The wonder is rather that with such a scope, and the event couched always in such misty terms, that a far greater number of really startling coincidences do not occur. Nor should we too-hastily condemn the unlettered for their wish to raise a corner of the veil and peep through such very faulty horoscopes into the dim future. The man of letters who attempts to apportion the exact share of future immortality to his contemporaries, although he couch his predictions in sonorous English, and brings formidable evidence to support his forecast, is hardly more scientific in his process of reasoning than those humble chronologists who would fain map out the eccentric career of an English summer, or an English parliamentary session, a year in advance.

The so-called "weather-forecasts" issued by the Meteorological Department day by day have little but the bare name in common with their predecessors. They merely look a few hours ahead, and from ascertained records of former seasons choose the most likely sequence of weather in view of its behaviour on parallel occasions in the past. In fact their knowledge is but a larger and more widely extended use of that knowledge gained from out-of-doors life and study of the atmosphere, which we term weatherwise. When in a summer shower a crowd waits under a friendly shelter, some one more knowing than his fellows in the signs of the sky confidently predicts it will soon clear up (or the reverse), and is more often than not exactly correct in his judgment. So the officials who have charge of the Meteorological Department, having by inter-telegraphic communication a vast portion of the sky brought, as it were, under their notice, are able to predict with some certainty the general tendency of the next few hours, and sometimes to hazard a tolerably precise statement of the conduct of the weather for the next few days ahead.

But the old "astrologers," as they loved to style themselves, although the weather was as often in their mouths as in those of the other old women of their time, were fond of casting larger issues, and posed not only as seers, but as ambassadors of destiny, able not merely to mark the coming of the storm, but, if not to divert its course, at least to supply timely hints, whereby those menaced could escape the predicted woes.

Before me, as I write, is one of these old books, not precisely an almanac, as we now define them, nor entirely an astrological treatise,

but both in part, and a popular medicinal handbook, compendium of history, and many other things besides. The well-thumbed state of its pages show clearly how many have consulted "The Book of knowledge—both Necessary and Useful for the Benefit of all People," as its modest title runs. Its title page is gone, but from internal evidence it would be easy to refer it to the later part of the seventeenth century, if it were not so well known that such analysis is needless.

It strikes the key-note boldly and firmly in its opening paragraph. No wavering, indecision, or purposely involved phraseology confuses its statements. With all the artificial importance of black letter, strengthened by the employment of ordinary Roman type by way of emphasis for certain words, it says, "If the nativity of our Lord come on Sunday, winter shall be good, the spring windy, sweet, and hot," and so on through eight lines of detail. Its unswerving assertion of what will be if the nativity of our Lord fall on Monday—come on Tuesday—and so on for the remaining days of the week, is equally dogmatic. Now concerned with seasons, and now with individuals, some of its axioms may be quoted. It says: If Christmas Day happen on a Wednesday, "theft done by a child shall be proved"; "good wit easily found." If the calendar speaketh truly here, how long must have passed since Christmas fell on Wednesday. At times it lapses into oracular sentences of gloomy import, "kings and princes in hazard," for example.

The division entitled, "Of the birth of children in the days of the weeke," is like most great works of art, at once broad and precise, touching things great and small with equal audacity. If a child be born on a Sunday it promises "He shall be great and shining," whether bodily or mentally is not hinted. If on a Monday "He shall prosper, if he begin a work on that day" (Can this be a sly stroke dealt at ancient devotees of Saint Monday?). If on a Tuesday "He shall be courteous and perish with iron, and hardly come to the last age; and to begin all things is good"—an inconsequent conclusion to an otherwise impressive sentence, that suggests the Duchess's logical reflections imparted to Alice in Wonderland. The lucky scholar born on a Wednesday "shall lightly learn words." If on Thursday "he shall be stable and worshipful." If on a Friday, oddly enough, in view of popular superstition, so generally marking out that day as unlucky, it says, "He shall be of long life and letcherous; and to begin all things is good"—a still more curiously inverted sequence of effect and cause. On Saturday the oracle is cautious: "He shall seldom be profitable, but if the course of the

moon bring it hitherto"—a saw that recalls a remark of one of Mr. Gilbert's characters in *Princess Toto*, "That your words are wise I feel sure, for I cannot make head or tail of them."

The next chapter is devoted to somewhat similar subjects: "Of the nature and disposition of the moon in the birth of children." Each of the thirty days he aims to foreshadow are considered by this would-be inspired prophet, in paragraphs of some length, sometimes important and swelling into fateful phases, more often, it must be confessed, as prosy, as though he were a penny-a-liner of to-day. But among the haystack of his musty maxims there are needles of wit, although one doubts that he who hid them guessed of their pointed presence. The initial facts, necessarily, stated in the titles to each of the days of the month, are a sore trial to a cynically-disposed reader. The compiler has fibbed more ingenuously than ingeniously. When you read that "on the first day of the moon Adam was born," there is a certain feeling of fitness, and you pass that statement without suspicion—for who shall say he was not?—but when you find Eve was born on the 2nd, you begin to doubt, remembering that, if so, and the new world began with a new moon, it was rather unkind to the happy pair, who, like other young things, might have been nervous in the dark. Yet the strain is not too great, although Cain's birthday on the 3rd, and Abel's on the 4th, awaken suspicions that no after-reading dispels; not even the cautious utterance that the 5th "do begin nothing certain," artistically as the confession of ignorance is put in, by way of being a foil to the knowledge displayed concerning the first four days. But this is not the worst slip of the compiler of this early birthday book of "men of their time." You find, with fine decorative instinct, he has grouped sets of people together; for instance, the 9th, Lamech; the 10th, Noah; the 11th, Shem; the 12th, Cannan, son of Cham (where is Japhet?); yet on the 16th, *mirabile dictu*, we meet with Pythagoras, a curious intruder into biblical company. On the 21st, Saul; Joseph, on the 22nd; Benjamin, for the 23rd; Goliah (?), on the 24th; Samuel, on the 30th. The happy-go-lucky choice of celebrities, the odd interruption of Pythagoras, and the orderly arrangement of the others, is extremely funny in its effect upon a modern reader. It has been happily said that the "credulity of ignorant belief has given place to the incredulity of ignorant unbelief;" yet a volume like this tries the most willing faith.

But after all such fun is apt to become wearisome, yet from the many pages of this chapter a few extracts plead for quotation. The advice for the 2nd day—"To enterprise anything is profitable; as to

buy and sell, and fly into a ship to make away ; and to sow seeds"—is a beautiful lesson, especially valuable to those in training to become absconding cashiers, the seeds evidently referring to their future pastoral home, safely settled beyond extratraditional limits. The homily for the 3rd day holds out direct encouragement to sluggards, "for to all born on the 3rd day of the moon" it says, "Abstain from doing of anything, except thou wouldst not have it prosper." The dark meaning of the final clause is beyond conjecture, for who wants, or ever did want, to undertake a fore-ascertained failure. Yet if the whole be true, we understand why the indolence of so many of our friends has puzzled us—they were evidently born on the 3rd of the month. For the 5th day, both the heading and subsequent amplification in the text agree that "to take the Sacrament is dangerous." On the 6th, "to send children to school is good, and use hunting," which suggests that it is not wise to join in pursuit of the wily fox or harmless hare, during the holidays of the children. On the 7th we are informed, as if it were a rare feature of that day only, "that to take all nourishment is good," which seems, to put it mildly, to be limiting excellent advice most unnecessarily. On the 8th day we are told, "Whatever thou wilt do is good, to buy manciples and beasts." Manciple being usually understood to be the purchaser at an auction, we are in doubt whether this is an indirect support of slavery, or is simply rather mixed prosody. By the 15th day, and long before it is clear that the prophet has forgotten his stated purpose to divine the future of children, and is harking back to the style of his previous chapter, for he says, "Do no work, it is a grievous day"—which is hardly in accordance with his self-imposed limit. On the 28th he wildly remarks *en passant*, "War may begin and tabernacles fixed in the desert." The first half of his prophecy is true enough, of course. On any day "War may begin," and to flippantly rejoin, "It may not!" is merely quibbling unworthily with the fateful presage ; but what in heaven or earth does his context signify?

Naturally we discover throughout his thirty days' lucubrations the significance of dreams and their interpretations continually reiterated. But the really poetic wording of his trial flight in this direction on the first day, "What thou seest in thy sleep, shall turn into joy," soon yields place to the most prosaic and curt form of "dreams come true," or the reverse, whichever his mood may be for the time. Blood-letting is also a subject of his diurnal monition, buying cattle, taking journeys, and wives, being equally often considered. This social and domestic gossip is exactly the material we should expect to find demanded

from such a book, and the significance of natural phenomena is also evidently in accordance with the need of his readers. Thus, "What thunder signifies in every month of the year" is the subject of his Fifth Chapter. But after giving such frequent place to the same subjects in the days of the week, and the days of the month, it is rather surprising to find Chapter VI. devoted to "Good days for Bleeding." His lengthy Seventh Chapter—"To know how a man shall keep himself in health," is enunciated in biblical cadences, no doubt adding greatly the effect of dignity and importance of statement to its hearers. Then follow many pages on the cut-and-dried stock in trade of books of this type. The signs of the Zodiac, and their supposed influence on mankind, and other brain-numbing and mystifying topics. Chapter XII. is extremely curious, but not quotable; for its frank insistency of outspoken detail concerning certain homely medical advice could not be made public to-day so easily as in the time it was written. In the chapter on "Phlebotomy" some novel facts are given. "In the neck are the veins called Originals" reads like an excerpt from Mark Twain's "English as She is Taught."

"The Rutter of the Distances of Harbours and Havens and most parts of the World" is the title of Chapter XXVI., which is accompanied with a most extraordinary map, wherein is no continent or island known to us to-day. The next section "Of the Axle-tree and Poles," has naught to do with chariots or coaches, but refers to the geographical poles. "Of the twelve winds" is the penultimate section, and very long it is, crammed full of outlandish names, real and imaginary, that were no doubt once each as the "blessed word Mesopotamia" to their readers.

Finally, "Strange Wonders Worthy of Note" begins, "as the worthy *Cosmographer Pomponeus Mela* reports." But remembering that even Herodotus palls after a time, and that the worthy scribe herein held responsible for so many strange facts is no Herodotus in the charm of his unveracious statements, although he comes very near his ideal of veracity, it were best to bid him return to rest in the lumber-room of the past.

GLEESON WHITE.

Printing in Finland.

FINLAND has just been celebrating the 250th anniversary of the establishment of printing in that country. The first book printed for Finnish use was the "Missale Aboense," a mass book for the Abo Church, in 1488. This order was executed by a printing establishment owned by one Bartholomeus Ghoten, of Lübeck. The first book printed in the Finnish tongue was an alphabetic lesson book, published in 1542, and the first printing establishment was set up in Abo in 1642, by a Swede, Peter Wald. The first newspaper was published in Abo, on January 15, 1771. Five years earlier, in 1766, a decree was issued, whereby the system of a free press was established, and although the Finnish press has, since it came under Russian control, had great difficulties and degrading officialism to deal with, it has kept its free spirit as much as circumstances will allow, and speaks plainly whenever it can. There is now not a town without its newspaper; and most towns in Finland have papers in Swedish and Finnish.

A "Criminal's Dictionary."

HALF a century ago an interesting volume was published at the head-quarters of the Berlin criminal police. It was called the "Criminal's Dictionary," and contained all the slang expressions used among the criminal classes at Berlin. It appears that in the course of fifty years the vocabulary of the burglar and assassin has received considerable additions, and Count Pückler, the head of the criminal police department, has just decided to have a new edition issued of this interesting work, one of his reasons being that "there is a very great demand for the book from all parts of the country." A work, which is practically identical with the foregoing, has long enjoyed a wide popularity, the "Slang Dictionary," originally published, and we believe chiefly compiled by, the late John Camden Hotten, the well-known publisher.



Our Note Book.

THE most important of recent incidents in the literary world is undoubtedly the exposure of the wholesale forgeries of letters and manuscripts purporting to be the work, principally of Burns and Scott, but incidentally also of other eminent authors. As this manufactory has had Edinburgh for its headquarters, and a no less *e machina deus* than a native of the modern Athens, it is only consistent that the task of exposure should have become the proper work of the Edinburgh people. This has been done, and through the energies of Mr. Reach, editor of the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*—the evening offshoot of the *Scotsman*—the task has been performed with a thoroughness and an exhaustiveness which, while leaving nothing to be desired, places all former literary forgeries in the background. Up to the middle of December the extent of this systematic trade had been shown to be extraordinarily wide, the greatest sufferers being American collectors, who possess, perhaps to a chronic degree, the peculiar temperament or weakness which is the forger's great opportunity. But the number of English and Scotch collectors who have been completely taken in is also large—how large probably will never be quite known, as an autograph collector only resembles other human beings in disliking publicity as the victim of a fraud. The majority, therefore, will be willing to swallow the bitter pill in silence, and to quietly remove all traces of their want of judgment. The remarkable thing in connection with these forgeries is that they should have existed for so long a period, considering that from the very first their authenticity has been repudiated in unqualified terms by every London expert. The British Museum authorities, who, since the notorious Piggot business, can scarcely be expected to give an opinion on the subject of forged manuscripts, tacitly expressed their judgment when, some time ago, they refused to purchase a single item from batches submitted to them. The self-satisfaction, to which Rochefoucauld refers

in one of his most brilliant phrases, which a man feels at a neighbour's disaster makes the whole story of these forgeries very exhilarating reading to those who have not been taken in—and perhaps equally so to those whose enthusiasm has outrun their discretion, but from a very different standpoint.

* * * *

Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, who apparently divides his energy between printing, publishing, writing books on art, and “plunging” in the matter of “missing word” competitions, has found time to issue a book on a subject concerning which he candidly admits knowing “nothing at all.” This is probably the first time that our versatile *confrère* has ever admitted ignorance on any subject under the sun, and this fact alone is sufficient to give the book an individuality all its own. But “The Book of Delightful and Strange Designs, Being One Hundred Facsimile Illustrations of the Art of the Japanese Stencil-cutter” (Leadenhall Press, E.C.), does not need any extraneous help to its appreciation by the lover of the beautiful. That



“provokingly incorruptible and absolutely necessary person, the gentle reader,” to whom Mr. Tuer dedicates this book, must be indeed a “capricious and never-to-be-understood” person if he fails to appreciate this astonishing array of quaint designs, scarcely two of which have the remotest similarity with one another. It is comforting to know that these stencil plates are really from Japan, and are not “manufactured in Germany”—the home of so many “souvenirs from Japan” and from so many other places. Mr. Tuer has kindly permitted us to reproduce one of the smaller examples, which gives a very good idea of the intricacy of the workmanship; but the effect is best when the design is printed on a black background, as is seen in the book itself. Mr. Tuer supplies an extremely readable

and entertaining introduction, which, to give the book the universality it deserves to enjoy, is printed in three languages, English, German, and French. As the issue is limited in number, we should advise those of our readers who enjoy "the good things and the pretty things of this life" to secure a copy without delay.

* * * *

While on the subject of art we may call attention to the subject of Christmas and New Year's Cards, which are now brought to such a high pitch of beauty. In these matters there can be no question that Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons take the lead, whether on the score of variety or on that of artistic excellence. To any one who has seen their vast stock it will appear doubtful as to whether any future novelties are possible, but ingenuity is the child as necessity is the mother of invention, and it would be very rash to prophecy in this matter. So far as the present season's designs, however, are concerned, it can only be said that their originality is quite equalled by the refinement of design, and the perfection which has been observed in the printing. In a word, they are genuine fine art productions, and as such they are perhaps best left to speak for themselves in their own way.

* * * *

A contemporary has been asking, Whence comes the collector's love for the first edition of an illustrated book, and why is it that the pictures are invariably more artistically rendered? It is because the proofs of the engravings pass under the illustrator's hand, and are subjected to his corrections. If the reader can get a proof of one of the Turner's Tours, it will be found to be almost a network of corrections and of suggestions. Some of the woodcuts of Birket Foster's pictures tell the same tale; so do Randolph Caldecott's and those of Mr. Edward Whymper. But more than this, blocks of illustrations are even more susceptible to wear and tear than type, and it follows as a matter of course that each succeeding impression is in some respects not so good as that which preceded it.

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It is as a bibliographical curiosity that we call attention to "Old Mother Hubbard's Fairy Tale Book," which Messrs. D. Bryce and Sons, of Glasgow, have sent us. It measures $3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and contains eight of the most popular fairy tales, in a size which children can carry in their pockets or put in their doll's house. The tiny coloured illustrations are extremely quaint. When little books become popular with collectors, doubtless this example will sell for much more than its published price.

The Book Thief Again.

M R. C. TRICE MARTIN'S new "Record Interpreter" was so highly appreciated in the search-room at the Public Record Office and the Reading-room of the British Museum, that the copy at each institution was stolen from the shelves within twenty-four hours of its being placed there. We should dearly like (writes a correspondent) to hang one or two of these book thieves as an example to their sneaking brethren.

Mary Stuart's Copy of "Ronsard."

PIERRE LOUYS, one of the most charming of the young poets of France, communicates to Mr. R. H. Sherard the news of a literary discovery of some interest which he has just made at one of the public libraries here. At this library he came across a copy of Ronsard's "Hymnes," which he says he has every reason to believe is the identical copy which consoled poor Mary Stuart in her captivity. It may be remembered that when the luckless Queen of Scots was asked whether she wished for a Bible to read in prison, she replied that her volume of Ronsard sufficed her. The volume in question, which, according to the catalogue of the library, was purchased in England, bears on the fly-leaf, in female penmanship, the inscription "Per far' il mio cattivo tempo piu suave." There is also other contributory evidence as to the origin of this book.

A Sultan's Library.

THE library of the Sultan of Turkey contains between two and three thousand volumes, all written, bound in leather. At the time of the Renaissance, all eyes in Europe watched this collection, because it was thought there were amongst them the books of the Byzantine emperors, and many unknown and unpublished works of the classic Greek and Roman authors, but no one was ever allowed in that library, even Ludwig XIV. being refused entrance. Now it is generally believed that there is no genuinely classical manuscript in the collection, but no one can be certain, for no profane eye has been allowed a glance inside the mysterious volumes.



Unpublished Letters of Byron.

WE give below the gist of three unpublished letters of Lord Byron, which appeared in the market on November 30, 1892.

The first, consisting of four quarto pages, is addressed to Hodgson and dated November 3, 1808 :—

“ . . . Hobhouse and your humble are still here. Hobhouse hunts, &c. and I do nothing, we dined the other day with a neighbouring Esquire (not Collet of Staines) and regretted your absence, as the Banquet of Staines was scarcely to be compared to our last ‘Feast of Reason.’ You know laughing is the sign of a rational animal, so says Dr. Smollett; I think so too, but unluckily my spirits don’t always keep pace to my opinions. I had not so much scope for risibility the other day as I could have wished, for I was seated near a woman, to whom when a boy I was as much attached as boys generally are, and more than a man should be. I knew this before I went, and was determined to be valiant, and converse with *sang froid*, but instead I forgot my valour and my *nonchalance*, and never opened my lips even to laugh, far less to speak, & the lady was almost as absurd as myself, which made both the object of more observation, than if we had conducted ourselves with easy indifference. You will think all this great nonsense, if you had seen it you would have thought it still more ridiculous. What fools we are! We cry for a plaything, which like children we are never satisfied till we break it open, though, like them, we cannot get rid of it, by putting it in the fire. *I have tried for Gifford’s epistle to Pindar and the Book-seller says the copies were cut up for waste paper, if you can procure me a copy, I shall be much obliged.*”

The second is addressed to Sir James Wedderburn, and is dated February 10, 1823. It consists of three octavo pages:—

“The bankers have answered that as yr own Banker had declined—and also another (Quastana by name) it could hardly be expected that they should run the risk for a Stranger not recommended by their Correspondents. I shall however send down again to them—enclosing your book which proves the sums paid or received by you in 1823—through Hammersley, and so far indicates yr correspondence with that House. I have added whatever I could say on the occasion but I regret that I cannot myself either endorse bills, nor cash them, nor advance the amount after the heavy expenses of last year in England—and the many claims of different kinds which I have had to satisfy, and some (I am sorry to say) to refuse. *I assure you that at this very moment—I have five different letters before me—all requiring money*—by the last two days’ posts—on one pretext or another—and they are but *five* of fifty of the same kind (my own interference therefore is out of the question). I have no doubt that the bill is a good bill, but I really have not the amount to spare even for a week, and I have already become responsible for two hundred and fifty drawn on England by Mr. besides having to fee lawyers for his Council in his coming on Cause, in London. Within the last January I have to pay upwards of one thousand pounds in London, the greater part of a lawyer’s bill. You may imagine then, how far I am in a situation to turn banker.”

The third is addressed from Genoa, March 17, 1823, to John Hunt, the brother of Leigh Hunt, and consists of four quarto pages:—

“Your brother will have forwarded by the post a corrected proof of ‘the Blues’ for some ensuing number of the Journal—but I should think that ye Pulchi translation had better be preferred for the immediate number, as ‘the Blues’ will only tend further to indispose a portion of your readers. I still retain my opinion that my connection with the work will tend to anything but its success. Such I thought from the first, when I suggested that it would have been better to have made a kind of literary appendix to the EXAMINER, the other expedient was hazardous and has failed hitherto accordingly, and it appears that the two pieces of my contribution have precipitated that failure more than any other. It was a pity to print such a quantity, especially as you might have been aware of my general unpopularity, and the universal run of the period against my produc-

tions, since the publication of Mr. Murray's last volume. My talent (if I have any) does not lie in the kind of composition which is most acceptable to periodical readers, by this time you are probably convinced of this fact. The Journal if continued (as I see no reason why it should not be) will find much more efficacious assistance in the present and other contributors than in myself. Perhaps also you should for the present reduce the number printed to two thousand, and raise it gradually if necessary. It is not so much against *you* as against *me* that the hatred is directed, and I confess I would rather withstand it *alone*, and grapple with it as I may. Mr. Murray, partly from pique—for he is a mortal, mortal as his publications—though a bookseller, has done more harm than you are fully aware of, or I either—and you will perceive this probably as my first separate publication, no less than in those connected with 'The Liberal.' He has the Clergy and the Government and the Public with him. I do not much embarrass myself about them while *alone*, but I do not wish to drag others down also. I take this to be the fact, for I do not recollect that so much odium was directed against your family and friends, till your brother, unfortunately for himself, came in literary contact with myself. I will not, however quit 'The Liberal,' without mature consideration, though I feel persuaded that it would be for your advantage that I should do so. Time and truth may probably do away with this hostility, or at least its effects, but in the interim you are the sufferer. Every publication of mine has latterly failed. I am not discouraged by this, because writing and composition are habits of my mind, with which success or publication are objects of remoter references, not *causes* but *effects*, like those of any other pursuit. I have had enough both of praise and abuse to deprive them of their novelty, but I continue to compose, for the same reason that I ride or read, or bathe, or travel—it is a habit.

"I want sadly 'Peveril of the Peak,' which has not yet arrived here, and I will thank you much for a copy; I shall direct Mr. Kinnaird to reimburse you for the price. It will be useless to forward 'The Liberal,' the insertion of which will only prevent the arrival of any other books in the same parcel. That work is strictly prohibited, and the packet which came by sea was extracted with the greatest difficulty. Never send by *sea*, it is a loss of four months: by *land* a fortnight is sufficient."

It is understood that these three letters were not sold, owing to the reserve price not having been reached.

A fourth letter, hitherto unpublished, of Lord Byron's, has been

found in the office of the *Celestial Empire*, of Shanghai. It is addressed to Monsieur Galignani, 18 Rue Vivienne, Paris, and runs as follows :—

“SIR,—In various numbers of your journal I have seen mentioned a work entitled ‘The Vampire,’ with the addition of my name as that of the author. I am not the author, and never heard of the work in question until now. In a more recent paper I perceive a formal annunciation of ‘The Vampire,’ with the addition of an account of my ‘residence in the Island of Mitylene,’ an island which I have occasionally sailed by in the course of travelling some years ago through the Levant—and where I should have no objection to reside—but where I have never yet resided. Neither of these performances are mine, and I presume that it is neither unjust nor ungracious to request that you will favour me by contradicting the advertisement to which I allude. If the book is clever it would be base to deprive the real writer—whoever he may be—of his honours ; and if stupid, I desire the responsibility of nobody’s dulness but my own. You will excuse the trouble I give you—the imputation is of no great importance—and as long as it was confined to surmises and reports I should have received it as I have received many others—in silence. But the formality of a public advertisement of a book I never wrote, and a residence where I never resided, is a little too much—particularly as I have no notion of the contents of the one nor the incidents of the other. I have, besides, a personal dislike to ‘Vampires,’ and the little acquaintance I have had with them would by no means induce me to divulge their secrets. You did me a much less injury by your paragraphs about ‘my devotion’ and ‘abandonment of society for the sake of religion’—which appeared in your *Messenger* during last Lent—all of which are not founded on fact ; but you see I do not contradict them, because they are merely personal—whereas the others in some degree concern the reader. You will oblige me by complying with my request of contradiction. I assure you that I know nothing of the work or works in question, and have the honour to be—(as the correspondents of the magazines say)—‘Your constant reader’ and very obedient, humble servant,

“BYRON.

“To the Editor of *Galignani’s Messenger*, &c.”



A New York Book Sale Fifty Years Ago.

THE *New York Herald* of January 28, 1841, contains the following spirited account of a book sale, which it entitles "Morals of Fashionable Literature":—

"New York is one of the strangest of strange places in every respect, but in no one more so than as regards sales at auction, and particularly book auctions. The Yorkers are great at bargaining, and crazy for bargains. They never read Dr. Johnson's definition of a bargain, or, if they have, they take no heed to it. The old cynic said that a bargain is an article worth ten shillings bought for nine, which we never want, keep seven years and never find use for—in preference to buying an article worth five which we cannot well do without, for the sum asked for it by an honest tradesman.

"Among the many sales of rare and extraordinary articles that have lately taken place, the one which has excited the greatest attention among the literati, millionaires, bibliomanists, and fashionable would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen, was the sale of old books at Royal Gurley's last week. Here were collected about one thousand eight hundred volumes, which were sold in three evenings, and the total proceeds of the sales amounted to \$1,765, or very nearly an average of \$1 per volume. The book which brought the highest price was 'Freheri Theatrum,' which was sold for \$26 to Mr. Remsden, a fashionable millionaire, and the lowest priced book was the 'Whole Body of Divinity; or, Christian's Sure Guide to Heaven,' which was bought for 10 cents by an Infidel; while the 'Amours of Cupid and Pysche,' and 'Lives and Surprising Amours of the Empresses of the Twelve Cæsars,' and similar books, brought from \$2 to \$3 for every small 12mo volume, old, dirty and torn; and the poetical works of C. Colton, a small 12mo book of a similar character, brought \$3.25.

"Among the purchasers at this curious sale was the agent of the New York Lyceum, Mr. Embury, the Cashier at Brooklyn, W. Cole-

man, the Bookseller, General Whitcomb of the Land Office, Washington, John Forsyth, Secretary of State, Mr. Langtree (who, it is said, bought for Martin Van Buren, and who bid high for a work called 'The Labours of Hercules, or, the Augean Stable Cleansed'), Mr. Rosencrantz, and Mr. O'Herne, merchants, a young millionaire named Remsden, the heir to the late Peter Remsden's wealth, Town, the architect, and old book and painted pannelomanist, Amos Kendall, Dr. Sawyer, the great preacher against a place of eternal torment, young Mr. Cram, the distiller, the celebrated curiosity collector, Billy Hilton, Major Douglas, the Engineer, Capt. Hastings, one of the engineers of the Croton Water Works, Loring D. Chapin, late member of Assembly, Kerrigan, the celebrated collector of travels, Maccabe, the collector of curious works on divinity, &c., &c.

"The struggle for some of the books was tremendous, and the vast disparity between the prices brought by various books of the same size, age, and relative cost of publishing occasioned general comment.

"The competition for several of the books elicited some curious scenes; for many of the scarce books there were several claimants, and they had to be put up again and sold much higher. Gurley being proverbial for his integrity and straightforward business-like conduct, many persons left orders with him to buy books at any price, which they would never have done to his shaving predecessor, Gowan, who was noted for his queer tricks in knocking down books to Bunkum—a practice now exploded in the Long Room. The young millionaire, Remsden, ordered the 'Chevalier de Faublas' at any price; and some scamp, who had more indecent curiosity than honesty, clapped the four volumes under his cloak and walked off with them. As there is but this one English copy of this work in the country, and as the thief has, no doubt, shown it to some one, he can easily be detected.

"There never was a finer opportunity to study human nature; violent professors of religion buying very queer books; and persons not suspected of an over-stock of brains buying mathematical works. About a dozen books were stolen. Some brought prices double and treble those marked in the catalogues of the London booksellers, Bartlett and Welford, Appleton's, or any of the depositories of old books. Most of them sold higher than their first cost price, and even much of the divinity sold so well that it is believed the public taste has been turned from the drama to be buried in old books. Perhaps, after all, this is only the forerunner of some violent earthquake in the morals of literature."



The MS. of "Poems by Two Brothers."

THE original autograph manuscript of the epoch-making "Poems by Two Brothers," Alfred and Charles Tennyson, comes into the market at Sotheby's on the Friday before Christmas Day, and some time after these lines have gone to press. This manuscript is entirely in the handwriting of the two Tennysons, but principally in that of the late Laureate. It consists of eighty-eight leaves, exclusive of the covers of the volume, on which are written part of the poems and other matter; also, apart from the volume, the title, advertisement, errata, and the introductory poem, "'Tis Sweet to Tread from Stage to Stage." On the reverse of the title is an autograph letter to the publishers, Messrs. J. and J. Jackson, referring to the omission of a poem from the portion of the volume in type. "The contents," or order of printing, is on a separate sheet, in the body of a most interesting letter in the handwriting of Alfred Tennyson, respecting the copyright and other matters relative to the forthcoming volume. With this manuscript is included the original receipt given to the Jacksons for £20, the amount agreed upon for the copyright of the volume entitled, "Poems of Two Brothers," and signed by the joint authors. On the reverse of the leaf with the "Errata" is an interesting note, signed "C. and A.T.," referring to the publication of their signatures. Three of the autograph poems do not appear in the published work. As if all this were insufficient to render the lot all-embracing, accompanying these exceedingly important and valuable manuscripts is the publisher's reserved copy of the "Poems by Two Brothers." The British Museum is the proper place for this splendid lot, and we trust that it may be secured for the national collection. It may be added, in conclusion, that the existence of this manuscript has only been known to a very few people, and that it has been in the possession of the original proprietors until the other day, when the executors of the last of the Messrs. Jackson—whose death occurred a few months ago—handed it to Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. The result will be announced in our next issue.

Early Christian Manuscripts.

PROFESSOR HARNACK, who (says the *Standard's* Berlin correspondent) is very prominent just now, owing to his essay on the Apostolic Creed, and to the resulting controversy, has made what he regards as an important discovery. In a grave in Upper Egypt, apparently of the twelfth century, some French *savants* lately found certain old codices, which they published without, apparently, appreciating their full importance. In these codices Professor Harnack asserts that he has recognised literary monuments of the oldest Christianity, which enjoyed the reputation of full or partial authenticity in Christian communities at the time when the canon of the New Testament was being formed, but were afterwards rejected and lost. They are three in number. One of them bears the title "The Revelation of Peter." It is a prophetic book, resembling the Apocalypse of St. John, and was quoted as a sacred "scripture" by the great Christian teacher, Clement of Alexandria, in the second century after Christ. It is supposed to have been written by the Apostle Peter. Another is "The Gospel of Peter," a narrative of the life of Christ, similar to those of the four Gospels. It was in use in the second century, especially in the Syrian communities, and was at first admitted by the ecclesiastical authorities, but afterwards stigmatised as gnostic. It, too, is supposed to have been written by St. Peter. The third codex contains considerable fragments of the Book of Enoch, a prophetic book, which was of high authority among the early Christians, but the origin of which is not cleared up. The ascription to the Old Testament patriarch, "who walked with God," is, of course, a mere literary fiction. Professor Harnack intends to publish a full report of this important discovery in the January number of the *Preussische Jahrbucher*, edited by Professor Hans Delbrück.



Book Borrowers.

IN THE BOOKWORM ii, p. 37, we published a number of versified warnings as to the present or future doom of the bookborrower. These warnings are usually characterised more for the force of their threats than for the inspiration of their lines. We give below a few additional examples.

An old Harleian MS. contains a warning which, in those days, would not be disregarded, and of which the following is a translation:—

“The booke of St. Mary and St. Nicholas of Arranstein, the which if anyone shall purloin it, may he die the death, may he be cooked upon a gridiron, may falling sickness and fevers attack him, and may he be broken upon the wheel and hung.” Books were valuable, and possessed by few save the priests and the very wealthy; hence the dread anathema.

The following lines are commonly in one form and another:—

“Steal not this book, my worthy friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end;
Up the ladder, and down the rope,
There you’ll hang until you choke;
Then I’ll come along and say—
‘Where’s that book you stole away?’”

In a volume of sermons, from the pen of a divine who has long since gone to rest, some irreverent reader had written the following, which, if not quite *à propos*, may be here quoted:—

“If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry.”

In one or two cases scripture texts have supplied the required warning against the crime of peculation, or the less heinous sin of omitting to return a borrowed volume.

The author of the following evidently had no very high opinion of book-borrowers generally :—

“ My master never lends me,
So if I'm found elsewhere,
A thief is my possessor ;
Therefore, ye knaves, beware ! ”

About the middle of the last century, an eccentric physician, who possessed a good library, had on the inside cover of all his books a label bearing the words, “ Stolen from the library of Dr. ———, ———.” These notices are on all fours with a practice observed in certain hospitals where the medicine bottles for indoor patients have the words, “ Stolen from ——— Hospital ” engraved on them in large letters.

Sometimes verses *very* much to the point are found, as for example :—

“ Small is the wren, black is the rook,
Great is the sinner who steals this book.”

Book-lovers who have evidently suffered from lending their precious volumes, often burst into verse, of which the following example is only one of many that might be quoted :—

“ If you borrow me, I pray,
Treat me as a friend ;
Keep me by your own fireside,
And to no others lend.

Guard my leaves, and keep them clean,
Do not turn them down ;
With no pencil marks deface,
Nor with thumb-marks brown.”

Probably the verse following derived its inspiration from the well-known motto, “ Anyone may borrow a book, but a gentleman returns ” :—

“ Kind friends to whom my master lends
His choicest books,
When they are read, return at once,
And save black looks.
Fools many borrow them, but 'tis
The gentleman returns.”

One motto which might, with advantage, be used in public library books, and may be commended to all borrowers, both from public and private collections :—

“ Whenever you borrow me,
I hope you'll keep me clean ;
For I am not a linen rag
That can be washed again.”



The Kelmscott Press.



AMONG the many private presses which have at various times been established in this country, the most important is unquestionably that of Mr. William Morris, the well-known poet. An evening contemporary writes as follows in reference to a "private view" of an advance copy of his reprint of Caxton's "Recueil of the Historyes of Troye." On looking through it, Dr. Furnivall said enthusiastically, "It's the most beautiful book I ever saw; it's the most beautiful book ever printed!" Mr. F. S. Ellis, through whose hands every book treasure in England for the last forty years has passed, cordially agreed in this opinion, and so did Mr. Emery Walker, the art editor of the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and Mr. Theodore Watts, the friend of poets and artists, and poet himself. This delightful "Recueil" volume is in quarto, in a brand-new pica type designed by Mr. William Morris, with some of the beautiful borders used by him in his handsome "Golden Legend," with admirably designed capitals and "weepers" or side ornaments, all of Mr. Morris's design and drawing, and with a very fine, bold title. The volume is, indeed, a credit to English craftsmanship, and assuredly stands at the head of all specimens of typography hitherto produced. Mr. Tunstall has the sale of the work. Mr. William Morris has just finished a reprint of Caxton's "Book of Chivalry" in the new type he has designed for his grand folio "Chaucer," for which Mr. Burne Jones is making fifty large drawings on wood, and the text of which Mr. F. S. Ellis is preparing from the parallel text issued by the Chaucer Society. The "Book of Chivalry" is in small pica type, somewhat of the character of the "Recueil" fount, and

is an extremely pretty little book. It waits for an introduction by Mr. F. S. Ellis.

Mr. Morris has at press Caxton's "Godfrey of Bulloyn; or, the Conquest of Jerusalem." This will be followed by Lord Berners's "Huon of Bordeaux," and possibly his "Golden Book" of Marcus Aurelius. Caxton's "Hystorie of Reynard the Foxe" is nearly ready. Wynkyn de Werde's "Vitas Retrum" is in course of transcription. And when the grand "Chaucer" is done—it will be a magnificent book—the probability is that Mr. William Morris will venture on Lord Berners's "Froissart," a great favourite of his. Notwithstanding the high prices at which the productions of Mr. Morris's Kelmscott Press are published, buyers are not likely to suffer from purchasing them. "The Golden Legend," issued a few weeks ago at five guineas, is now obtainable only at ten or twelve guineas. All Mr. Morris's own poems on sale by Reeves and Turner are now worth double their published price. A new era has dawned in English printing. Shakespeare's poems are soon to go to press in a handsome quarto at the Kelmscott Press, and we hope that a volume of Tennyson will not be long in following it. Mr. Morris will, of course, gradually issue all his own works in his new superb style.

Dickens's "Little Nell."

WHO was the original of Dickens's Little Nell? Miss Mamie Dickens, in an article on "My Father as I Recall Him," in an American contemporary, says she has no doubt that it was Mary Hogarth, a sister of his wife. Mary Hogarth, who died young, was of a charming and lovable disposition, and was personally very beautiful. She was, in short, Dickens's ideal of what a young girl should be. She was buried at Kensal Green, and her grave bears the following inscription written by the novelist:—"Young, beautiful and good, God in His mercy numbered her among His angels at the early age of seventeen."



The Bibliographical Society.



R. W. A. COPINGER, F.S.A., the first president of the Bibliographical Society, delivered the inaugural address on November 21st, at the meeting-room in Hanover Square, London. He congratulated the members on the fact that they were now over 160 strong, and among them were the best-known and most scientific bibliographers of this country. There could be no doubt that bibliography was now in process of development, and was fast becoming an exact science. It must be recognised as something very different from mere cataloguing. It had become a necessity to the author, the scholar, the librarian, and the collector. No library worthy of the name should be without its twofold catalogue—the one *raisonné*, or bibliographical, and the other its index, the latter being so constructed as to be for all practical purposes an ordinary reference catalogue. In proportion to the advancement of civilisation and the diffusion of literature ought to be the references to and accounts of the thousands of works which have been the product of the past, and we need not be surprised if the particular need of the present day was an exact knowledge of those repositories which had enlightened and benefited mankind. Bibliography dealt with a vast variety of subjects, and the Society should, while maintaining the highest standard with accuracy in detail, be essentially broad in its scope. In other words, every work taken in hand, or over which the mantle of the Society might be cast, should be in the highest degree of merit—such, in fact, as bibliographers and others might depend upon as being as nearly perfect as learning and industry could render it : and yet the breadth of subjects covered should be

sufficient to permit the introduction of matters of interest to engage the attention of others than specialists. One of the most important matters for the consideration of the Society would be a general catalogue of English literature. The catalogue of the British Museum was now nearly completed. Half the labour of the compiling of a general catalogue was thus probably saved, and a basis in existence on which the complete catalogue might be reared. It would be matter for consideration whether the general catalogue should be on the same lines as the Museum catalogue, and also whether a system of registration of all new books should not be arranged as from the date to which the general catalogue was to be compiled, and whether this should not be the very first step to take. The want experienced was a catalogue of the literature of the nation, with an indication of its precise nature and where it could be found. All the larger public libraries must be put under contribution, and means should be taken for obtaining a list of the special collections of books in the United Kingdom, the owners being invited to contribute lists towards the preparation of the general catalogue. Another subject which would require serious attention by the Society was early printed books. This it was proposed to have considered by a special committee. What was really wanted was something more than a mere supplement, or even a new edition, of Hain's "Reportorium," which no doubt was the best we had on fifteenth century books, but there were three main objections to it—(1) the order and arrangement; (2) the information from a typographical aspect was not up to date; and (3) there must be at least some five or six thousand volumes issued before 1500 not noticed by the author. The first step would seem to be the identification of the printers of the various books bearing no printer's name and not identified by Hain. Both Bradshaw and Blades had shown how much aid might be obtained in settling the dates of early printed books by noticing the habits of the printers and their gradual improvement in working; indeed where we had no date on the face of the book the unconscious evidence afforded by the method of working was of the greatest value. If that Society should be instrumental in obtaining recruits for this work—those who would make a study of some particular press, specifying the variations of the type, and identifying the works issued from that press, coupled with an exhaustive list of the works issued therefrom—the Society would have set on foot a much-needed work. The result of these studies should be published by the Society. Having indicated in some detail the lines on which he would proceed with this work, the President, in conclusion, reminded the members that

the objects of the Society were broad and the field of labour great. Success depended mainly on united effort. The formation of the Society should mark an epoch in the literature of the country. He urged them to labour steadily until bibliography was established as an exact science and occupied that proper position in the realm of literature from which it had been so long by ignorance excluded.

Censorship in Russia.

M. SKABICHEWSKY, the literary critic of the *Novosti*, has just published a curious volume on the history of the Censorship in Russia. He shows how the Czar Nicolas saved some of the works of Joukowsky, Puskin, and Gogol from the severities of the Censorship. Karamzine's "History of Russia" likewise owed its life to Nicholas. The censors, it appears, are generally well-informed, cultured, and eminently sociable men, who receive a good salary for the pleasure of forming a library gratuitously of the books they approve, and, above all, of the books they forbid others to read. They are often very leisurely in their reading of the works whose fate they have to decide, whereat authors, publishers, and booksellers fret and fume, to say nothing of the public who have to await the good pleasure of these keepers of the literary conscience. When the souvenirs of Tourgénéieff appeared in French, the censors made a descent on the booksellers, and excised the two pages in which that author condemned the censure and declared that he would not return to Russia until it was abolished. One of them said, "I am quite of the opinion of Tourgénéieff, but I am a censor above all." And he mercilessly wielded his scissors.

A Fourteenth Century Library.

THE following is a list of books which belonged to Bishop John Trevaux in 1357 :—

- 1 Biblia in asseribus cum nigro corio prec. 40s.
 - 1 liber prec. 26s. 8d. cui incipit "Abbas" in asseribus cum albo corio.
 - 1 liber voc. Psalterium glossatum in asseribus cum albo corio prec. 13s. 4d.
 - 1 liber voc. Rōnafl. [Rationale] Divinor. Officior., pr. 20s. in asseribus cum albo corio.
 - 1 parvus liber sermonum qui incipit "si vis ad vitam ingredi" in asseribus cum rub. corio pr. 40d.
 - 1 liber Semmentor (?) in asseribus cum viridi corio pr. 13s. 4d.
 - 1 lib. voc. Legenda Sanctorum in asseribus cum rubeo corio pr. 26s.
 - Calumpniat. per fratres de Ragh . . . biblia in asseribus cum albo corio in magno volumine pr. 60s.
 - 1 parvus libellus in asseribus rubeis de officio episcopi, pr. 2s.
 - 1 canucōi (?) de subpr. et vigil. in asseribus sine corio pr. 4s.
 - 1 liber voc. Comeiccū super viij libros Physicorum in asseribus sine corio pr. 6s. 8d.
 - 1 liber voc. diversa originalia Anselmi et Damaceni in asseribus cum viridi corio pr. 13s. 4d.
 - 1 liber voc. Catholicon pr. 66s. 8d.
 - 1 liber voc. Concordanc. in asseribus cum albo corio pr. 66s. 8d.
 - 1 liber histor. in asseribus cum corio rubeo Abbas de Basingwerk vendicat.
 - 1 parvus lib. de officio erū (?) in asseribus cum albo corio pr. 1s.
 - 1 liber qui voc. E . . . ēr dulua (?) asseribus cum viridi corio pr. 1s.
 - 1 p. decretorum vetus in asseribus de viridi corio et 1 p. 1 decretal. nov. in asseribus cum . . .
-



Archbishop Williams.

AS library work so closely affects bookworms in general, a short account of the efforts of an untiring founder may be interesting to readers of *THE BOOKWORM*. The man I refer to was an English Prelate, Archbishop Williams, who lived at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

His first effort was at Westminster, where he made a very good library for the benefit of the college in "a great room on the east side of the cloysters," and to the extent of over £500 furnished it with "desks, chains, and other necessities." Not content with what he had done already, he gave a further testimony of his benevolence by placing his choicest manuscripts and parchments in the library.

Another design of his was the building and establishing of a library at Lincoln, but although it was begun with good prospects, he never realised his wishes.

Such was the progress at first made, that the books were purchased, the timber bought and worked, and other necessities ready, but "the founder's troubles coming thick now upon him," the proceedings were stopped. The doom of this attempt seems to have been fairly sealed now, for not only did the books soon disappear, but the timber which was to have been used for the building was used by the soldiers during the civil war for fortifications.

His other great work was at his old college, St. John's, Cambridge. It appears that they had a library which was much too small; this fact seems to have been recognised, for I find that they were "casting about by what means they might procure a new library." Such was the known munificence of Dr. Williams (who was at that time Bishop

of Lincoln and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal), that the society thought that they could not ask a more likely person than him to carry on to completion such an expensive work. Dr. Williams, on being asked, consented, and entered into the work with a will, and during the years 1623 and 1624 gave supplies of money to the extent of £2,011 13s. 4d. The total cost of the building was £2,991 10s. 10d, the difference being made up by Sir Ralph Hace, of Stow-Bardolf, Norfolk, as to £192 for the foundation of the building; the balance, amounting to £787 6s. 6d., "besides the daily allowance of bread and beer to the workmen," being borne by the college itself. It will be seen that a good two-thirds of the cost fell on Bishop Williams, so that he is generally said to be the founder of the building.

Now, as to the furnishing this new building with books, Dr. Williams shows his extraordinary generosity and zeal in the cause of library-making. At first he made over his own collection of books to the library, but afterwards countermanded the gift, and made an indenture by which he bound himself to the annual payment for ten years of £100, so that the society should be able to buy books for the library, and as security for such payment he again made over his own books, and furnished the college with a catalogue thereof, to be kept amongst the records of the college. The Bishop having sundry troubles at this time, no part of the £1,000 was ever paid, and foreseeing his inability to ever do so, ordered his library to be delivered to the college in satisfaction. His library suffered much from then to the time of his death, being seized by Parliament and shifted from place to place, but eventually the "Mangled Library" was consigned to the college for good, on the death of this worker in the cause of library-establishing.

VICTOR J. MOULDER.





The Preservation of Autographs.

THE proposal to form a society, to be called "The Society of Archivists and Autograph Collectors," is one that deserves the attention of authors. Perhaps by the time these lines meet the eye of the reader, the new society may have been already happily inaugurated, and, if so, literature will be provided with one more handmaid very usefully devoted to her service. It is true that a great number of learned, antiquarian, and literary societies already exist, so many, indeed, that there is occasion to fear that they may sometimes rather divide than concentrate the energies of their supporters. None, however, has exactly the same aims as those which the new society proposes to itself, and those aims are most undeniably useful. Commencing from the banding together "for mutual benefit" of collectors of autographs, whether those who are very seriously engaged in that valuable pursuit, or those who have taken it up more lightly, as a tasteful hobby or occasional pastime, the Society of Archivists proposes also to attempt something towards educating the public into regarding "old papers" with more of the reverence due to them, to exchange views as to the collection and preservation of manuscripts, and to compile a reference catalogue, as complete as possible, of the many valuable MSS. scattered about the country in private and other collections. The last mentioned undertaking would be gigantic, but the society's programme is certainly an admirable one, and one that should command the sympathies of all authors and literary men.

For the whole world of letters has no greater or more terrible foe than this ignorance of the respect due to "old papers," which the new society arms itself to fight. This ignorance, public and private, has robbed us of what we can neither replace nor afford to lose, and

is robbing us still. Ever since man first discovered a device for scratching a record of his thoughts on a stone, to the present hour, parallel with all the labours of the student, the scholar, the historian, and the poet, of every one who has ever written anything, has marched unspeakable ignorance, more ready than wanton malice to destroy anything set forth in letters, from the grandest flights of poetic genius to the humblest "*Hic jacet*" that records the shedding of a tear.

Indeed, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that ignorance has had things all its own way. If aught has survived of the labours of authors for thousands of years, that has been due rather to blessed chance than to any momentary abstention on the part of ignorance from its passion to destroy. Neglect has sometimes proved more safe than care, and idle time, a faithful custodian of treasures, man had cast aside.

[The proposal to form a Society of Archivists and Autograph Collectors could not be promulgated at a more opportune moment than the present, when, as will be seen from the first paragraph in "Our Note Book," collectors are just now waking up to the fact that the market has been inundated with forgeries. We wish the Society every success.—ED., BOOKWORM.]

Plowden's "Treatise."

A VERY curious and interesting unpublished autograph manuscript has been sold at Sotheby's. It was written in or about the year 1580, by Plowden, a very prominent Roman Catholic politician and compiler of Law Reports (in French) of the period. The manuscript in question is a "Treatise," in which the author proves that if Queen Elizabeth ("whome God blesse with longe life and many children") should die without issue, there is no law which prevents the Queen of Scotland from receiving the crown of England. The fact that it was never printed can only be attributed to the extreme probability that the author could find no printer sufficiently careless of his personal comforts to run the risk of imprisonment. The lot realised £8, which was extremely cheap.



Our Note Book.

IN a decade hence, when the literature of the year 1892 is weighed up, as it were, by the historian, the book upon which the greatest amount of unqualified praise is bestowed will, we have no doubt, be the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke's "History of Early English Literature," which Messrs. Macmillan and Co. published in December last. The two volumes bring the subject from its beginnings up to the accession of King Ælfred, and from the thoroughness of his knowledge we trust that Mr. Brooke will continue to publish the result of his studies up to at least the time of Chaucer. To the bibliographer the interest of Mr. Stopford Brooke's important contribution to the handbooks of to-day will to a great extent lie in the sources of his information. From the very nature of the conditions of life in this country eight hundred or a thousand years ago, these sources are few. But Mr. Stopford Brooke has made the most of his opportunities, qualifying himself at the outstart by mastering the Anglo-Saxon language. One of the most important sources of this History is "The Exeter Book," which formed part of the library which Leofric, the first Bishop of Exeter, collected and left to his cathedral church. He catalogued it himself, under a designation which may be translated "A mickle English book on all kinds of things, wrought in verse." It is still kept in Exeter Cathedral, and has been there since the first bishop died in 1071. Mr. Brooke describes it as a varied anthology, and as containing poems which range from the eighth to the tenth or eleventh century. One or two may belong to the seventh century, and some others may even be of greater antiquity. It will be interesting to quote the titles of some of these poems, and among others occur "The Christ," "The Phoenix," "The Wanderers," "Gifts of Men," "The

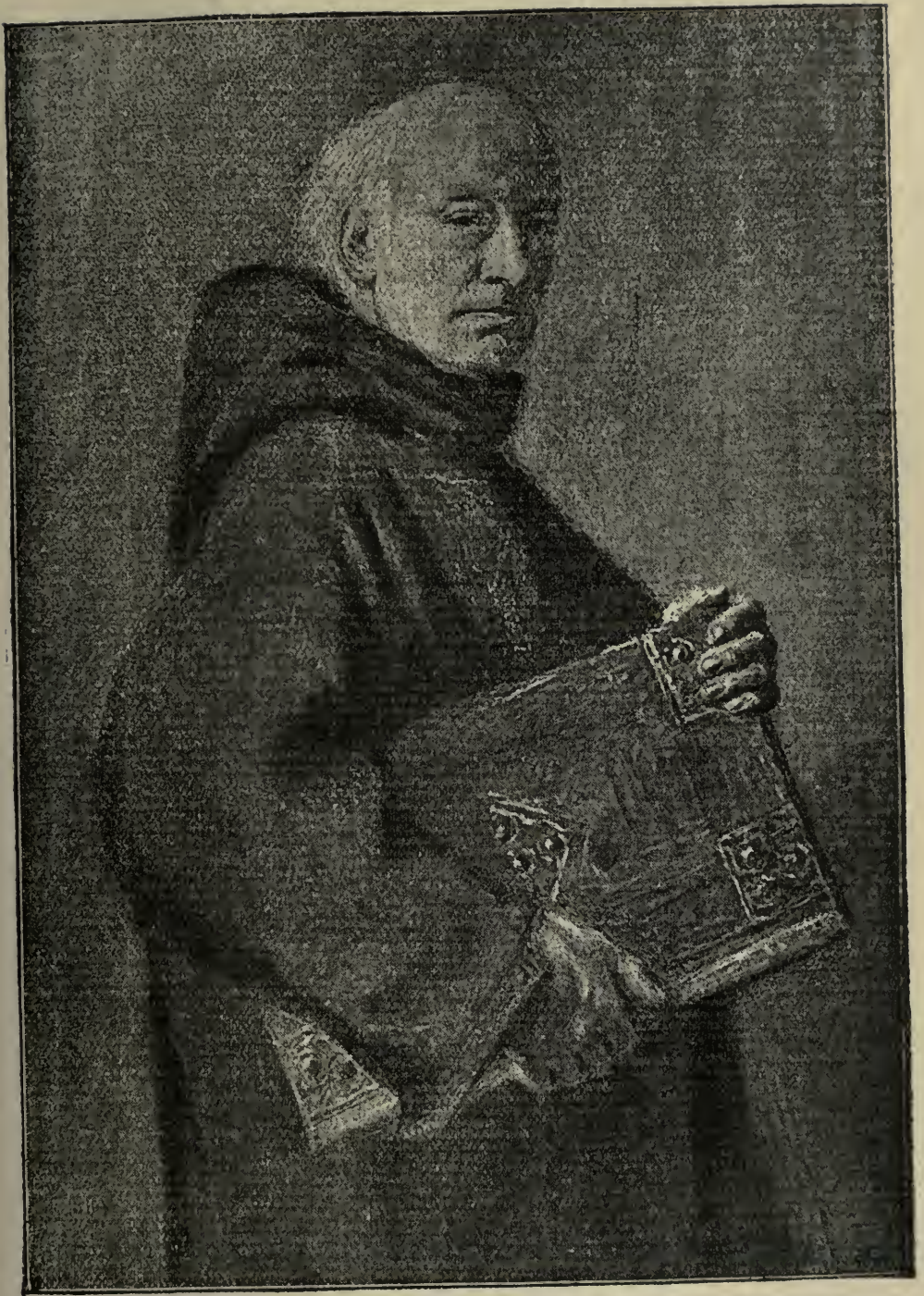
Seafarer," "The Fates of Men," "Gnomic Verses," "The Panther, the Whale, and Partridge," "The Soul to its Body," "The Message of a Lover," and "The Descent into Hell."

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Another of Mr. Stopford Brooke's sources, "The Vercelli Book," was discovered in the Capitular Library at Vercelli, in Upper Italy, in 1832. Its presence there is an entire mystery; but Wülker conjectures that a hospice existed in that town for Anglo-Saxon pilgrims who went on pilgrimage to Rome, and who crossed by the Mont Cenis or the Great or Little St. Bernard Passes, and that this manuscript may have been left there by some English voyager. It consists principally of Anglo-Saxon homilies, but interspersed are six poems, in the handwriting of the eleventh century. Among these are "The Fates of the Apostles" and "The Address of the Soul to the Body." The manuscript of *Beowulf* in the British Museum, and the Junian manuscript of the Caedmonian poems in the Bodleian, have also been consulted. With one of the poems which occur in "The Exeter Book," "Widsith"—which means "Far-Traveller"—Mr. Stopford Brooke starts his History; and a careful examination of this poem amply proves its antiquity, for much of the verse which it contains was undoubtedly made in the Old Angle land over the seas. It is the personal habits, adventures, and impressions of a wandering minstrel. Mr. Brooke then gives us several exhaustive and interesting chapters dealing with "*Beowulf*," its mythical and other elements; the Conquest and literature, armour and war in poetry, Christianity and literature and monasticism and literature, and various other attributes of English life up to the year 800. The second volume discusses, after a general view of the rise of literature, and literature in Northumbria, Caedmon, Cynewulf and his signed poems, as well as a number of unsigned poems either by this writer or by men of his school, concluding with perhaps the most interesting chapter of the book—that which deals with the school of York. It would be impossible to overpraise this "History of Early English Literature," which differs from so many works of the same *genre* in being as delightful to read as it is reliable as a book of reference. No library, public or otherwise, should be without it, and we can strongly commend it to the attention of Home Reading Societies generally.

* * * *

An exceedingly well-written and entertaining book is Mr. Gilbert R. Redgrave's "History of Water-Colour Painting in England,"



THE MONK, BY W. H. HUNT.

which Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. have just added to their series of Art Text-Books. It adequately fills a long-felt want, and it may be questioned whether any other writer on art matters could have turned out so good a book as the one before us, for it is readable, reliable, and sufficiently comprehensive. There are 33 plates from pictures by the more eminent of English artists in water-colours, each being a representative example; the whole being, it is true, for the most part either at South Kensington or in the British Museum—a fact which is but poor consolation to those who live away from the metropolis. Of one of these we are enabled, through the courtesy of the publishers, to give an example which will have a peculiar attraction to the readers of the *BOOKWORM*—William Henry Hunt's painting of "The Monk." In his Introduction, Mr. Redgrave gives a full description of the various methods of water-colour painting, which will have the effect of disabusing the lay mind of many erroneous ideas. An entire chapter is devoted to Turner; and the founders of the various societies of water-colour painters are fully dealt with, both in reference to their official as well as to their private work. The last of the 17 chapters deals with the materials used by water-colour artists, with the subject of the permanence of water-colour drawings, the reports from a committee of experts, and the stability of single colours and mixed colours.

* * * *

Mr. F. B. F. Campbell, an assistant in the British Museum Library, has reprinted in pamphlet form two papers which he has, on different occasions, read at meetings of the Library Association of the United Kingdom. The earlier of these is entitled "An Introduction to the Theory of a State-Paper Catalogue," and the second is "A Plea for Annual Lists of State-Papers and Annual Reviews of State-Papers, as being essential preliminaries to State-Paper Catalogues." It is almost superfluous for us to say that we are in entire accord with Mr. Campbell's strongly reasoned arguments, for the State-Papers of this country are simply heart-breaking in their almost completely unworkable character. To obtain a single fact one has often to consult a score or two bulky volumes of reports on subjects entirely foreign to the one desired. This serious loss of time would be obviated if the Reports were bound up according to the subjects; but the existing system of binding the Reports up according to the years in which they are issued would be much less objectionable if there existed a thoroughly good index or Catalogue *Raisonné* to every ten years' publication. The State-Papers, under these conditions, would be readily accessible, and

the vast expense which is every year expended on these official Reports would be money well spent, and the results as accessible to the general public as to the student. There is nothing but sound, practical common sense in Mr. Campbell's proposals, and if the Library Association can assist in bringing this matter to a successful issue it will have succeeded in effecting a most important Revolution.

* * * *

Small books are the order of the day; and, barring the small type, they have much to commend them. The latest effort in this direction comes from the Queen's Printers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, of Great New Street, E.C., whose "diamond 48mo" Bible is a triumph. The thinness of the paper is only less marvellous than its extreme toughness; and when it is stated that this complete Bible of 1535 pages can be almost stowed away in a waistcoat pocket, its extreme portability will be at once evident. The type, if small, is beautifully clear; and we have no doubt that the enterprise of the printers will be rewarded by a big sale. We give a facsimile of one of the pages.

GALATIANS, 4.

22 But the scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe.

23 But before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be revealed.

24 Wherefore the law was our schoolmaster to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith.

25 But after that faith is come, we are no longer under a schoolmaster.

26 For ye are all the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.

27 For as many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ.

28 There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.

29 And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise.

CHAPTER 4.

NOW I say, That the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all:

2 But is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father.

3 Even so we, when we were children, were in bondage under the elements of the world:

4 But when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law,

5 To redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons.

6 And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.

7 Wherefore thou art no more

a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ.

8 Howbeit then, when ye knew not God, ye did service unto them which by nature are no gods.

9 But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, when ye desire again to be in bondage?

10 Ye observe days, and months, and times, and years.

11 I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain.

12 Brethren, I beseech you, be as I am; for I am as ye are: ye have not injured me at all.

13 Ye know how through infirmity of the flesh I preached the gospel unto you at the first.

14 And my temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected; but received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus.

15 Where is then the blessedness ye spake of? for I bear you record, that, if it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes, and have given them to me.

16 Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?

17 They zealously affect you, but not well; yea, they would exclude you, that ye might affect them.

18 But it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing, and not only when I am present with you.

19 My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you,

20 I desire to be present with you now, and to change my voice; for I stand in doubt of you.

* * * *

The sale of the original manuscript of "Poems by Two Brothers," to which full reference was made in the last issue, attracted, as was expected, a large number of people to Messrs. Sotheby's Rooms, in Wellington Street, Strand, on December 23rd. On the lot coming up for sale, and a question of literary proprietorship having been raised, the auctioneer said he only sold the copyright of the published poems, as the representatives of the late Lord Tennyson claimed rights in the three unpublished pieces. That difficulty having been settled, the lot was put in at a reserve of £100—a needless caution, because in a few moments the bids reached £400, and finally the lot was knocked down to Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes, the well-known booksellers of Cambridge, for £480.

* * * *

The Paris *Figaro* devotes a monthly supplement to questions and answers, and the idea has distinctly "caught on." In reply to the demand, "Quelles sont les cent œuvres d'art les plus belles du monde?" the following manuscripts and books are included in the list: The "Book of Hours" of the Duc de Berri, with miniatures of the fourteenth century, and now in the possession of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, is the most beautiful manuscript known. At the same château, also, are found the marvellous series of forty miniatures which Jean Fouquet executed for Etienne Chevallier; and the "folles entreprises du poète Gringore," printed on vellum, in Gothic characters, ornamented with twenty-two miniatures of great beauty, and bound in morocco with the arms and the device of Diana of Poitiers. At the Bibliothèque Nationale there are the "Heures d'Anne de Bretagne," with fifty-one whole-page paintings done in 1507 by Jehan Bourdichon; the two Bibles of Charles le Chauve, which are considered as one of the most beautiful monuments of art of the Carolingian period: the first of which, executed for Charlemagne under the direction of Alcuin, came from St. Martin-de-Tours, and the second, with the arms of Henri IV., was written for Charles le Chauve, and at one time belonged to the Abbey of St. Denis; the unique copy of the Pentateuch of the fifth century, formerly the property of Libri—"de funeste mémoire;" and the "Livre d'Heures" of Grimani, at the Palace of the Doge of Venice. Among the printed books in the National Library at Paris, the three most notable are the Mazarine Bible; an edition of St. Gerome with the binding signed and dated 1469—the earliest known instance of the kind—by Jean Richenbush, at Geislingen, near Stuttgart; and the Ptolemy with the sixteenth century mosaic binding executed for Diana of Poitiers.





Book Collecting in America.

THE book connoisseur is rarely in an explanatory mood ; he has grown so familiar with his theme that he cannot understand why the great mass of book readers know but little of the range and possibilities of book collecting and embellishment. He does not readily diffuse his knowledge in an appreciable way, stripped of the technical verbiage of his avocation, and he cannot make himself believe that the madding crowd outside his special domain summarise book collecting as simply the getting together of a library of works of more or less value.

And yet it is a fact that this is the epitome, the popular mind, the veriest sum and substance of all there is of the entire field of literature in this phase of its preservation. Moreover, among many persons of more than ordinary intelligence in other fields, but little is known of the ramifications of the book collector. And yet, in truth, there are not two book collectors who collect just alike. There is a tendency, to be sure, when one connoisseur discovers some new way of manipulating or collecting books, for others to follow in his wake. But this is not to be commended. The man that strikes out for himself comes nearest the ideal of the true bibliophile.

There are amateurs that gather works of Americana exclusively or as an important part of a great collection ; others will collect rare books of early English literature ; others still will make a specialty of choice works of poetry and the drama. There is, indeed, just now a strong feeling among collectors of dramatic works for books dating from 1550 to the end of the seventeenth century.

Nell Gwynne flourished about 1660, and the records of her career

are eagerly sought. The demand takes every now and then a tangent into special fields, and at present there seems to be a rage for the annals of stage folk.

Undoubtedly the finest private library in this country is that of Robert Hoe. It embraces missals, manuscripts, and rare books of every kind. Mr. Hoe is omnivorous. He collects everything that is fine. Every branch is invaded by him. His collection of manuscripts is the most complete in America. There are a half-dozen Groliers of great value on his shelves, and he now possesses the Pembroke Missal, for which he must have paid a comparatively fabulous price, placed by experts at such a figure as \$10,000.

Will Loring Andrews prides himself upon having the finest collection of Roger Paine bindings. His especial fad, however, and a unique one it is, is the getting of a great deal of value into a small compass. This collector may like a book; it may be a rare book, but if it is large he will not buy. He would willingly pay so great a sum as \$1,200 for a book that was rare enough and small enough. The rarest things in dimensions above the average would not tempt him. But if the object were small, no figure representing its value would be too high to debar him from purchase. He is what is technically known among bibliophiles as a cabinet collector.

George B. De Forest collects foreign books in which he finds continued incitement for additions of a similar nature to his library. Peter Marié prefers works in the French tongue relating more particularly to romance and poetry.

Augustin Daly is one of the most liberal purchasers of books bearing upon the drama. "The Life of Peg Woffington," written by himself from the most carefully acquired data, was limited to an edition of 115 copies, printed on wide-margined paper. His own special copy he has had illustrated in aquarelles, the margins being beautifully treated in colours, while portraiture has been inlaid from time to time. Already Mr. Daly has expended over two thousand dollars upon the embellishment of this book, and further additions will be made whenever feasible. Grivaz, the Swiss-French king of Aquarellists, is now in this country doing Daly's book decoration.

There is called to mind one of the most enthusiastically followed fads in book collecting. It is the idea of pasting and elaborating. In this way rare old books may be enriched until they become almost priceless in their enhanced value.

The literary aspirations of William Waldorf Astor found their first vent during the period of his residence in Italy as American Minister. It took the form of an historical novel, and copies were put on sale.

Mr. Astor had reserved for himself, however, one especially printed wide marginal copy, and this he has had decorated in the most lavish manner.

A water-colour picture from the brush of some prominent American artist is inserted below each chapter of the book, depicting a scene described in it, for which the honorarium was \$500. The book is being continually added to with new decorative ideas, and is rapidly becoming, so far as expenditure and expert development is concerned, one of the most remarkable books in the world. The margins are treated with sketches and border designs of the most beautiful character.

Some of the favourite books of collectors were illustrated in illuminated decorations apparently raised and embossed upon the margin of the pages, which in the text are in initial letters worked in the most beautiful and apt conceptions. There is also a special penchant for sketches and marginal treatments in pen and ink.

The most popular form of book illustrating at present is with prints. The portraits and localities mentioned in the book are eagerly sought out and added between those pages in most appropriate placement. In the pursuit of this cult it is not unusual to break up an old book to get the portraits or pictures out of it. The broken book, though it may have been valuable, is now imperfect, but the book formed is greatly enriched by the addition, and without doubt the prints are best pleased in their new position.

Most interesting is this phase of bibliography, and keen indeed are the enthusiasts upon the trail of an old print that will yield a unique value to some cherished book. So much a distinct part of the treatment of old books has this interpolating process become, that Chalcographimania in the vocabulary of book-lore stands acceptedly for the art of print collecting.

The insertion of prints, if properly done, is an art—and a delicate art at that—of itself. When the prints have been pasted on upon the middle of the sheet, there is naturally a slighter thickness. This, when a number are inserted, would cause the book to bulge in the centre, and thus be imperfect. To obviate this, the process of inlaying has been brought down to almost a fine-art significance. It consists in scraping the print thinner at the back with the sharpest of tools in the most skilful hands, and shaving its dimensions also upon the sheet, so that it will set in exactly even all over the surface. So successfully is this done nowadays that, after the print has been pasted in and ironed down, by passing the hand over the surface the jointure cannot be felt.

The restoration of prints is even a more difficult matter. There are two men living in Brooklyn that are pre-eminent as inlayers. One is an Englishman and the other a Hanoverian. They work in secret, and the tools they use are only known to themselves. They have no apprentices or aids, and when they pass away it is not known who will fill their places.

A collector that naturally has a fancy for well-illustrated books is Samuel P. Avery. If a book is badly printed, he will not have it at any price. It is readily understood that Mr. Avery's congeniality with pictorial art would lead him into like paths in his book collecting. It takes form aptly in special bindings. He has the most extravagant wardrobe in the city upon his library. To the novice, therefore, his collection represents superlative value. The arrangement of colours is most harmonious and pleasing to contemplate.

There is another important pictorial phase of rare old books besides that of inlaying of portraits and scenes—the decoration of margins and the harmony in bindings. It is the regard that artists have for books—more particularly those that have luminous bindings—and the utilisation they are given in the enhancement of composition of many a canvas that has been painted.

The book indeed is as much an artistic property to the painter as the wig is to the paid player of the stage. He has continual use for it. In portraits he secures a thoughtful expression from the subject by its utilisation. It gives a lightsome touch of colour to an interior where such is needful. In exclusively still-life pictures the book has been dealt with in art at its most important decorating phase. W. M. Harnett, who paints with such marvellous conciseness and absolute perspective fidelity still-life pictures, utilises a book or books as a leading or at least an important feature in almost every composition he undertakes. In his "Music and Literature" there is a vellum book that is painted perfectly, and other books in leather and cloth, these being really the dominant objects, although the pen and ink-stand, the music, the ivory and ebony of the flute and the silver candlestick, are treated with equal artistic exactness.

That is a fine group of rare old books that the painter has subtitled facetiously, "Job Lot, cheap." Some of them are very valuable works that have been loaned for this purpose, and the different colours of the binding are brought out with fine pictorial effect in the painting. One of Harnett's most important works is his "Old Friends," which in its details is most happily balanced. The torn vellum cover of the book is original in conception, and the grouping of the other

books artistic, and grouped in a manner calculated to tax the painter's skill to the utmost. The pipe, flute, loving-cup, and bronze object are wonderfully exact.

But a meagre idea, however, of the truth and delightful colour-scheme can be had of these paintings, elucidating books, as they do, at their highest pictorial aspect in a reproductive drawing ; but they give an interesting semblance of notable pictures in which books are prominently employed.

So far as the material for binding is concerned, the French have the advantage, for they get the first choice of skins. The English are next in line for the opportunity of selection, and American bookbinders must be content with what is left.

Roger Paine was the first man to put his name on his bindings, and was a pioneer in assisting the artistic clothing of books. His bills that have been preserved are curiously itemised. Some of them read after this fashion : " I put into this book silk thread to the value of 4s. 6d., and I honestly believe that the time spent in sewing should be placed at 10s. 6d."

Grolier, who is popularly misunderstood as being a bookbinder, was not an artisan that constructed bindings, but an amateur that suggested designs. He was practically the first patron of bookbinders. The Groliers are generally Venetian bindings in morocco and stamped with gold tools, each figure being embedded separately. There is no likeness of Grolier in existence, but from description and what can be learned of the man an etching has been prepared under the direction of the Grolier Club of this city, showing its patron saint in the house of his friend, the binder Aldus, furthering some new design.

The Grolier binding that is here reproduced bears the mark of the original possessor, that for its suggestion of unselfishness has had much to do with the commemoration of his name by advanced book collectors. Upon the upper edge appears the line *Grolier et Amicorum*, Grolier and his friends.

Another example of forethought and regard for others in the gathering of books is instanced by Richard Heber, who was wont to secure the three first copies of the rare books he bought—one to keep, one to read and one to lend.

A rare old binding, the lustre of material nor the beauty of its conception the centuries may not dim, is the morocco book with gilt tooling executed for the joint library of Henry II. and Diane de Poitiers. In the design the interlaced crescents of Diane and the crown of Henry II. are plainly discernible.

The Gutenberg Bible of the recent Ives sale had the original binding, consisting of thick oak boards covered with stamped calf, ornamented with brass corners and centre pieces, with bosses affixed to protect the book from the table and keep the binding from wear. The colour is brown and the material, the usual binding of that period, was calf or hogskin. The date is 1455.

The old prints of the printers are among the rarities of to-day and eagerly sought after by collectors. There is a portrait of Gutenberg, from an authentic print, showing the great German printer, matrix in hand.

Laurenz Jans Koster is claimed by the Dutch to antedate Gutenberg as the first printer. The claim has never been fully substantiated, but there is certainly ground for argument, and the Dutch evidently believe in their theory, for they have erected a monument to his memory in Haarlem.

William Caxton was the first English printer, and his portrait is reproduced, with his famous mark attached. The first printed book by Caxton was begun in 1465 and took two years to finish. The first book printed by Caxton with a date was in 1474. Its title was "The Game and Playe of Chesse." The Caxton printings have been adequately estimated in value at \$10 per page. If the book is of 600 pages the value is \$6,000, and a single page will bring the same ratio. For its printing, as the work of the first English printer, and for its marvellous and true execution, the type being fine and the matrices perfect, it is a work of remarkable interest and value.

The facilities are greater nowadays, but no appreciable strides have been made since Caxton's time in excellence of printing. The De Vinne "Richard De Bury. Philobiblom" is a work of to-day, however, prepared especially for the Grolier Club that should be the pride of our book lovers. It is done in the reddest and blackest of inks, and will easily stand comparison with any book of any period.

While book collecting is carried to a greater degree in detail in this country, it is more general in England. There the library in a family mansion means that there is an aggregation of favourite authors, at all events. But here the designation is more than often a pseudonym. I have frequently been invited into the "library" of a man of means to find the appellation an empty phrase, as the apartment does not reveal a book in sight.

It would be impossible to mention more than a few of the important collectors in the various fields, and a mere reference to the rare books may only be made to illustrate the fads and fancies of biblio-

maniacs. The late John Carter Brown was, and his son Nicholas Brown, following his lead, is, a collector of Americana, and the collection of Brayton Ives was strong in this respect. The late Earl of Crawford had a very complete collection of Americana.

The first letter of Columbus, consisting of four leaves, is worth more than a thousand times its weight in gold. The Mazarin Bible by Gutenberg in the Lenox library, although the binding is not contemporaneous, is valued at \$20,000.

The Gutenberg Bible in the Ives sale, now in the possession of James W. Ellsworth, of Chicago—an excellent reproduction of its cover being subjoined—is a valuable book, and illustrates how the master printers of long ago did work that has not been excelled in the present time.

It may not be generally known that Ward McAllister is not only an author but a book fancier in the best sense of the term. He rejoices to be among rare books, relishing embellished work and fine bindings. In furtherance of this penchant he has had a copy of "Society Just as I Found It" bound in costly form, with wide-margined leaves, upon which he has caused illustrations of the dishes mentioned and the costumes worn and other apt decoration to be placed upon the pages of the subject matter. He is adding constantly to its decorations, and this special work is rapidly attaining a unique value.

The library in the residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt is no misnomer. It is finished in light oak and terra-cotta relief. It is due, it is said, to Mrs. Vanderbilt that here is gathered the most complete library in this wealthy family. The Vanderbilts have travelled the world over, and many of the valuable books have been secured abroad. The library is arranged in suites—each suite being filled with books treating of some special subject. The shelves are lined with hangings, and cut-glass sliding doors give access to the handsomely bound volumes.

The Belmont library is another apartment that realises its title in the full meaning of the word. There was originally furnishings in exclusively blue and gold bindings, but other fine bindings were added and gave pungency to the colour scheme. What is more to the credit of the collector here is that the books are readily accessible and show evidence of having been read and frequently handled. Mrs. Paran Stevens has gathered a notable collection of rare and standard works.

There are discouragements in book collecting more than in any other branch of research. Men that have gone into certain phases

have stopped because it was impossible to secure prints or editions that were essential to the perfection of their idea. But the faint-hearted should not enter upon this field. It is full of disappointments, and when they fall by the wayside the example is a warning to others that might have attempted and had the stamina to continue and succeed.

New discoveries are constantly being brought to light by the careful scrutiny of old books and manuscripts. James Carson Brevoort quite accidentally came across a reference in an old book of the fifteenth century relating to the discovery of the Bermudas by one of the lieutenants of Columbus at that time who went ashore and left some pigs on the islands. Years after, when the islands were rediscovered, the animals having been prolific, were so highly regarded by the population that they incorporated the pig as part of the Bermuda coat-of-arms.

And so as much for future generations as for the present will book collecting be identified with the higher civilisation and intelligence of the people as a direct means of enlightenment and a factor of instruction upon the history of these times. The men who collect books to-day may not appreciate how well they are building for posterity, but it is reasonable to believe that our bibliomaniacs will be in centuries to come venerated for their acquisitions as are those of the past.





Fifteenth Century Block-Books.

IN connection with the above subject, to which reference is made on pp. 159 and 160 of the last volume of *THE BOOKWORM*, our readers will be glad to read the following extract from Mr. W. J. Linton's "Masters of Wood-Engraving":—

"*Biblia Pauperum*."—Very excellently engraved is the best copy (that in the Print Room) at the British Museum of the "*Biblia Pauperum*." The subject-matter affirms its purpose. It is a series of skeleton sermons in cramped or abbreviated Latin, a store of texts and sermon-suggesting pictures, scenes illustrative of the Bible history, and embellished with "portraits" of the patriarchs and prophets—David and Isaiah being allowed to stand for many.

This book, Netherlandish work, according to Passavant, is a small folio of forty leaves, printed in distemper or water-colour, and, as the Apocalypse and Song of Songs, on one side only—a necessary course with no means of registering to make the second impression exactly back the first. On each page are four portraits, two at the top and two at the bottom, above and below a central picture taken from the New Testament. On either side of this picture is another, out of the Old Testament, elucidating or in some way related to the teaching of the New: for instance, at page 10 we have in the middle Christ tempted, the Devil bidding him make bread of stones, and at the sides the Temptation in Paradise and Esau selling his birth-right. The principal portions of the text, probably to be enlarged and expounded at the preacher's discretion, are at the top of the page on each side of the upper portraits. Below each side-picture is a Leonine or rhyming Latin verse, and a third verse is at the foot of the page; while Scripture texts and moral sentences, having regard

to the three pictorial compartments, appear on scrolls proceeding from under each of the four portraits.

“*Ars Moriendi*.”—The Museum copy is, I believe, the only perfect copy known. It was bought at the sale of the Weigel collection, at Leipsic, in 1872, for £1,072 10s. The excellence of the engraving suggests, Mr. Bullen thinks, that it is of later date than the block-books we have been considering. “The manufacture of block-books,” he remarks, “begun in Holland and afterward practised in Belgium, appears to have travelled, about the middle of the fifteenth century, into Germany and fixed itself at Cologne, where this edition was in all probability executed. Herr Weigel’s copy [this in our Museum] was acquired by him, he informs us, from a private person in that city.” The designs, Mr. Bullen adds, are “of the Lower Rhenish School of Art, practised at Cologne up to about the second quarter of the fifteenth century, when, according to Weigel, the native German art is shown to have been influenced by the school of Roger Van der Weyde.”

The subject of the “*Ars Moriendi*” is of the five Temptations of a man during a mortal sickness—Abandonment of Faith, Despair, Impatience, Vain-Glory, and Avarice: the Devil, by agency of his demons, at his work in five designs; in five alternate confronted by the man’s Good Angel. The eleventh picture is of the sick man’s death.

“*Canticum Canticorum*.”—This book deserves more notice, though it is but a small folio, of only sixteen leaves, printed on one side, the ink used seeming of very poor consistency, as it varies in an uncoloured copy in the British Museum from pale brown to almost black. Each page, or folio, contains two distinct pictures of equal size, filling the upper and lower halves of the page: figure-subjects with scrolls above or between the figures. Some brief account of the whole series may be worth giving, if only for the sake of the curiously quaint and daring adaptation of Solomon’s Love-Song, as prefiguring Christ’s love for His Church. The title, “*Providentia Virginis Mariæ*,” prefixed to the first cut in a copy belonging to the city of Haarlem, accepted by Heineken and repeated everywhere without thought, is a misnomer. The queenly Bride can be considered as typifying the Church; but the story surely is not that of the Mother of Jesus. The book is indeed nothing else but the Song of Solomon in pictures: Christ instead of Solomon as the Bridegroom.

“*Speculum Humanæ Salvationis*.”—The first press-printed book really important for its wood-engraving is the “*Speculum Humanæ*

Salvationis" (or Mirror of Human Salvation), a small folio with neither date nor printer's name. It has been placed wrongly among block-books, since three of the four known editions (which we may call primary, to keep them clear from later issues) and part of the fourth have been printed from movable types. Of these four editions two are in Latin and two are in Dutch. In the Latin copies the book consists of sixty-three leaves, five of an introduction (the Dutch sixty-two, the introduction taking only four) and fifty-eight of wood-cuts and text, the cuts to the width of the page, occupying its upper half, two subjects in each framed in architectural borders, and the text of Latin verse in two columns beneath. The purport of the book is apparent in the first lines under the first subject—*Casus Luciferi* (Lucifer's fall from heaven). I may freely English them thus—

"The Mirror of Man's Salvation maketh plain
His fall and how he may return again."

A Bibliography of Card Games.

MR. N. T. HORR, a collector of books treating of the history of playing cards and card games, found the pursuit of his hobby difficult by reason of the entire lack of a printed bibliography of these subjects. The result is the preparation of this list, containing over 1,300 titles of works treating of card games or throwing historical light on the use of playing cards. The compiler believes his lists of Hoyle's, Seymour's, Cotton's, &c., to be complete, having had the privilege of using the manuscript list of Mr. John G. White, of Cleveland, O., whose collection of treatises on games, including chess, is nowhere surpassed, and the lists of many private collectors and publishers of card books. The bibliography is especially complete in English and American card books, but it also includes many hundred French and German publications, besides the leading works in Swedish, Dutch, Norwegian, Danish, Italian, Spanish, and other languages. It contains, among others, 785 Whist titles, 33 Pole titles, 78 Hoyles, 38 Dicks, 46 Hombre books, 53 Academie des jeux.

Libraries for Manchester.


MR. QUARITCH (according to a correspondent of the *Echo*) takes a somewhat different view of the Spencer Library to what has already been expressed. He maintains that the library has been much over-praised, and that three-quarters of a million sterling will be requisite to render it harmonious in its new abode. He laments that it contains no valuable manuscripts, which to students are so invaluable, and he emphasises the fact that the collection is rich only in books from the years 1450–1600. The books which come after 1600 possess little real value; of course, prior to 1450 there were no printed books, but still there might have been manuscripts. To people in general, he is of opinion that the library will be but a nine days' wonder, whilst to students it will not be half so useful as the historical collection of the late Mr. Freeman, which is also to be housed in Manchester. Mr. Freeman's library is valued at £500, and that of Lord Spencer at a quarter of a million sterling. In order to help round off the library, Mr. Quaritch thinks such manuscripts as the Townley Mysteries, Chaucer, and Gower MSS., the Huntingfield Salter, an illustrated Hogarth, with a great variety of original drawings, and so forth, should be added, to render the library of real value to the student, as well as instructive and useful to the general public. Then a reserve fund must be forthcoming of £120,000 for the permanent preservation of the books and the building in which they are housed. When this is done, Mr. Quaritch thinks it will indeed be a worthy memorial of the late Mr. John Rylands.

The "Kilmarnock" Burns.

THE gradual rise in the price given for copies of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's poems, which consisted of only 612 copies, is shown by the following notes of sales:—In Edinburgh, 1858, £3 10s. was given for a copy; Glasgow, 1859, £8; Edinburgh, 1869, £10 and £14; Glasgow, 1871, £17; Edinburgh, 1874, £19; London, 1876, £33; London, 1881, £49; 1882, £67 and £73; 1888, £86 and £111; 1890, £72, £100, £107, and £120. In 1832 a copy was sold in Lincoln's Inn Fields for 1s. 6d.!



A Prayer-Book of Edward VI. for Household Use.

RITING to the *Academy* from Blechingley Rectory, Mr. W. C. Bishop, jun., says :—

I have noticed a copy of the first Prayer-book of King Edward VI. in the old library now kept in the vestry of the parish church, Reigate, of an edition which I have never before seen, and which may possess some interest for your readers. It is not an ordinary edition of the Prayer-book at all, but a special form of it adapted for private and household use, designed for binding up with a Bible, and containing little more than those parts actually needed for the private recitation of Mattins, Evensong, and Litany.

The volume containing it is a quarto, printed in two columns, which now begins with "A Table of the Principal matters conteyned in the Byble, in which the Readers maye fynde and practise many commune places" (two sheets, last leaf blank). Then follows the Prayer-book (three sheets, A. B. C. fols. 1-12). There appears never to have been any title page, table of Psalms, or Calendar ; but folio 1 begins with "The Order of Common Prayer, for Mattins and Evensonge thorowe oute the whole yere. ¶ Here after foloweth a general rule for the seruice of the whole yeare, wherein everye man may knowe as wel the proper service appoynted for the princypall feastes of the yeare, as also all Sondayes and other dayes of the yeare ; as it is appoynted by the Table and Kalender ordayned for the same. An order for Matyns daylye through the yeare, to begynne with the Lordes prayer called the *Pater noster*, as foloweth."

Then follows the Mattins (beginning with the Lord's Prayer), as in the ordinary editions, but the rubric is altered, as will be described presently. Mattins is followed by Evensong and Athanasian Creed.

Then comes the Proper of the Season and of the Saints, without heading, except “¶ The fyrste Sonday in Aduente,” but having the Epistles and Gospels omitted and also the Introits, although the titles of the Introits are given, *e.g.*, “*Beatus vir* Psalm i.” At the end of this part, without any space left in the printing, follows this rubric (from the Communion Service), “Then shall folowe the collecte of the daye, with one of these ii. collectes folowynge for the kyng”; and then the two collects are given in full. Then follows “A generall confession to be made before we receyve the holy Communion. Almyghtye God, father of, &c. A prayer to be sayde before the receyuung of the holye communion. We do not presume, &c. A thankesgeuyng unto God after the recyuyng of the hoyle Communion. Almyghtye and everlyvyng God, &c. ¶ The Letany and Suffrages. O God the Father, &c. ¶ Imprinted at London by Nycholas Hyll for Abraham Veale, dwelling in Pauls church yearde at the sygne of the Lambe.” Then follows the Bible, with a fresh registration (no title). There is a title before the Psalms—“The thyrd part of the Byble contaynyng these bookes: the Psalter, the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Cantica Canticorum, the Prophets, Esay, &c.”; and at the end “A Table to fynde the Epistle and Gospel usually read in the Church.”

That this edition of the Prayer-book was intended for private and household use is shown not only by the omission of the Communion Service and occasional offices, but by the rubrics, which are systematically altered throughout to suit the circumstances of lay people who wished to say the daily services at home. All mention of the priest or clerks is omitted, as may be seen in the opening rubrics which I give above; for example, instead of “Priest” and “Aunswere,” this edition uniformly reads “Versicle” and “Aunswere.” The directions that the minister shall read the lessons with a loud voice, that he shall turn himself so as he may best be heard, and that the lessons shall be sung in a plain tune—all these are omitted.

The Psalter was, of course, to be found in the Bible; but it is curious that there should be no Table of Psalms nor Calendar with the lessons, especially as some such “general rule” is alluded to at the beginning of the book.

In conclusion, I must ask pardon for any mistakes which may be found in this description, as I had but a short time at my disposal in which to examine the book and to make notes, and am anything but a practised bibliographer.



Books I Have Rambled With.

WHEN I go away from my bookshelves of a night, if it is only to go through the streets, or to watch a sunset down beyond the trees, I usually put a book in my pocket with the pretext that I might be detained somewhere, and might have a half-hour to while away with it; but with the real motive of carrying a token of that nook where so much pleasure lies into those out-of-door places where other and different entertainment awaits me. I have gone so far, to tell truth, that I buy books adapted to the size of my well-bagged pockets.

There are two or three books so obtained and so treated in the past years which have come to have a value far above that of their contents, precious as that is. There is a battered and misshapen "Golden Treasury," which has been the companion of many a good fellow in overland rambling, and has borne away upon its surface and the browned edges of its leaves a whole diary of knobs and discolourations. What poem within the covers could do more than this towards peopling "that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude," with visionary images? There is a rough sketch on its first blank leaf which talks pleasantly to me of a walk begun before dawn in the early spring. The "subject" is a tall figure in very loose dress, wearing a Tam o'Shanter hat, and drawing, with attentive face pointing up a hilly road. He is sketching—I remember, with this talisman before me—a little toll-house so thickly embowered in vines that its brick chimney and an angle or two of its frame structure alone escaped the amiable embrace of the leaves. How fresh and green it looked in the early sunlight! Afterwards

we lay at full length in the midst of the rain-washed turnpike—unsullied by a single wheel on that quiet Sunday morning—and gazed upwards through the depths of foliage, thoughtful and tired with night travel. But each stain or pencilled line has its endeared association, and there are a hundred unnumbered leaves *not* in the contents of my “Golden Treasury.”

There is another book which I must take down from its shelf and read the cover of to you. It is a copy of “White of Selborne,” which has not been so much out-of-doors as the “Golden Treasury,” but which yet has “places of nestling green” scattered all over its blue boards. Gilbert White, with his wise remarks on the habits of bats, his controversy over the flight of swallows, and his careful observations on the weather—his love, in short, of the “great round-about”—could he have had more pleasant profit out of his rambles by Wolmer Pond? His delightful record of wholesome days spent in companionship with birds—wandered away in the leafy closes of English woods; devoted to insect and beast with kindly curiosity—his “Natural History of Selborne” has few charms between its covers finer than those which hover about the surfaces of my well-worn copy.

A tiny specimen of “The Complete Angler” has also had its experiences in my company. It is a compact little volume, like good Isaac Walton himself, in its lustiness and ability to enjoy itself by stream-sides. Its very diminutiveness is of course a friendly characteristic to me. But, withal, it has a good clear face of type which looks into your eyes in so honest, irresistible a way that you are bound to take it with you if sport be on foot with some “brother of the angle.” It is like a companionable little pug or Skye terrier which has an instinct that some jaunt is contemplated, and dances into your lap, with appealing eyes and placative nestling nose, eager for the road. To leave such a booklet behind would be to leave a shade of blue out of the sky, a tint of emerald out of the leaves. To take it along is to take “a procurer of contentedness”—a skein of attachment to that gaslit corner where it rests contemplative of indoor happiness, or is sometimes taken down to bring green boughs and running streams across the snow of winter.

How it has made after-dinner tranquillity for us in remote inns! There is a whole day’s pleasure in that broken corner; a morning’s scene of dripping leaves and damp brown roads lies there in the long scratch on the back. And here—from dalliance with the luncheon cheese—is a ring of stain which holds a picture of a noisy dam and the canal locks in its circumference. Could any mere diary of the

“yesterday went a-fishing” character ever recall to me those great stone barriers with the yellow houses atop ; the tumbling waters with their consequent row of fishermen above and the slanted lines tugging with the foam reaching below ; the blatant din of the onward canal boat ; or the pretty nymph in blue boating dress who watched so attentively the operation of “locking” that my own attractive tresses were unavailing ? No ; such pictures are the possession of the backs of books—they like the air and light, and will not submit to be pencilled on inner pages in company with the weather.

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

The Buckley Library.

THE most important book sale of the present season will, so far as can now be seen, be that of the library of the late Rev. W. E. Buckley, rector of Middleton Cheney, Banbury. It will occupy about thirty days, and will commence next month at Messrs. Sotheby's. In the matter of books printed at or relating to Oxford there is believed to be no private library in existence at all comparable with it, whilst many of the items are of great rarity and are absent from the public collections where one would expect to find them. In large-paper editions of the classics this library is also singularly rich, whilst the late owner's wide learning is amply testified by the fact that his books include representative examples in nearly all languages. The late Mr. Buckley was a genuine book-lover, and began acquiring when a lad at Eton.

Books of Lace Patterns.

OF the numerous sections into which the subject-matter of books might be divided, few are more curious or more beautiful than those of lace patterns. The best examples, which appeared during the sixteenth century, are also among the rarest of bibliographical treasures, and a mere handful of these are worth a small fortune. It is only within the last few years that they have become objects of keen competition among collectors, and many of them have been reproduced in facsimile. Even in this counterfeit state these little brochures sell in the auction-room for from £1 to £110s. each. Among thirteen of the original editions which came up for sale in December last at Sotheby's, at least four were of excessive rarity, two of them being quite unknown to Brunet; and of another, only two examples appear to be known, of which one was in the library of Baron James de Rothschild. The best of the examples bear the imprint of Venice, and range in date between the second and third quarters of the sixteenth century. The most notable of the two examples with French titles, Vinciolo's "*Singuliers et Nouveaux Pourtraicts pour toutes sortes d'Ouvrages de Lingerie*," was issued at Turin in 1589, and in addition to its 112 patterns of lace, contains woodcut portraits of Henri III. and Queen Louise de Lorraine. A second edition of this book, with the same portraits, was issued in Paris nine years later. Perhaps the most beautiful of the Italian examples is Cesare Vecellio's "*Corona delle nobili et Virtuose Donne*," the four parts of which appeared at Venice 1591-92, and is especially valuable on account of the woodcut of women at work. This book has 109 exquisite designs for lace, and the last copy sold realised 1,260*s*. It is impossible to imagine a more beautiful Christmas present for a lady than one of these books, but unfortunately their rarity and expensiveness place them quite beyond the reach of ordinary bookbuyers, for the fifteen examples (among which were two reprints) fetched a lump sum of £165, and were all knocked down to one private buyer.



An Antiquary of the Last Century.—I.

[The exceedingly interesting letters which follow are copied from the originals in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and were written by the well-known literary antiquary, Thomas Hearne, who was born in 1678 and died in 1735. They reflect in a very plain and straightforward manner the vicissitudes of an industrious man of letters in the early part of the last century. Not a little of their piquancy lie in the quaintness of the diction, which it has not been thought necessary to alter. As a chapter in the History of English Book-making, they are, we think, quite with ut a rival.—ED.]

1. *To Dr. Richard Mead, January 20, 1714-15.*

“Yesterday the University did me the honour of chosing me architypographus and superior beadle of the civil law. My competitor, Mr. Terry, had 78 votes, and myself 179. I return you my hearty thanks for the great concern you showed for me on this account. I should have desired some letters from you in my behalf had I known time enough of the day of election. I am, with my best respects to your excellent brother, &c.”

2. *To T. Rawlinson, March 14, 1715-16.*

“... The vice-ch. and several others have not used me very worthily. The vice-chancellor at the meeting in the library threatened twice, in a great passion, to send me to the castle. He and some others were angry at the words in the preface to Rowse,¹

¹ Joannis Rossi Antiquarii Warwicensis Hist. Reg. Angliæ.

p. xii. about *Orator Sarisb.*, as also those in p. ix. about St. Mildred's Ch. and those in p. xx. about Bp. Fleetwood (who hath been very generous to me) and those in p. xxi. about the architypographus. They are withal angry at my note in p. 222, and at some other things. These men will not let me be either grateful, or in a modest manner to express my sentiments."

3. *To the Same, March 27, 1716.*

"Just now I received your note-books, M. and CC. I had before delivered to Mr. Clements L. I find in them the five shillings, viz. four shillings for Mr. Midleton's subscription, and one shilling that was omitted. I have only ninety-eight subscribers as yet. There are very few in Oxford. I print 192 copies. The book goes on apace,¹ for though I am forced to skulk and to hide myself in the country (whither I am now going all day), yet I come home in the evening, on purpose to correct the press. I shall think of transcribing Aluredus in a little time. I hope to have other MSS. of our history either from yourself or others. Then I shall not give occasion to our illiterate Heads of hindering me from transcribing out of Bodley. I thought it had been a great piece of service both to the library and to learning to have MSS. published that are worth seeing the light. But the truth of it is, whereas they do nothing this way themselves they think it a great reproach (as without doubt it is) to themselves, that others should do anything in that way. We want Archbishop Laud, &c. I am mightily pleased with your notes. Nor do I think that the accounts of your maps and prints are useless. I can make great use of them, and so may others."

4. *To the Same, May 26, 1716.*

". . . Since that Mr. Murray hath delivered me your letter of the 19th inst., I have put you down for twelve l. and six sm. of Aluredus, though if the large should not hold out I must request some friends to be contented with small.

"Aluredus, as I have told you already, will be an excellent book. It will be much for your honour, and add to the reputation you have deservedly established already. I shall have another opportunity of expressing my gratitude to you in my preface.

"I am much obliged to Mr. Peters for his present of excellent tobacco. I met with it upon my return from the ruins of Godstowe,

¹ "Livius Foro-Julienis."

where I often refresh myself, and think upon yourself and the excellent Dr. Mead and his brother, and other friends."

5. *To the Same, April 1, 1717.*

" . . . 'Twas with very great satisfaction that I read over your last letter, with which I received some books that you lent me. Your opinion is excellent. I have returned my answer that I cannot think of a journey at present, Camden being in the press, and my presence absolutely necessary here. Indeed, the proposal was so couched, as that I might return when I pleased if I should not like. But there is no doubt but such a return would disoblige. Besides, perhaps upon my absence, my chamber might be seized upon, or at least rifled. I will not rely upon uncertainties. But then there is one thing which I must provide against here, and that is the security of my papers in case of mortality. I must think of some proper person to leave them to in that case. I know of no one more proper than yourself. You can give me some advice in this momentous affair. I have a great number of things that I would have carefully transmitted to posterity, by some person of true integrity; and unless I make provision, if I should die they may be seized upon and embezzled. You see I disclose my heart to you, and you will make a right use of it.

" I do not send you my list now because there is so little addition the last month."

6. *To the Same, April 16, 1717.*

" I heartily thank you for your good advice about my papers. But what place to pitch upon I cannot tell. Nor indeed can I be from them, my own remarks (made for many years) being of daily use to me. I do not design to leave my chamber here, it being my best refuge at present. Some time ago I was warned by two or three particular friends to take care of my collections. For (said they) it hath been rumoured that the V. Chancellor (Dr. Baron) hath a design to search your room. It was a good caution. And what reason I have not to trust the V. Chanc. may appear from former practices. His honesty is manifest from the order before Mr. Dod's weak, dull sermon. I am very glad you will be here in the approaching holy-days. I shall stay at home on purpose to wait upon you. Now the weather begins to grow better I shall think of walking out sometimes. I have a mind to walk to Creekdale. There is a constant tradition that our University was first settled there, and many chronicles con-

firm the tradition. I hear of a passage to the same purpose in Mr. Thin's account of the Archbishops of Canterbury. The said account is printed in the castrated sheets of Hollingshede. I shall consider the matter further hereafter. I defer what I have further to say till our meeting. I long till the time comes, and am, &c."

7. *To the Same, April 21, 1718.*

"'Tis now a pretty while since I writ to you. I find, by some intelligence, that I am still in great danger of being sent to the castle the 2d of May next, unless further application be made to prevent it. But I know not what method to take. I have writ to our great friend Dr. Mead, to let him know the danger. I suppose you have some interest with your President, Dr. De Laune. It may be if a letter were written by some friend to him it might be of service. Sir Thomas Sebright has writ to the V. Chancellor about Neubrigensis. Mr. Hunt of Balliol delivered the letter. But the V. Chancellor answered I should do nothing till I had made satisfaction. I do not find that they can produce any precedents to justify the methods of proceeding against me. I am sure 'tis unreasonable, in a criminal case, to insist upon answering on oath to interrogatories, nor can I think that they would have put it in practice themselves. It is withal contrary to the method mentioned in the articles exhibited against me, where an answer in writing is demanded. Besides, if I am not mistaken, they have extended their power too far in pretending to prosecute me, without so much as pretending that any particular person is injured, and without considering that I have not been a member of any college or hall for these two years. Ant. à Wood's case was different from mine. An action of defamation was brought against him by a particular person that pretended injury, though after all he had very hard measure."

"I was not sent to the castle as I expected last Friday. For the matter about answering on oath to interrogatories was quite dropt. The V. Chancellor sat himself. This point gained is very material. Yet those who were for putting the oath are pleased now to say they never designed any such thing. Thus they act backwards and forwards. I thought the whole affair would have been now ended, especially since I was willing that sentence should be given without further trouble, the V. Chancellor being both prosecutor and judge. But this was denied, and I was ordered to bring in an answer next Friday. I had an answer then by me. But 'twas rejected because

not written upon stamp paper, which should have been done had I expected that they would have insisted upon an answer in writing. The answer is negative, and so I have delivered it to my proctor. I deny the things charged upon me in the articles, which are a downright libel. I leave it to them to prove that I writ what is charged there. I take this method, because I was so advised formerly, being assured that if I owned anything I must look for the worst, there being no favour to be expected. I had in my pocket a declaration and submission, which I desired of the V. Chancellor that I might read. But this was also denied. The V. Chancellor said nothing would do but to confess all to be true charged upon me in the articles. But this must never be expected, the whole, as I said before, being a libel, and therefore false. The declaration and submission I had in my pocket is as follows :

“ ‘ The Declaration and submission of Thomas Hearne, M.A.

“ ‘ I Thomas Hearne, M.A., do hereby declare, that out of a principle of doing service to the learned world, and honour to my country, I have published several books ; that I have had antiquity and truth (which I am very sorry any one is displeased at) in my view, and a particular regard to those remarkable words of Tully, “ Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat,” in all my writings ; that I never designed to defame, slur, or any otherwise abuse (as some have insinuated) either the University of Oxford (to which I am eternally obliged, and which I believe to be in a very flourishing condition) or its founders and benefactors, or any particular member of it ; that I am ready to correct whatever shall appear to me to be wrong in the things which I have either written or published : and that I submit myself to the censure of impartial and judicious readers.

“ ‘ May 2d, 1718.’

“ ‘ I have written to Dr. Mead to know his opinion whether I may now send Neubrigensis to London to be printed. I expect no ease here. Malice will still work. I heartily thank you for the provision you are making for me either in London or ten miles from it. I believe it will be more agreeable to my health to be out of the city, and therefore I should rather fix upon the place ten miles from it. I suppose sheets from the press may easily be sent thither. This matter must be managed very privately, and I must be assured of all security when I come thither before I venture, for I saw a letter

lately, in which it was said that if I presumed to leave Oxford, both my open enemies and pretended friends would be exasperated to that degree, that they would do me all mischief that possibly they could.

"*May 4th, 1718.*

"I am apprehensive that whether they can prove it or not they will take it for granted that I wish the things charged in the articles, and that then they will insist upon another answer, and upon my refusing to give it (for to what purpose should I give answer upon answer, when they are both accusers and judges?) they will send me to the castle for contumacy."

8. *To the Same, January 15, 1719-20.*

"All things came safe, and I thank you. I have sent you distinct receipts for the money. I took 1s. 6d. of the over-plus, so now there is only sixpence on that account standing. I designed to have sent you a box, of the books you sent me, on last Tuesday; but walking out of town I returned too late to deliver it, so it must lay till next week, when Sprott will also come to you. 'Tis kind of my Lord Pembroke. But what means the other Lord you mention? You certainly returned him a very good answer. Can I make use of better MSS. than I can come at? Why did he not tell the names of the better MSS. he would have me print, and if he had done so, why does not he and others let me have them? Do they think to be looked upon as encouragers and great patrons of learning, for stifling their MSS. if they have them? Or do they think that scholars must cringe, and beg, and use all the pitiful, paltry, mean tricks to get the loan of them, as they will to keep places and to acquire wealth? I cannot do this. I will make use of the MSS. and books that come in an easy fair way (for I will not, while I am serving the public, sneak), and if they will publish better, in God's name let them do it."

9. *To Mr. Frewin,¹ October 1, 1723.*

"I received the box and the broken books in it, and I thank you. I shall observe the secret you enjoin, with respect to the sheets of your catalogue. But I am surprised to find you soothing one, that honest men have reason to abhor. Mentioning the Parochial Antiquities, you say, *O si sic omnia*. The title had been enough, without saying a word more. Methinks you should print the leaf over again, and leave out the compliment. However, whatever you do, I shall

¹ A bookseller in London.

beg leave, upon occasion of your soothing words (for which, I suppose, you imagine the book will bring the more money) to send you a memorandum, viz.

“When the author first began this book, he proposed about four or five sheets, and, under pretence that it should be a small book, he prevailed with the University to print it. But when the University found that it swelled to a great thing, they would go on no farther. So that only one vol. came out, whereas, had the author went on in the method he took of publishing all the farrago he met with, it would have made a vast deal more, especially considering that materials increased the lower he came. When it came out it was a drug, and sold for waste paper, and was looked upon as such by excellent judges. One of the best scholars and judges of books I ever knew (Dr. Aldrich, late Dean of Ch. Church), threw it among his offal books, as waste paper, and there I saw it unbound, lying upon the floor, after his death. It is one of the most inaccurate things I have seen. Some years ago, when I examined a place, printed in it, with the MS. he had taken it from, I found it all wrong, and several strange faults in every line. His derivation of Amersden from Ambrosden is absurd. It was so called from the marshiness of the place, not from Ambrosius. As ridiculous is it to derive Bicester from Birinus. It was called from its situation upon the river Breurn or Bourn. The true writing, therefore, is Bruerncester or Bourncester. The book was all transcribed, and the several papers digested and methodised for the press, by Mr. James Gibson, Minister of Wootton Underwood, near Brill, in Bucks, who speaks with the greatest indignation against K., says that he never rewarded him for his great pains, that he set up for an Antiquary merely to get a little money and to carry a cause at Amersden. Indeed this I know full well, that the best of all the stock of his antiquities is nothing but the gleanings of Dr. Hutton’s papers. So much with respect to your *O si sic omnia*, which certainly you would not have said, had you considered what hath been told to you by, &c.”

To the Same, December 13, 1723.

“’Tis some time ago since I received the second part of your catalogue, with the box and things in it, for all which I thank you. You say the book I spoke of will still be looked upon as goodness. I do not doubt so. So too will his other things, especially if honest men begin once to extol them. Such characters will make those vile writers proud. You know his letters about honest Bishop Merkes.

Why don't you say, *O si sic Omnia!* of them too? Since he is known to be such a writer, things should be well weighed before he be praised. I should have told you before that the index was drawn up by one of Corpus Christi, viz. his brother Basil Kennett, who was a modest, humble, learned man, so that one would think they had been begot by two different men; and that the glossary was in a good measure taken from some MSS. notes in the copy of Skinner's Etymologicon, that belonged to Dr. Mill. The text of Robert of Glou. is all printed, and the appendix is now doing. I like your way of putting little notes in your printed catalogues, nor do I at all disprove the titles being at large, provided it be of advantage to the honest collector of those books, whom I wish I could see once more."

(*To be concluded.*)





Our Note Book.

LA PLAISANTE, ET IOYEUSE hystoyre du grand Geant Gargantua.

Prochainement reueue & de beaucoup
augmentée par l'Auteur mesme.



A Valence.
Chés Claude La Ville.
1547

IN the fourth volume of THE BOOKWORM (p. 152), we gave a brief account of the first English translator of Rabelais. We are glad now to have the opportunity of calling attention to a new edition of this Anglo-French classic, issued by Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, who have kindly allowed us to reproduce a facsimile of the title-page of the little 16mo edition printed at Valence in 1547, in two volumes. This impression included the first three books, and a part of the fourth, and, although an extremely poor specimen of typography, is very rare. As regards the English

edition, however, the copious, racy vocabulary of Urquhart, and the

gusto and swing of the rollicking narrative, will for all time render it a prime favourite with all liberal-minded readers. Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen have certainly dealt handsomely with both Rabelais and Sir Thomas Urquhart. They invited a distinguished French artist, M. L. Chalon, to paint a series of oil pictures, which have been reproduced by Dujardin, the originals having attracted a good deal of attention when exhibited at the Cercle Artistique, Paris, a few months ago. In addition to this the publishers have given facsimilies of the title-pages of a number of the earlier French editions, a phase which adds greatly to the value and interest of the book. Prefixed to the translation is an essay on Rabelais by M. Anatole de Montaiglon, whose knowledge of early French literature is of European repute.

* * * *

We have received several communications in connection with the article "Unpublished Letters of Lord Byron," published in our issue of January, but more particularly in reference to the letter addressed to M. Galignani. This letter was published some years ago, a fact to which several correspondents have called our attention. Mr. John Hall, of The Grange, Hale, Altrincham, possessed what was believed to be the original of this letter, but on the appearance of our article Mr. Hall submitted it to an expert at the British Museum, who at once pronounced it to be a forgery. It would be interesting to know the exact source of this forgery, which Mr. Hall has had in his possession for many years. Had it been a recent acquisition, there would be no hesitation in attributing it to the Edinburgh firm of autograph letter manufacturers, to which reference has already been made in these columns.

* * * *

Mr. Falconer Madan's paper, read at a recent meeting of the Bibliographical Society, on "Method in Bibliography," was both lucid and practical. In its printed form it ought to have a wide circulation, and be productive of a considerable amount of good. After laying down the principle that a perfect bibliography should not only give a technical description of a book, but also endeavour to appreciate it, he pointed out that one difficulty in the way of attaining this ideal was avoidable, namely difference of method. If certain disturbing tendencies, such as lead to inaccurate and incomplete descriptions, superfluity of information, artificiality in the use of symbols and want of balance and proportion in the result—which he illustrated by examples—were recognised as erroneous and avoided, there might be tolerable agreement as to the residuum of

right method. The paper went on to suggest with details a normal plan for bibliographical description, which might be identical in framework for all cases, but parts of which could be omitted under varying circumstances, and concluded with a proposal that a committee of the society should prepare for issue an authorised scheme for the use of intending bibliographers.

* * * *

We congratulate our friend Mr. Robert Steele on his extremely clever epitome of one of the most interesting, as it is also one of the most important, of mediæval books—the *Encyclopedia* of Bartholomew Anglicanus, “*De Proprietatibus Rerum*,” or the *Properties of Things*. In many respects, this book is without a compeer, coming as it does between the New world and the Old, the Classic and the Modern. As Mr. William Morris, the poet, who contributes a graceful and all-too-brief preface, so clearly points out, the reader will have to disabuse his mind of very many preconceived ideas respecting the Middle Ages before he can fully appreciate this epitome. So far from being either ignorant or without able teachers, our forefathers of six centuries ago were amply supplied in this respect, the teachers in fact, of whom Bartholomew the English Franciscan was the most distinguished example, possessing an industry and a diligence at times truly appalling. The work of Bartholomew is a case in point, for even the second and considerably reduced edition in English, 1535 (the first edition in English was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1495, noteworthy as being the first book printed on paper of English manufacture), consists of nearly 700 pages folio, and, taken in its entirety, is in more senses than one a heavy book. Mr. Steele is doubtless correct in assigning its composition to a period not later than 1267, a fact which at once suggests the probability that Roger Bacon derived much of his learning from it. The first printed edition of the book in its Latin form appeared at Cologne in 1470, the printer being Ulrich Zell, and from that date to the end of the sixteenth century over twenty editions, in Latin, French, Spanish, Dutch, and English, appeared. It was first translated into French in 1372, by Fr. Jehan Corbichon, for Charles V. of France; and into English in 1397, by John of Trevisa, for Sir Thomas Berkeley, and this translation is the basis of the editions published in London in 1495, 1535, and 1582. We have only to add that Mr. Steele’s epitome is very neatly printed, and is published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

* * * *

At their worst second-hand booksellers' catalogues are interesting, and at their best they are fascinating—to the booklover, at all events. An example of the latter class has just been received in the form of a little volume of 340 pages from Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, of the Haymarket, London. Nearly 3,000 old and rare books are herein described, sometimes with a fulness which becomes little less than an essay on the particular book catalogued. Opinions may, of course, differ on the subject, but we believe that a descriptive note, properly done, goes a very long way towards selling a book which often fails to find a buyer at a much smaller figure when catalogued in the ordinary way. There are very many exceedingly interesting books in this catalogue of Messrs. Pickering and Chatto, and as a guide to the current market value of first editions generally it will be found exceedingly useful ; and the notes, if they sometimes exceed the sober tone of the scientific bibliographer, are generally accurate and always readable.





Letters of Mrs. Browning.

AN exceedingly interesting and important series of letters of Miss Elizabeth Barrett, who subsequently became wife of Robert Browning, came under the hammer at Messrs. Puttick Simpson's sale recently. They were all written between 1842 and 1845, to Mr. Cornelius Mathews, of New York. The first is a charming epistle, dated November 3, 1842, in which the writer says : " It is delightful and encouraging to me to think that there, among the cataracts and mountains which I never shall see, there in ' dreamland,' sound the voices of friends, and it shall be a constant effort with me to deserve presents in some better measure, the kindness for which I never can be more grateful than now." The second, written on the 25th of the same month, mentions Miss Metford, Charles Dickens, and others, and concludes, " It is better, however, to want criticism than to want poetry, and poetry is rising with us, be sure. And I would solicit your reverence for our Tennyson and our Browning (who though he speaks obscured yet delivers oracles), and also dramatic sketches and tragedies of Mr. Horne. Mr. Tennyson is a great poet, notwithstanding that very scornful word which I was very sorry to see in the *North American Review*." The next letter was written in February of the following year, and deals chiefly with critics and criticism, and in the course of which she says, " I admire ' Boz ' with everybody who can read, think, and feel, and I do not doubt that he was, as you say, ' honest '—*i.e.*, true-hearted—in those Notes for General Circulation. Still he knows mankind in the mass too well to be quite justified, I fancy, in passing such a set of judgments, authorised by such a set of evidences, formed upon such a set of opportunities upon the special

humanity of a nation, and even the nascent Pecksniffs and Pinches have not quite restored my good humour to him." In the next letter, March 14, 1843, she asks, "Why do not men remember that every mind must be original if it delivers frankly its individual impressions?" and in a letter of the 28th of the following month she has an exceedingly curious reference to "Mr. Browning's 'Blot on the 'Scutcheon,' which would make one poet furious, the 'infelix Talfourd,' and another a little melancholy, namely, Mr. Browning himself." In a letter, dated October 1, 1844, she expresses annoyance at being called a follower of Tennyson, her "habit of using compound words, noun substantives, which I used to do before I knew a page of Tennyson. The custom is so far from being peculiar to Tennyson, that Shelley and Keats and Leigh Hunt are all redolent of it." One of the longest, and certainly the most interesting, is the last of the series, and is dated December 5, 1845: "You amuse me when you say that Mr. Poe has dedicated a book to me and abused me in the preface. *That* I should not think human justice—if it were not American. . . . I understand Mr. Browning has just published another volume of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' in which his great original faculty throws out new colours and expands in new combinations. A great poet he is—a greater poet he will be—for to work and to live are one with him. . . . Walter Savage Landor has lately addressed the following verses to him :—

" 'TO ROBERT BROWNING.

" 'There is delight in singing though none hear
Beside the singer, and there is delight
In praising, though the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above.'"
 &c., &c.

The letter concludes—

"Mr. Tennyson has a pension, you see, but for the rest, is said rather to smoke than to make poems. . . . Dickens is about to cast himself headlong into the doubtful undertaking of the new daily paper *The Daily News*."

The fourteen letters realised a total of £61 4s.



Human Skin as a Binding.

THE late M. Camille Flammarion was the possessor of a very interesting specimen of *reliure humaine*. Some years ago the eminent astronomer, turning his eyes for a moment from the contemplation of celestial to terrestrial objects, was struck with admiration of the white and gleaming shoulders of a countess whom he met in society. A long period elapsed, and he had quite forgotten this little incident, when he received one day a parcel, accompanied by a note explaining its contents. The lovely countess was dead, and had bequeathed to him the skin that once covered the back on which he had gazed with so much pleasure, desiring him to bind therein the work in which he speaks so eloquently of the glimmering world of stars. M. Flammarion did not hesitate to carry out the last wishes of his departed friend, and the integument of the countess now clothes a copy of his well-known volume, "Ciel et Terre." Referring to the strange feeling he experienced on first touching the skin of the dead woman, Flammarion expressed it as his firm conviction that there is a kind of electricity of which science knows nothing as yet. Other instances of this gruesome application of the human cuticle are not far to seek, but history probably does not record another instance in which a charming woman voluntarily supplies the material. In the library of the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House there are said to be two volumes bound in leather, which was prepared from the skin of Mary Patman, a Yorkshire witch, hanged for murder early in the century. It is rumoured that a London bookseller, having on order a fantastic binding in this style for Holbein's "Dance of Death," despatched a commissioner to Paris, with a view of securing the skin of one of the

pétroleuses shot during the bloody week of the Commune. The agent himself only escaped by the skin of his own teeth from sharing the fate of the object of his search. By far the most famous specimen, however, is "The Constitution of 1793," which has provoked impassioned discussion, because the leather in which it is encased was believed to have been prepared at a tannery for human skin established under the Reign of Terror at Meudon. According to popular tradition, Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennés, and Barrère had the bodies of their victims transported thither, in order that the skin might be dressed and cut up into breeches for the *sans-culottes*. The Comte d'Artois was believed to have revived this ingenious notion. This preposterous legend has been utterly exploded by subsequent investigations, which prove that there never existed at Meudon any establishments save those which still flourish there—namely, the Schools of Military Experiment and of Ballooning. But it died hard.

[A reference to this somewhat gruesome subject occurs in *THE BOOKWORM*, vol. iv. p. 148.]

A Curious Gift.

THE Fraternity of Collectors sometimes follow strange aims. One of them has presented his collection to the library of the Institute de France at Paris, that is, to the French Academy, which may consider it as a monument erected to human weakness. It consists of cuttings from letters, books, papers, and the like, which have been written or printed by members of that learned body, all of which contain faults of writing, language, or style, committed in their own French language by the members of the Academy. As one of the most curious may be considered the lapsus of the Duke d'Audifret-Pasquier, who, in his letter of application concerning the membership of the Academy, spelled the French word "*académie*" with a double c, that is "*accadémie*."



French and English Bookplates.



BOOKPLATE OF EDWARD
FITZGERALD.
BY W. M. THACKERAY.

THE public taste is said to grow upon what it feeds, and this has been proved in nothing so much as in the passion for bookplates. A few years ago the bookplate collector was regarded as only a stamp collector of a larger growth. The hobby, however, has made wonderful strides within the past four or five years, owing, doubtless, in a great measure, to the Ex-Libris Society, which at once placed the subject on a scientific basis, and gave it an impetus which surprised no one more than the "promoters." It may be safely said that neither of the two charming books which Messrs. George Bell and Sons have just published would have been issued but for the existence of the Ex-Libris Society,

and as a matter of fact each book is written by leading lights of the "incorporation," Mr. Walter Hamilton, the author of "A Handbook to French Book-Plates," being the honorary treasurer.

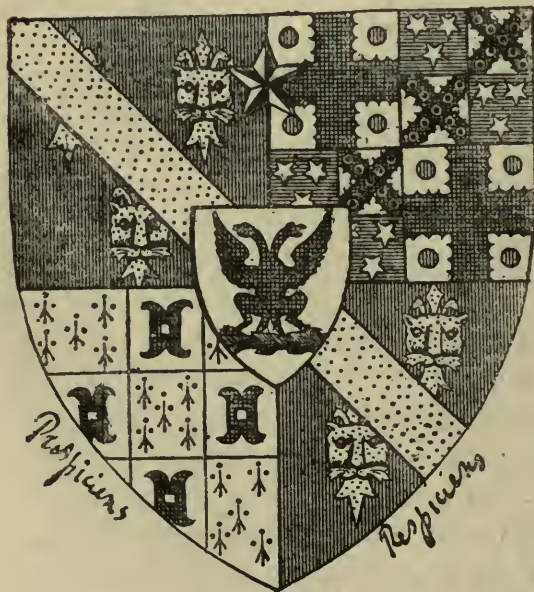
The more important of the two volumes, so far as the majority of collectors in this country are concerned, is Mr. Egerton Castle's "English Bookplates." The author's aim has been to supply a general account of many interesting facts in connection with examples produced in this country. In this Mr. Castle has undoubtedly succeeded, for his book is at once popular and definite, and as comprehensive as it could possibly have been made within a

limited compass. The scope of the work may be gathered from the



BOOKPLATE OF JOHN ANDERSON, JUNR. BY THOMAS BEWICK. CIRCA 1800.

following synopsis of its contents :—Consideration of the bookplate



Alfred Tennyson

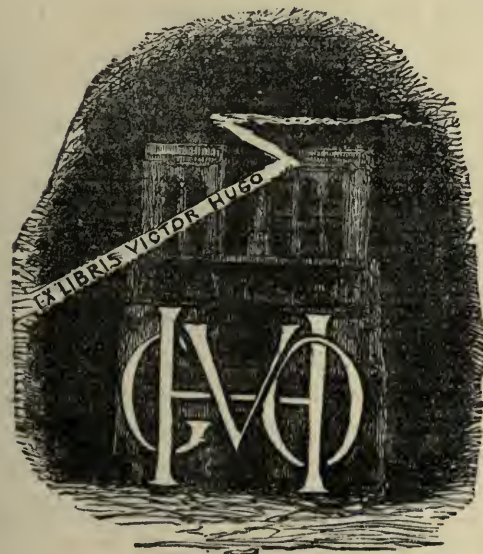
BOOKPLATE OF THE LATE LORD TENNYSON. determine dates; modern bookplates classified and exemplified by specimens designed for

quā bookplate; the interest and use of its study; various causes which brought it into existence in the earliest days of the printed book, and have promoted its use at all times since; the literature of bookplates; early history of their use on the Continent, before their general adoption by English book owners; external causes which have influenced the fashion in heraldic and artistic compositions of bookplates at various times; specification of "styles" and "classes;" classification, chronological and artistic, and determination of the main characteristics which may be taken as *criteria* to

men of note, and by well-known artists, and consideration of the spirit of a modern bookplate; the suitability of different classes of plates to different sorts and conditions of men. To make the little handbook still more complete and valuable to the beginner, there are full hints as to collecting, and a complete bibliography on the subject. Among the 120 typical examples, we have those of Sir Thomas Trevelyan, one of the earliest personal bookplates of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, the late Lord Tennyson, Mr. Henry Irving; and in proof of the fact that some of our most eminent artists have not considered the bookplate too trivial a thing for their talents, we have examples from the designs of Sir John Millais, R.A., H. Stacey Marks, R.A., Randolph Caldecott, E. A. Abbey, Alfred Parsons, S.



BOOKPLATE OF LEON GAMBETTA.



BOOKPLATE OF VICTOR HUGO.

Solomon, not to mention many others. Through the courtesy of the publishers we are enabled to reproduce three extremely different examples, the earliest being a charming little landscape by Thomas Bewick, in which the owner's name is inscribed on a rock; the second was designed by W. M. Thackeray for his friend Edward Fitzgerald, the distinguished translator of Omar Khayyam, and the third is that of the late Lord Tennyson.

In his "Handbook to French Bookplates" our friend Mr. Walter Hamilton, an article from whose pen, "A Hunt for Bookplates in Paris," appeared in the last volume of *THE BOOKWORM*, supplies full information

concerning the history of their origin and use in France. His work is at the same time sufficiently popular in its descriptions to form a handybook of reference to the book-lover who merely takes a desultory interest in the subject. Not only (writes Mr. Hamilton) have the principle works on French Ex-Libris by Poulet-Malassis, Henri Bouchot, Octave Uzanne, and Père Ingold remained hitherto untranslated, but they are mostly out of print and difficult to obtain. So that in embodying all accessible facts in a concise and orderly way in one volume, his book claims to be the first devoted solely to French bookplates ever published in English. Whilst heraldic and technical descriptions have been avoided as far as possible, sufficient



BOOKPLATE OF OCTAVE UZANNE.

space has been devoted to the consideration and enumeration of the main differences between the systems of the two countries to enable a collector of French bookplates to understand the meaning of certain characteristics not found in English armorial bearings. The early history of the subject in France takes a much more definite and wide-spreading interest than it does in this country, as will at once be seen from the chapter dealing with the examples dated between 1574-1650 and 1650-1700 respectively. There are also

chapters dealing with the Book-Plate under the First Republic and the First Empire, on those of the Frontier Provinces, on those of Ecclesiastics, on "Canting Arms and Punning Plates," and on those of famous modern men. From the last section we reproduce three examples, each of which is interesting for both the originality of the design and the eminence of the owners. There are about 100 illustrations in Mr. Hamilton's book, including reproductions of some of the rarest and finest old examples. It may be mentioned, as showing the wide-spread interest at present taken in bookplates, that the first editions of these two books were exhausted within a few weeks of their publication, and that they are now being sold at a premium.



Women's Books for Chicago.

THE exhibit of books to be sent to the Chicago Exhibition can only have the effect of heightening one's opinion of that indomitable sex. The sight of six hundred books written by women in spite of every disadvantage—in spite of masculine discouragement and derision, of defective education, of an uncertain temper, of the importunate claims of the kitchen, the nursery, and the millinery—opens out endless vistas of what she might achieve in this direction, if economically managed. But to confess to an enlarged appreciation is not to be able to explain why all these books are to be sent over to Chicago. In many cases the Americans have seen them before, at a very much lower price. To exhibit to them in a superior binding the books they have pirated may be a gentle feminine reproach, but it will be quite lost on the American publisher. Apart from the doubt why the books are sent, the collection is well enough. It is comprehensive, too. You may pass from the lady who went through England on a side-saddle in the days of Queen Mary II. to the girl who went up the Karpethians on the other sort in our own. You may glide down an uninterrupted stream of purling fiction, from "The Mysteries of Udolpho" down to those of Mrs. Humphry Ward. You may even see some of this lady's own MS. ; also autotype reproductions of MSS. in the hands of Fanny Burney, Charlotte Brontë, and Marian Evans. There is also the first edition of the poems of Charlotte and her two sisters. A brand new copy of the first book ever written in English by an Indian woman appears to deal with the history of a native Christian, giving rich promise of a new crop of missionary tracts against the time when Europe shall be played out. But the most interesting are

certainly the older books. Here you see the first steps of woman in literature, though to do her justice they are firm and confident enough. "The Whole Duty of Man" is complacently attributed to Lady Packington, Sterne, Sancroft, Frewen, Chapel, and the other right reverend claimants being set aside; it is, perhaps, significant that no one has yet ventured to assert that any but a divine or a woman could write so positive a book. Why are the women of England sending the women of America "A Discourse of Auxiliary Beauty; or, Artificiall Handsomenesse?" Is this a feline amenity? Finally, we may notice the oldest book of all on "Hunting, Hawking, and Cote Armour," attributed to Dame Juliana Berners.

The Books of To-day.

EXPERTS are predicting that the books of to-day will fall to pieces before the middle of the next century. The paper in the books that have survived two or three centuries was made by hand of honest rags and without the use of strong chemicals, while the ink was made of nut-galls. To-day much of the paper for books is made, at least in part, of wood pulp treated with powerful acids, while the ink is a compound of various substances naturally at war with the flimsy paper upon which it is laid. The printing of two centuries ago has improved with age; that of to-day, it is feared, will, within fifty years, have eaten its way through the pages upon which it is impressed.



A Nurse's Library.

MISS LINA MOLLETT gave, in a recent number of *Nursing Record*, some advice as to the kind of books most necessary in the library for hospital nurses. "A nurse's library should not," she says, "be too exclusively professional and scientific. It should not, of course, be wanting in good reference-books, which, by preference, should be modern—in touch with the times. Standard works of fiction will never be out of fashion. The immortal 'Pickwick' and 'Ivanhoe' can be purchased for less than a shilling at the stores (I think 7½d. is now the net price for each). Theological works should be books of religious literature—literature, not 'word-smoke.' They should be first-rate in every sense, and not controversial. Poetry should be introduced but sparsely, and then only of the best. Interest in our old writers is more fashionable just now than it was some years ago, when fourpenny Chaucers, shilling Spensers, ninepenny Miltons were unknown, and the host of other songsters, whose poems we purchase for pence to-day, were rare and costly. Works on botany, astronomy, zoology, and allied subjects should always be of a popular nature, as not one woman in a hundred among nurses has sufficient leisure, or a sufficiently mathematical mind to grapple with the subject from its purely scientific point of view. Popular works on light geology, botany, &c., are sure to find readers, and many of our cleverest scientists feign to give us information in a palatable form. Popularity need by no means be synonymous with frivolity. With regard to essays, the rule applied to poetry will answer for them : Quality rather than quantity. The theological, novel-reading, poetical, scientific, social-

economical, and matter-of-fact nurse are types that exist, and their special tastes should be considered where their recreation is concerned. Something for everybody, and that something the best of its kind, is what the organiser should keep in mind. Then the woman who is a devotee of Browning, and delights in the 'Ring and the Book,' will not be expected to satisfy herself with a volume of *Tit-Bits* or 'Queechy.' The admirers of Donovan and Zoroaster will have their tastes considered, and the 'all-round' readers who devour everything will be satisfied with the provision made."

An Old Bookseller's Soliloquy.

THE *City News* of November 26th contained a curious advertisement of an old Manchester bookseller. Here follow some lines inscribed to another old Manchester bookseller, Mr. William Ford, on parting with his library and collection :—

To sell, or not to sell, that is the question—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous dunnings,
 Or to take pen against this sea of volumes,
 And by exposing, sell them? To sell—to part,—
 No more? And by that sale to say we end
 The heart-ache and a thousand natural shocks
 Poverty's heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To mark, to sell;
 To sell—perchance to trust; aye, there's the rub;
 For in that sale of sales, what debts may come,
 When I have shuffled off this dirty pile,
 Must give me pause; there's the respect
 That makes my catalogue have such slow birth.
 For who would bear the whips and scorn of time,
 Bookbinder's wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of agents, and the spurns
 That country biblios twice a year must take,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a grey goose quill? Who would folios bear
 And groan and sweat under a heavy stock,
 But that the dread of something when 'tis sold—
 That vile insatiate credit from whose grasp
 No volume e'er returns—puzzles the will
 And rather makes one keep those books I have,
 Than wait for others that I know not of.

FRED LEARY.



Richard Franck, Philanthropus.

EVEN the most enthusiastic angler has to admit that the bibliography of his favourite pursuit contains a number of exceedingly dull books. Dexterity in successfully landing a fine salmon does not at all times coincide with the possession of literary skill in committing experiences to paper, and even the verbal eloquence of an enthusiast often becomes flat and tedious when "put into a book." This is particularly the case with a work written by one of Izaak Walton's most devoted followers. The full title of this book is as follows:—

"Northern Memoirs, calculated for the meridian of Scotland : wherein most or all of the cities, citadels, seaports, castles, forts, fortresses, rivers, and rivulets are compendiously described. Together with choice collections of various discoveries, remarkable observations, theological notions, political axioms, national intrigues, polemick inferences, contemplations, speculations, and several curious and industrious inspections, lineally drawn from antiquaries, and other noted and intelligent persons of honour and eminency. To which is added, The Contemplative and Practical Angler, by way of diversion. With a narrative of the dextrous and mysterious art, experimented in England, and perfected in more remote and solitary parts of Scotland. By way of Dialogue. Writ in the year 1658, but not till now made public, by Richard Franck, Philanthropus. Plures necat Gula quam Gladius."

It was "printed for the author" in 1694, and sold by a well-known bookseller, Henry Mortlock, whose shop was at the sign of the Phoenix, St. Paul's Churchyard; and it is not, perhaps, a matter for much surprise that the first edition was likewise the last—until, in fact, the

modern reprint in 1821 under the editorship of Sir Walter Scott. Of the author, very little is known. He appears to have been born about the year 1624, and it is quite certain that he acted as a captain in the service of Cromwell during the Civil War. He may have distinguished himself in this great struggle between the nation and one of the most cowardly kings that ever held a sceptre, but history on this point is silent. The captain was of a temperament little suited to the stern and exacting discipline of the battlefield. After the war, Franck appears to have had plenty of time on his hands, and in 1656 he started on an angling tour through Scotland, returning in the following year. The mania for rambling again seized him in 1690—in his sixty-fourth year—when he crossed over to America. How long he remained in the colony is not known, but by 1694 he had returned and was living in the Barbican, at that time a fashionable locality.

In the meantime he had written the “Northern Memoirs,” but seventeen years elapsed between the period of writing and the time of arranging the MS. for the press, and another nine years before the book made its bow to the public. It is in the form of a dialogue between Theophanes, Agrippa (a servant), Aquila (a friend), and the author, under the fanciful designation of Arnoldus. There are xxxix, 304 pages octavo, the preliminary matter being made up in the following manner: there are four dedications, the first to “J. W., Merchant of London;” the second to the “virtuosos of the Rod in the British Metropolis, the famous city of London;” the third to the “Academicks in Cambridge, the place of my nativity;” and the fourth to the “gentlemen piscatorians inhabiting in or near the sweet situations of Nottingham, North of Trent”—sufficiently comprehensive, in all conscience, to have ensured the whole of a large edition being quickly exhausted, if every person included in the foregoing categories did his duty by purchasing at least one example. Then follow three prefaces before the text of the book is reached.

It would be out of place here to attempt the almost impossible task of furnishing our readers with a complete or even brief synopsis of this extremely rambling and incoherent book. Our author pledged himself up to the extent of the title-page, and those who have read his book through will have a somewhat mournful duty to perform in admitting that Captain Franks carried out this pledge to the letter. We agree with Sir Walter Scott, in his introduction to the reprint already referred to, that Franck’s contests with salmon are painted to the life, and his directions to the angler are generally

given with great judgment. Walton's practice was entirely confined to bait-fishing, and even Cotton, his disciple and follower, though accustomed to fish trout in the Dove with artificial fly, would have been puzzled by a fish of 20lbs. in weight. For the benefit of those of our readers to whom the original is inaccessible—it does not often occur in the market, and when it does it sells for about eight guineas—we quote a characteristic extract.

The travellers rest for a night at Berwick on Tweed, and “bid a farewell to Scotland.” Theophilus declares his opinion that “rest and refreshment are the relatives to travellers,” and that without them, the day's journey had broke his heart. Our author continues :—

“Then to cement it again, what if I proceed to instruct you on all those eminent rivers and rivulets, in our passage southward, till we arrive at the beautiful streams of triumphant Trent ; the amorous fields, and England's Elisium, the forest of Sherwood ; whose shady trees, as a pavilion, shelter and solace the contemplative angler : there it is that Philomel melts the air in delightful groves ; there the hills will shelter us and the rocks surround us, and the shady woods relieve and retrieve us, whilst Nottingham, that nonsuch, doth sweeten our ears with delicious concerts, and our eyes with variety of buildings, that stand in a serene and wholesome air. But their cellarage, beyond compare, is the best in England, and most commodious, and the whole town situated on a whole rock ; where the streets are adorned with beautiful houses, the florid fields filled with *aromas* ; and the exuberant meadows enriched with fragrant perfumes, that will ravish the angler, if when to trace and examine the gliding silver streams of famous Trent.”

AN ANGLER.



The Book of the Future.

MR. HENRY BLACKBURN, lecturing at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, said English people were not an artistic nation, and instead of getting better they appeared to be rapidly getting worse. The author of the present day was losing the sincerity and the individuality which ought to characterise him. Clothed in a degrading, characterless costume, which took all appearance of manliness and suppleness from his figure, living in houses and in cities in which nearly everything ornate or beautiful had been stolen, borrowed, or copied from another country or period, the man of letters was found engaged in the production of books in which, as far as the mechanical parts were concerned, nearly everything was a sham. The nineteenth-century author's love for the literature of the past had led him to imitate not only the style, but the outward aspect, of old books. He produced in his book a series of frauds: the engravings, the so-called "hand-made" paper with its rough edge, the vellum binding, and the gold illuminations on the cover were all frauds. He very strongly deprecated the use of the typewriter by authors. Should they rather not reform their own handwriting, once for all? They should first study a system of shorthand for rapid notes, and then learn to write with Gothic taste and expression. The poet or the scholar who gave a book to the world should free himself as much as possible from mechanical trammels, and boldly set to work to present himself in appropriate guise. What they should aim at in the book of the future was the artistic effect and balance of the page; and the harmony of writing and ornament should be one of the principal charms. There was very little harmony of style in the modern book, many artists and illustrators of books showing that they did not care for the "look" of a printed page. They must unlearn much that had been taught them, and, taking the best models of the past and the lawyer's engrossing hand of the present, create a letter and a style which should belong to the present age.



An Eighteenth-Century Chap-Book.

THE LAIRD O' COUL'S GHOST" was one of the most popular chap-books in Scotland and the north of England during the last century. Like many others of the most popular of these stories, which were the delight of the poor and the profit of the hawker, it has been nearly worn out of existence, and it is now very difficult to get a copy even at a handsome price. No doubt its popularity has been largely owing to its supernatural character, and the eagerness with which the uneducated devoured such works and the full credence which was given to them.

This reprint, which is issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, has been made from the original MS., which is in the hands of Dr. Gordon, of St. Andrew's, Glasgow. This MS. was found among the papers of collector Hamilton, of Dalzell, when he died in the summer of 1788, aged 91 years; he was thus 25 years old when this story was written, which was in 1722. In 1733 Lady Anne Spencer, Duchess of Hamilton, came to Hamilton Palace, and the collector gave to Her Grace this story to read. The duke, to play a practical joke on the collector, caused one of his servants to whisper to him while at supper that there was a gentleman calling, who desired to see him immediately. Being asked who he was, the valet answered, "The Laird o' Coul." The guests were all rarified at the collector's embarrassment, who sat still and allowed the "gentleman" to await in the hall!

"The Laird o' Coul's Ghost" first appeared in type in 1750, and was eagerly bought by all and sundry from the "Flying Stationers" who hawked it about the country. Mrs. Ogilvie delivered it to Watkins, the king's printer, and it was published from Newcastle.

In 1788 a fanatical character, Mrs. Elizabeth Steuart, of Coltness, termed "Aunt Betty," became a convert to the halcyon notions of Emmanuel Swedenborg, founder of "the New Jerusalem Sect." This personage was related to Henry Erskine, Lord Advocate for Scotland, and was enraptured with the penny chap-book; so much so, that she embodied it in her "Remarks and Illustrations of the World of Spirits," which she strictly enjoined her nephew to print after her decease. Not a copy of this brochure of 206 pages is in any of our university libraries, and a few weeks ago £3 3s. were paid for a soiled copy. "Aunt Betty" does not miss to note one point in "The Laird o' Coul's Ghost" that may insinuate her imaginations about angels and the unseen; while she adverts to the ghosts of Lord Clarendon, Sir George Villiers, the father of the Duke of Buckingham, and to the dialogue of Dives and Lazarus, in that remarkable parable. She ferreted out from Mrs. Henrietta Hog, Edinburgh, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Ogilvie, Innerwick, that the sequel was undoubtedly the genuine copy in her father's handwriting. No declaration has been given how the MS. came into collector Hamilton's possession. Mr. Ogilvie died soon after the conference.





An Antiquary of the Last Century.—II.

10. *To T. Rawlinson.* [Without date.]

"I return your note books B.P. and C.C.C. with many thanks.

"You desire something about the proceedings against me. I will only mention what hath been done about the library.

"On Friday, March 2d last, the visitors of the library met, being called together by Dr. Hudson, who had declared almost a year before that I should be turned out of both my places, and at the same time spoke in very indecent language. This meeting was wholly without me. There were only five of the eight (for eight is the whole number) there, viz. Dr. Baron, Vice-Chanc., Dr. Clavering, Reg. Prof. of Hebr., Dr. Terry, Reg. Prof. of Gr., Dr. Bouchier, Reg. Prof. of Law, and Mr. Dod, the junior Proctor. They met in the study of the Library Gallery, which study belongs to the under-librarian, though Dr. Hudson had hindered me the use of it for some time. I was writing out the old monuments upon the wall opposite to the study. After some time they sent for me, and the Vice-Chancellor told me that I had printed Rowse without leave, and Dr. Bouchier said that the MSS. of the library ought not to be transcribed. I said I had done nothing against statute. The Vice-Chancellor said I had reflected in my preface to Rowse, in page ix. (though this objection was not mentioned when I was before him a day or two before, when the objections were started at a meeting of the delegates of the press) upon the University's not keeping up the exercise. If it be a reflexion, I am sure it is too true. After several warm words from the V. Ch., though I behaved myself very coolly, he told me Dr. Hudson had complained that I had not done the

duty for some time of hypo-bibliothecarius, and that, therefore, another must be put in, and that they would make an order for it I gave him my reasons why I did not act, viz., first because I was excluded by Dr. Hudson (though I neither had resigned nor intended it), new keys, different from mine, being made by him. 2dly. Because I had not taken the oaths, and so could not act unless I would hazard the danger of forfeiting five hundred pounds, and of incurring other penalties. I desired them to express these reasons in their order, if they thought fit to make any. But this the Vice-Chanc. denied, and said that they would only insist upon my neglect of duty. I was desired to withdraw, and after a long hour (all which time I spent opposite to the study writing out the old monuments) I was called in again. The V.-Ch. told me they had allowed me time till Lady-Day, and that they had made an order that if after that time there was any complaint of neglect, Dr. Hudson should be at liberty of putting in a proper person into my room. I told them that I could not act for the reasons before-mentioned, and I desired to have a copy of the order. This was also denied. But at last the Vice-Chanc. showed it at a distance. ‘*Pray,*’ said I ‘*Mr. V. Ch., let me have it in my hands. I am short-sighted, and I cannot see at a distance.*’ This he denied. ‘*Then,*’ said I, ‘*I will use my glass ;*’ which, when I spoke of, he vouchsafed to let me have it in my hands, and I read it aloud just as it was writ (by Dr. Hudson, who was employed to pen it), there being false spellings in it, particularly *agread*, for *agreed*. Towards the bottom there was *upder library keeper*, and so I read it, at which the Vice-Chanc. was in a passion, and took the book out of my hands. They were all amazed at this word *upder*, because that may be understood of the *upper* as well as the *under library keeper*. I desired the book again to make an end of my reading. At last it was delivered me, and then I read out aloud as before, and pronounced it as written *upder library keeper*, at which the V. Ch. was in a passion again, and said among other things, ‘*Sir, I will send you to the castle for all you are a Master of arts. We do not come hither to be drolled at.*’ I omit several merry particulars. I was dismissed at last, and they broke up and went away. They all set their hands to Hudson’s ill-spelt record, of which, before I went I desired a copy, alleging that my memory was bad, and that I could not otherwise observe it. But this was absolutely denied.

“Lady Day being come, Dr. Hudson, without any regard to the order (by virtue of which I should have had another admonition, as I remember), put Mr. Fletcher of Queen’s (A.M. and Chaplain of that college) into my place. I have resigned nothing, but must

submit to everything without any stir in the affair. By the bye, Dr. Hudson being married, is not a statutable librarian, marriage is express against statute, and though Sir Thomas Bodley with great unwillingness gave way to Dr. James's marriage, yet he declared it should be no precedent for the future."

II. *To Dr. R. Rawlinson, November 27, 1727.*

"I received both your letters, viz. that of the 22d and that of the 25th inst., and thank you for your designed present. I wanted much to hear from yourself how matters went in your auctions, and was glad at last to have one, though I am very sorry to find you have such bad usage, when you act so very honourably. But I am too sensible, that booksellers and others are in a combination against you. Booksellers have the least pretence of any to act so. Your brother (whom I shall always call my friend) did them unspeakable kindnesses. By his generous way of bidding, and by his constant buying, he raised the value of books incredibly, and there is hardly such another left. The booksellers (who got so much by him) owe him a statue, the least they can do. But instead of that, they neither speak well of him, nor do you (as I verily believe) common justice. You have my letter to your brother, in which matters between him and me were justly stated to his great satisfaction. I know not what he did with the books of mine he was concerned for. I fear, however, that some gentlemen, that subscribed for them to him, had not their books. But that was not my fault. I sent them all up to him, and I am fully satisfied (had he lived) he would have paid the arrears and have let all persons (if he did not do so) have their copies. I do not at all doubt but you will act with the friendship that hath always passed between us, and I return you my thanks for your design of keeping up the prices of my books, in order to which I send you the several prices (which you desire) of what I have published since Leland's Itin. I printed but a small number of any of them, but I see no occasion to specify what the particular numbers were. This is sometimes done in the books themselves, though not in all. I would fain have those bawked that expect great bargains from the falsely supposed great numbers. As I have hitherto printed but a few, so I shall continue the same method, having no manner of reason to brag of encouragement. 'Tis love to our history and antiquities, not prospect of gain, of which I meet with so very little, that makes me go on. But I had rather acquiesce and be content, than complain. Reward is to be expected in a

better place. What you say of nonsensical and whimsical books bringing the best prices, is one plain sign (among many) of the great decay of learning. 'Twas otherwise some years ago, when trifles were looked upon as a disgrace to good catalogues."

Dodwell de Parma,	{ Large paper	00	06	00
8vo. 1713.	{ Small	00	04	00
Leland's Coll.	{ Large paper	03	00	00
9 vols.	{ Small	02	10	00
Acta Ap. 1715	00	10	00
Rossi Hist.	{ Large paper	01	01	00
1716.	{ Small	00	16	00
T. Livius Foro Jul.	{ Large paper	00	12	00
1716.	{ Small	00	08	00
Aluredus Bev.	{ Large paper	00	12	00
1716.	{ Small	00	08	00
Roperi Vita Thom. Mori.	{ Large paper	00	16	00
1716.	{ Small	00	08	00
Camdeni Eliz.	{ Large paper	02	00	00
1717.	{ Small	01	00	00
Gul. Neubrig.	{ Large paper	01	01	00
1719.	{ Small	00	15	00
Sprotti Chron.	{ Large paper	00	12	00
1719.	{ Small	00	08	00
Curious Discourses	{ Large paper	01	00	00
2 vols. 1720.	{ Small	00	10	00
Textus Roff.	{ Large paper	01	00	00
1720.	{ Small	00	10	00
Rob. of Avesbury	{ Large paper	01	00	00
1720.	{ Small	00	10	00
Fordun.	{ Large paper	03	03	00
5 vols. 1722.	{ Small	02	02	00
Antiq. of Glast.	{ Large paper	01	00	00
1722.	{ Small	00	10	00
Hemingi Chart.	{ Large paper	02	02	00
2 vols. 1723.	{ Small	01	01	00
Rob. Glouc.	{ Large paper	02	02	00
2 vols. 1724.	{ Small	01	01	00
Peter Langtoft	{ Large paper	02	02	00
2 vols. 1724.	{ Small	01	01	00
Letter of Antiq. between Windsor and						
Oxford, 1725	00	02	06

John of Glast.	{	Large paper	02	02	00
2 vols. 1726.	{	Small	01	01	00
Adam de Domerham	{	Large paper	02	02	00
2 vols. 1727.	{	Small	01	01	00

[Hearne printed very few copies of any of his works, seldom more than were subscribed for. Of Leland's *Collectanea*, there were printed only 156. Of the *Acta Apostolorum*, 120. Of Rossi. Hist. only 60. Of Aluredus Beverlacenensis 148; and of Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More, 148.]

12. *To Mr. Ballard.*

"... Mr. Wood never wanted industry; but then his judgment was nothing equal to his diligence. Nor indeed had he any stock of true learning, which is the reason that his antiquities were translated into Latin by other hands, he being not capable of doing it himself. Yet after all, both his works are very useful and curious, and will always be esteemed as such by such as esteem our history and antiquities, and have any just honour for the University of Oxford, which Mr. Wood endeavoured to promote so much, and 'tis pity that he received no better reward at last than expulsion."

13. *To T. Rawlinson, December 20, 1717.*

"I received the parcel of books very safe, for which I thank you. I will take occasion them over. I hope I shall find many things in them that may be of use in my designs. As to your query at Num. 33, of *Rustica Descriptio Visitationis fanaticæ Oxon*, Mr. Collier (commonly called honest Will. Collier) was strangely tortured in New College, where he was imprisoned and condemned to be hanged, but freed after he was up the ladder. So *Ædes non unquam senescentes*, is exactly *New-House*, or as we call it, *New-College*, which indeed is the true way of writing it, and not *Neot-College*, as some would have it, as if it were called from St. Neot, which is a ridiculous supposition. They may as well say *Newburgh* and *Newbury* were denominated from the same saint. The foresaid Will. Collier, who was a right cavalier, (and therefore made yeoman beadle, Dr. Peter Mew, and others, having a true value for his loyalty, which made Dr. Peter Mew always use him as a familiar, as well before as after he was bishop; I say this Will. Collier) being a hard drinker, had a room at the tavern which was always called Will. Collier's room, and often old Collier's room, which nobody whatsoever was to use, but himself and such as came to him. Here he constantly sat when the

business of the University was over, unless he was obliged to go to some other place, and would drink and be very merry. And 'twas the same thing whether he had company or not, hither he would come, and take possession of the room, and sit and enjoy himself. There are many stories going about this honest old cavalier, several of which I have often heard from Frank Harding, who died of the stranguary about a year since, whose father was particularly acquainted with Will. and a suffering cavalier with him.

"I thought upon the first sight of your parcel that it had been the cuts, but my expectation was soon deceived upon opening it. I find by your letters that they will come as soon done. So I acquiesce. Seventy-two pages of Neubrigensis are printed."

[The *Rustica Academiæ Oxoniensis nuper reformatæ Descriptio*, alluded to in the above letter, was written by John Allibond, who was born in Buckinghamshire, and educated at Magdalen College; of the school belonging to which he was for some time master, and afterwards became rector of Bradwell, in Gloucestershire, where he died in 1658.]

14. *To T. Rawlins, May 12, 1717.*

"I had not written to you to-day, were it not to acquaint you that yesterday died Mr. James Badger, school-master of New-College, who hath left behind him a good collection of printed books. I know not as yet how they will be disposed of. But if they should be sold, I perceive already that several curious men (that have money) will be putting in for them.

". . . In Finchley Church you take notice of a brass plate on the wall containing the will of Thomas Sanney. But you give us but half the will. It is very remarkable to have a will published in this manner. I wish I had it entire. I do not know but I may have occasion to make public mention of it in some discourse or other. In the meantime I wish you would endeavour to get the remaining part of it. I find it is difficult to be made out by what you say. But sure somebody or other that goes that way will be able to read it.

". . . I have had some thoughts of having a title-page engraved for Cambden's *Eliz.* as I did for Roper. I would have it done in my chamber for fear it should be made public by the engraver. Burghers did that for Roper in my own chamber, and by that means no copies could be disposed of but what came from me. But Burghers now refuses to do anything in my own chamber, but says he must have it home. It may be some head of a house or other hath advised him. But indeed I cannot trust this Dutchman with

anything in his own lodging, he having formerly played me a trick. Perhaps, after all, a plain title-page, printed at the common press, may be better. I do not design any dedication or inscription, but will only write a preface."

15. *To T. Rawlinson, March 19, 1718-19.*

" . . . I find in one of the books of your 11d cargo mention of Medley. I was well pleased with it. It was in old time a most famous place. The nuns of Godstowe (to whom it belonged) used to solace themselves there. It belonged to the Wighthams. The nuns, at the same time that they came hither, used likewise to divert themselves at Binsey, and to discourse much about St. Frideswide. 'Tis probable that I may have some remarks upon this subject in Neubrigensis. Your little old thing called Pierce, the Plowman's Crede, is excellent. We learn many things from it relating to the monastic buildings and customs, particularly about their fine paintings I think the author had a particular regard to the Carmelite of White Friars, at Oxford, the building of which place were very curious, especially on account of the royal palace there, called the Beaumonts. Indeed, there are none of the books you sent but I pick something of history out of them; and this I do sometimes at Heddington, sometimes at Ifley, sometimes at Blind Pinnocks,¹ sometimes at Antiquity-Hall,² and sometimes in other places; at all which times I remember Dr. Richard Mead, yourself, and other friends. This is no small comfort of my life, after the ill-treatment I have met with from an ungrateful, wicked people. I wish you could be sometimes with me. We should have good, useful, diversion in going and rambling about together, and in descanting upon the several remarks we should make. For the truth is, I find something almost every time at the places I go to that I had not remarked before; and to be sure you would do the same. I long to be turning over the antiquities of Berkshire, when I can have the opportunity. I am thinking of going into that county at Easter, when I shall have a respite, you know, for three or four days."

16. *Account of Hearne's death, in a letter from Mr. Brome to Mr. Rawlins.*

"T. H [earne] had his death stroke the day I left Oxford. I.

Blind Pinnock kept an ale-house in Cumner parish.

Antiquity Hall was an ale-house near Rewley. It had the sign of Whittington and his Cat. It was more anciently known by the name of the Hole in the Wall.

visited him in his illness, and sent often to him what I thought might be agreeable to one in his condition, and he could not conveniently have at Edmund Hall. I never entered into any discourse with him about his temporal affairs, or making his will ; which I thought he was so considerate a man as to settle before his decline. I was in hopes that he had saved out of the kindness of his benefactors, and the profit of his printing, some little matter ; but was surprised to hear of the great sum found on his decease. I am glad to hear that his MS. collections are fallen into the hands of a prudent gentleman : for though I doubt not but that among them there are many useful memoirs and historical notes ; yet you know this friend of ours had some peculiarities ; all of which would not be perhaps for his credit to be made public. I am truly concerned for the loss his friends and the public have in the death of so industrious a man and faithful editor. I am glad he has ordered some of his curiosities for the place he once loved, the Bodleian Library. I would willingly have offered him the best of my assistance as a minister during his decline ; but knowing his way of thinking, thought I should not be accepted. However, I was sorry to hear he declined the prayers of also a non-juring clergyman ; and by allowing a popish priest to be with him alone for two hours, 3 or 4 days before he died, has given occasion to talk. My old friend Ant. Wood, how much soever some counted him a papist, had the prayers of our church read to him by me and another clergyman twice a day ; and received the sacrament on his death-bed with seemingly great devotion.'—Thus the Bishop. This, dear Sir, I have thought fit to communicate to *one* from whom I apprehend no ill use of it to the *Bishop* and others. It may seem perhaps extraordinary that our friend should refuse N. I. clergy ; but I am well satisfied he had objections against that clergyman for some compliances, and I really believe he adhered to the last to the strict Cyprianic principles. The many favourable expressions as to the Church of England, its bishops, &c. incline me to judge thus charitably of him. The emissaries of the Church of Rome are very busy, when our senses and faculties decline ; and it was Sir Roger L'Estrange's desire (after his daughter had been seduced into that communion) that all those gent. should be kept from his dying bed ; he being no stranger to their compassing sea and land to gain proselytes."



Another Link with Dickens Gone.

THE *Manchester Guardian* reports the death, at Tichfield, Hampshire, in his eighty-second year, of Mr. Henry Burnett, formerly a well-known tenor singer and teacher of music in Manchester, and the husband of Fanny Dickens, eldest sister to the novelist. Mr. Burnett was born in the same year as his wife (1810) at Brighton, but spent most of his childhood at Gosport. He was subsequently taken in hand by Sir George Smart, then organist of the Chapels Royal, "who," we are told, "took great delight in his young pupil's precocious powers of voice." "He became," it is added, "noticed in musical parties in Brighton as a distinguished young singer, and at about ten years of age he was introduced to the Pavilion, and he remembered well standing on a table in the drawing-room at the Pavilion to sing a solo before the Court, and seeing George IV., who was suffering with gout, wheeled into the room." About 1822 he was, on the recommendation of Sir George Smart, elected a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, his future wife, Fanny Dickens, being elected a pupil of the Academy about the same time. On leaving the Academy he was engaged as a principal tenor at Drury Lane and Covent Garden, where he met with great success. Before he settled in Manchester Mr. Burnett appeared occasionally in opera at the old Theatre Royal in Fountain Street, and met with a capital reception. In the meantime, he had married Dickens's sister and settled in London. During the last year of his theatrical life he was engaged as principal tenor at the Theatre Royal, Bath. About 1840 Burnett and his wife, acting under the advice of John Hullah, settled in Manchester, where they soon established a high reputation both as teachers of music and as

vocalists. Burnett had a clear and beautiful tenor voice—certainly not very powerful, but highly cultivated and telling—and he was engaged as leading tenor at most of the principal local concerts of that time. His wife seldom, if ever, appeared in public, confining herself—so long as her delicate health permitted even this—to teaching. Soon after they came to Manchester Burnett and his wife became members of the Rev. James Griffin's congregation at Rusholme Road Independent Chapel, and for some time, during the absence of the regular choir, conducted the musical part of the service at the chapel. As nearly as we can remember, Burnett left Manchester about 1859 or 1860. Some ten or eleven years before this he had lost his wife, and Dickens had lost his favourite sister. The novelist gives John Forster a touching account of his sister's death under the date of July 5, 1848, commencing: "A change took place in poor Fanny about the middle of the day yesterday, which took me out there last night." She had then left Manchester for London to consult Sir James Clark. "Burnett," says Dickens, "had always been very good to her." In this last interview she alluded to her "little deformed child." "After not many weeks," Forster adds to Dickens's letter, "she died, and the little child who was her last anxiety did not long survive her." The "little child," Harry Burnett, son of the late vocalist was, as Dickens told his sister, the original of little Paul Dombey, and was born during the residence of his father and mother in Upper Brook Street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.

The Retort Courteous.

A CELEBRATED author happened, when buying books of a second-hand dealer, to find one of his own works of travel, which he had presented to a fellow author. He had written a particular dedication on the fly-leaf. He bought the volume, which was still uncut, had it bound in a most beautiful and expensive style, with initials stamped in gold on the cover, and sent it back to his colleague, with the following note on the fly-leaf:—"P.S.—You will keep this for the sake of the binding."



Our Note-Book.

THE acquisitiveness of Bibliophiles" is a matter which has been disturbing the soul of a transatlantic journalist. He is of opinion that ever since man was created his acquisitiveness has caused him to be filled with an ambition to possess more than his share of some classes of the world's goods. The average man enjoys the thought that he possesses something that cannot be duplicated ; it may be intrinsically worthless, but if no one has anything just like it he attaches great value to it. Heber, the famous bibliomaniac, was one of the sort of collectors who gathered up things merely for the sake of collecting. He spent his fortune and life in collecting books which, when he had secured them, lay untouched and uncared for in the houses he rented in his own country and abroad to store them in. He had over 117,000 books in London alone, while no one knew how many houses full he had abroad. He used to defend his extravagance in buying up duplicate copies of the same work upon the ground that no man could do comfortably without three copies of the same work—one to be kept at his country house as a show copy, one for the service of borrowing friends, and one for his own especial use. And yet, with all his professed love for his library, the great bibliomaniac quite forgot to say a word about it in his will. It is of course easy enough to quote a few isolated examples, which are also exceptions, in support of any theory ; but Heber was much more of a bibliomaniac than a bibliophile, and the former's passion for acquiring books is one that knows no limitations and stops at no excesses. The desire of possessing books which are rare is a perfectly legitimate one, defensible on many grounds which will be obvious to any person with a fair share of

common sense. The acquisitiveness of bibliophiles is a fact of which we are proud, for it is directly to this element that we owe the preservation of so many links in the chain of human history.

* * * *

We had nothing but praise for the first volume of the illustrated edition of the late J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," which Messrs. Macmillan have had the enterprise to publish. The appearance of a second volume only serves to confirm the high opinion which its predecessor compelled. In a word, it is at once the most beautiful and useful book issued for many a long month ; and the more critically it is examined the more it seems to defy criticism. The pictures selected to accompany the text are peculiarly appropriate, and are selected with quite as much care, and used with as much discretion, as the late lamented author exercised in his selection and arrangement of facts. It unfortunately too frequently happens that the illustrations of a book are carelessly selected more as mere embellishments than as germane to the subject under treatment. This at once renders the book an incongruous absurdity. This is a charge which certainly cannot be urged against the illustrated edition of Green's "History." Not only are the illustrations selected with great care and discrimination from very many out-of-the-way sources, but their value is greatly enhanced by a series of exhaustive Notes which give every possibly interesting fact about them. The reproductions from the Harleian and Bodleian treasures are of the greatest interest and appropriateness, for in this, as in every other case, even a poor picture impresses an idea on the mind much more indelibly than the fullest textual description. The coloured illustrations in fac-simile by contemporary artists are peculiarly interesting from artistic and decorative points of view, for some of them possess a vividness and a reality which one is not accustomed to associate with the origins of English history. Altogether, the illustrated edition of Green's "Short History" is a distinct acquisition to English literature.

* * * *

In another part of this issue of *THE BOOKWORM* we give Mr. Arbuthnot's admirable sketch of the life and works of the late E. Rehatsek, whose labours in Oriental literature will need no elaborate commendation from us. We are glad, however, to call attention to the publication of Rehatsek's translation from the original Persian of Mirkhond's "Life of Muhammad, the Apostle of Allah," which has just been issued under the patronage of the Royal Asiatic Society,

edited by Mr. Arbuthnot. The translation is in two neatly printed volumes, and this noteworthy "Life" appears now for the first time in a European dress. Its importance cannot be over-estimated, dealing as it does with one of the most remarkable men that has ever lived, and of whose career, curiously enough, we have the completest details from the cradle to the grave. He was born in A.D. 810, and died 870, and during the sixty years of his life he effected a revolution and reformatations which can only be fully appreciated by those conversant with Oriental history and customs. The general idea in this country, taught in schools and confirmed in after life by a careful disregard for truth on the part of the majority of our historians, concerning Mahomet is that he was the incarnation of all that was wicked. A careful inquiry into the real facts of the case will prove this to be absolutely without foundation. Mahomet was a drastic reformer; and however unprofitable it is to discuss "the might have beens" of history, there can be no question about the lasting benefits which the great monotheist conferred upon the Arabs. This "Life of Muhammad" is not altogether an "easy" book to read, but it is a very valuable one to possess; and we therefore commend it to all whom it may in any way concern.

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We are glad to call the attention of our readers to a work of the first interest and importance. It is the "*Monumenta Germaniæ et Italiæ Typographica*," which Herr Otto Harrassowitz, the well-known publisher of Leipzig, is issuing in parts, and under the direction of Herr K. Burger, Custos des Buchgewerbe-Museums, at Leipzig. The "*Monumenta*" consists of a series of facsimile reproductions, in folio size, of pages from the most important German and Italian Incunabula, to be completed in twelve parts, each of which is to consist of twenty-five folios, the price being twenty marks per part. So far as we are able to judge, the facsimiles are highly successful; and as a contribution to the comprehensive history of printing which has yet to be written, this series of facsimiles is the most important that has been made for many years. We can see at a glance the exact character of the type used by the printers of the fifteenth century. The variety of type used even at this early period by one man is occasionally surprising; for example, we get on one page no less than sixteen varieties used by Erhard Ratdolt in or about 1486, and several of these are very beautiful. The page, with an illustration, from the edition of Dante, printed at Florence in 1481, by Nicolaus Laurentii, is exceptionally interesting, and so is the page, also with

an illustration, of the German Bible printed by Koberger at Nürnberg, in 1483; the page from Schedel's "Buch der Croniken," of the same printer, dated 1493, is simply a marvellous piece of work. It is to be hoped that copies of this "Monumenta" will be secured by all our public libraries, as it is a magnificent one, and quite unlike anything previously attempted. Herr Harrassowitz would doubtless be pleased to forward a prospectus to any one interested in the subject.

* * * *

One of the prettiest books which we have seen for a long time reaches us from M. E. Dentu, of 3, Place de Valois, Paris, whose "Nelumbo" series of booklets is so well known both in this country and in France. The new phase of this series is *Le Bambou*, an illustrated monthly periodical with about one hundred pages of text and about sixty illustrations, specially designed. The object, according to the "advertisement," is to infuse the same amount of energy into art as has served to revolutionise every phase of modern life. No expense is to be spared to give *Le Bambou* all the advantages of the best writers and artists, and, judging from the first number, we should say that the venture is likely to prove in every way successful. It is, of course, beautiful, and the illustrations are very clever and very *fin de siècle*. The numbers are issued at 2 francs 50 cents.

* * * *

An interesting anniversary was celebrated at the Guildhall, London, recently, under the presidency of Sir John Monckton, the occasion being the eighty-ninth anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The chairman reminded his hearers that every day there were issued by the Society no fewer than 13,000 copies of the Scriptures, and bibles had been published in 304 languages. The grand total, therefore, of nearly four million bibles were issued in the course of the year. It was also an interesting fact to know in connection with the spreading of the Gospel that it was 500 years ago that very month that the Act of Parliament was passed which permitted people to read the Scriptures. Sir John Monckton then invited Miss Lewis to perform the operation of cutting a monster birthday cake, which was placed upon a table on the platform, and a piece of which was given to each child as a souvenir of the interesting occasion on leaving Guildhall.

* * * *

During his recent visit to Mr. Gladstone, says the *Christian World*, Professor Max Müller found the Premier interested in making a collection of prayer-books, all more or less modifications of the

Church of England Prayer-Book. The Professor told his host of the one compiled by the Rev. John Hunter, of Glasgow, and promised to secure him a copy, along with a copy of Mr. Hunter's hymn-book. Copies of both books have since been forwarded to Mr. Gladstone.

* * * *

The facsimile reprint of the "*Leyes y ordenancas nueuamête hechas por su Magestad pa la gouernacion de las Indias y buen tratāmiento y conseruacion de los Indios*," &c., together with a literal translation into English under the title of "*The New Laws of the Indies*," which appeared a week or two ago, deserves a reference, if only from the fact that it has been nearly twenty years in the press! It has been printed for private circulation at the Chiswick Press, and is one of the several speculations of the late Henry Stevens, of Vermont, who prefixes to it an historical introduction. The volume is in small folio size, and the facsimile is made from the unique copy on vellum in the Grenville Library at the British Museum of the original Spanish edition of the Laws, dated Alcala de Henares, July 8th, 1543. This is the first reprint of the first translation into English of a book of singular importance to all students and collectors of works on American history. The entire impression consists of only thirteen copies on the finest writing vellum, and seventy-five on the finest hand-made paper. As it is illustrated, not only with numerous ornamental blocks of Indians, but with portraits of Columbus, its appearance just now is very opportune. It is, however, a somewhat costly book, inasmuch as ten guineas is demanded for the ordinary copies, and twenty-five guineas for the vellum examples.

* * * *

We are somewhat late in reviewing Mr. William Andrews's "*Bygone England*," which Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. issued some months ago; but its varied interest is none the less welcome and worthy of notice. The author describes his book as consisting of social studies of the historic byways and highways of this country, and very appropriately dedicates it to Mr. George Augustus Sala. Of the twenty-seven chapters, that which will most interest our readers deals with the "*Horn-Book*." Mr. Andrews does not tell us much that is new on this fairly-worn topic, but he puts all the available knowledge concerning it into an attractive form. As instancing the rarity of examples at the present day, he alludes to the fact that "about thirty years since a *Horn-Book* was put up at Southgate's Auction-rooms, London, and actually realised nearly twenty pounds." We presume Mr. Andrews means Sotheby's rooms.

The text of this chapter is illustrated with a carefully-executed engraving of a fine example found in pulling down an old farmhouse at Middleton, Derbyshire. On the back of this specimen was a picture of Charles I. in armour, mounted on a horse, thus affording a proof of the period to which it belonged. The "Horn-Book" was usually sold at a penny or twopence each. Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, of the Leadenhall Press, is, we understand, preparing a work on this subject, and its appearance will be hailed with interest. To return, however, to Mr. Andrews's "Bygone England," which is admirably printed, we can recommend it as a highly entertaining book ; and, dealing as it does with so many subjects of such varied interest, we do not envy the person who can take it up without finding something that will attract him.

* * * *

A book of special interest was sold the other day at Sotheby's. It is Euclid's "Elements of Geometrie," translated by H. Billingsley, and published by John Daye in 1570. It is bound in old calf, and has at each corner roses crowned stamped in gold, whilst down the back there are the lion, rose, and portcullis, the three being distinctive of the Tudors. It would seem that this volume was bound in England for Henry Prince of Wales, the eldest son of James I., after his father's accession. The British Museum contains several books which formed a part of the library of this Prince, but examples rarely occur for sale. The copy of Euclid occurred among the books of the late Rev. W. E. Buckley, and realised £7 10s.—a very small amount considering the historic interest of the item.

* * * *

"The Gentleman's Magazine Library," which is edited by Mr. G. L. Gomme, and published by Mr. Elliot Stock, is making excellent progress, and when this classified collection of the chief contents of our most venerable periodical (1731-1868) is complete, there will no longer be any necessity to lumber our shelves with about 200 volumes which contain a great amount of rubbish. In addition to this, a complete set of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is a somewhat costly luxury, to say nothing of the valuable space which it requires. The "Gentleman's Magazine Library" gives us the fullest excerpts of all that we need, and as the contents of these volumes are classified, we have the contributions which cover a period of 137 years on a particular subject focussed into one volume. The latest issue of Mr. Gomme's condensing deals with the topography of Derbyshire and Devonshire, and the volume will be found to contain a fine mass of quaint and curious lore.



Books that can be Inwardly Digested

AN alleged humorist, hailing, it is almost needless to say, from America, and rejoicing in the *nom de plume* of "Bill Nye," has just delivered himself of the following "funny" paragraph, which seems to deserve something more than the oblivion to which it apparently was predestined :—

"Being on the eve, as I may say, of publishing a book, I hail with ill-concealed joy the announcement that a company has been recently formed with a capital of 100,000 dollars and located in Newark, N.J., the manufacture of 'membranoid' for bookbindings. This is a new style of ornamental leather made from tripe. I get all my information regarding the matter from the '*Butchers' Advocate*, the acknowledged journalistic authority on meaty matters. The inventor claims that membranoid will prove more serviceable, and at the same time please the bookworm better, than any other style of bookbinding. It is also susceptible of more artistic and gastric possibilities than any other substance. The time is coming when the author, instead of trying to subsist on a paltry royalty, will be permitted to carry a vinegar flask in his hip-pocket and board at the bindery. The unsuccessful lawyer and graduate at Harvard will not get as thin as I did while practising law and Banting, conveyancing and starvation, for he can put a little Halford sauce on his library and feel pretty well afterwards. How much happier I would have been while practising law surreptitiously if I could have put some mustard on a New York decision, or given myself up to a Simmons Digest. Law is a rule of action prescribing what is right and prohibiting what is wrong, according to my friend Mr. Blackstone, who got the idea from Justinian; but too often the student and the

solicitor find it poor grazing, and the common law especially short commons. (This is a joke which I used with good effect at the Inns of Court, in London, where I put up while in England.) But now, with our books bound in membranoid, the bookworm and the bott become synonymous, and the day is not far distant when a hymn-book or two during Lent may prolong one's life. The 'Read and Return' volumes on the train will then have to be chained to the seat, and eminent but unprosperous authors can subsist for a time on the autograph albums sent to them, using the return stamps for Chili sauce. In addition to the use of tripe as a book-binding, it will be used and utilised in the manufacture of slippers for the pastor, and the time is coming when the Christmas-tree will yield to the hungry and weary one, not a promise to the eye to be broken to the heart, but no doubt as many slippers as at present, yet each one capable of making a man a meal. In the onward march of membranoid I am told also that the company will not confine itself entirely to tripe, but will roam about scientifically among the other organs, and in the matter of literature will seek, especially in the binding of medical works, to use the membrane of the organ on which the work treats, as, for instance, a meningeal binding for works on the brain and spine, a pleural binding for a treatise on the diseases of the chest and lungs, and so on as to diseases of the bones, peritonitis, and other interesting complaints."





The Book-Plate Society.¹

IT will be in the remembrance of some present that the idea of starting a society had its origin in the early part of 1891. A few of us, mostly energetic and enthusiastic collectors of what Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his "Gossip in a Library," tersely calls "the outward and visible marks of the citizenship of the book-lover," known as Ex Libris or book-plates, often met together, talked the matter over, and endeavoured to evolve some scheme whereby those who were interested could, by united action, not only form an association, but establish at the same time a journal devoted to the subject. Three things were needful—sufficient financial support; an editor; and, lastly, volunteers who would be willing to give their services as well as written contributions, in order that the said editor might have the wherewithal to fulfil his functions. To whom would such a society appeal? This was a question it was important should be well weighed, and answered satisfactorily.

The Honble. J. Leicester Warren (now Lord de Tabley) wrote in 1880 his famous text-book on the subject, entitled "A Guide to the Study of Book-plates." In this able work the author garnered together all the information he could collect, both in regard to English and foreign Ex Libris. It will not, I think, be questioned that Lord de Tabley's work kindled an interest in the study of book-plates, which had slumbered since the Rev. Daniel Parsons had written on it in 1837. But even in 1880 few knew anything of the

¹ An address delivered at the second annual meeting of the Ex Libris Society, February 24, 1893.

subject. The book acted its part in the education of the world: it appealed to the antiquary, the heraldic student, and the art connoisseur; it encouraged men and women to learn more concerning a subject which fascinated them the more they knew of it, and which, in short, possessed those especial features which serve to absorb the cultivated mind.

To this circle, then, would our society appeal, and in it would be embraced the whole of the English-speaking race, and the intelligence of France, Germany, Sweden, and other Continental countries. Could, then, a society be established that would revive a taste which had so many attractions? In view of bringing the question to a practical issue, a meeting of those most interested in it was convened for February 13, 1891. There was a consensus of opinion in favour of the project, which resulted in a more general meeting being summoned by the pioneers of the enterprise for May 15, 1891. At this meeting the scheme took a practical form, and an association having for its name "The Ex Libris Society" was established; my friend Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., being chosen as Chairman; my brother "Odd Volume" Walter Hamilton, Treasurer; and Mr. W. H. K. Wright, the proprietor and editor of the *Western Antiquary*, Editor; with several gentlemen, more or less known in connection with the subject, as Council.

Few will suppose that the carrying out of a scheme of the kind indicated would be other than fraught with some anxiety on the part of the promoters. No one likes to be associated with failure, and possibly this feeling led to some of the most eminent collectors holding aloof, either from the idea that the little venture would soon be wrecked, or that they thought a society was unnecessary. We resolved, however, to "gang forward," while at the same time we intended to "gang warily," keeping ever before us the famous Onslow motto, "*Festina lente*." In July, 1891, appeared No. 1 of the *Journal*.

It is just twelve months ago (February 16th) since my predecessor in the chair, Mr. Leighton, addressed you. At that time he pointed out what he considered to be the end and aim of the Society. We were then, I may say, in our infancy, and it was necessary for him to urge you onward and inspire you with hope. At the time he spoke our members numbered barely 230; to-day, I am glad to tell you, we muster nearly 300, and our finances are in a sound and healthy condition. It must be obvious to you that this success has been largely due to our able editor, Mr. Wright, his Heraldic Coadjutor, Mr. A. Jewers, and Mr. Walter Hamilton.

A glance at the two volumes now issued will show that an impartial endeavour has been made to give the *Journal* a cosmopolitan character, that it might interest alike the heraldic student and the art connoisseur. Communications to its pages have been made by some of the oldest collectors : Mr. Arthur Vicars, recently appointed as Ulster King of Arms, has treated of Literary, Book-pile, and Library Interior plates, and while Mr. Robert Day has told us all about the book-plate engravers of his native city of Cork, Mr. J. Orr has made us acquainted with those of Scotland. Our Treasurer has ranged from humorous heraldry and Isaac Walton on to modern dated plates, and has been supplemented as to the latter by Mr. J. Carlton Stitt. Then Mr. William Bolton has discoursed on "Anachronisms in Book-plates," and in a second paper has ventured on to the debated ground relative to the removal of *Ex Libris* from books. Mr. Fincham has worked at his Bibliography, and Mr. Garraway Rice has brought his genealogical and heraldic knowledge to our assistance ; while, last but not least, Mr. Leighton has given the Society most valuable aid with his pen and pencil.

Some observations of my own on the heraldic book-plates of Sir Francis Fust called forth an interesting communication from Mr. Henry Jenner, who was able to rectify some errors concerning the history of this family which had been made by Wotton and the Burkes in their works on the Baronetage. Again, a living descendant of Robert Dinwiddie (Miss Dinwiddie) was good enough, on seeing the book-plate of this distinguished gentleman reproduced in our *Journal*, to give us some hitherto unpublished matter concerning him, and also to vindicate his character from certain aspersions which had passed into history concerning his want of popularity, as was affirmed, during his governorship of Virginia, 1751-8. These are pleasing facts to note, as showing our *Journal* is doing good practical work.

It is the part of the antiquary to defy old Father Time, who is ever walking noiselessly onward, crushing beneath his herculean feet the records of the past ; it is his duty to wrest from the old Destroyer all the spoil he can, and to fix what has been. The *Ex Libris Journal* has its mission to fulfil in being the medium of that record ; true, we are not wholly concerned with the past, but I venture to think we are more concerned with it than the present : our distinguished member Mr. Charles William Sherbon is still with us, and we hope this "Little Master" may live long to charm us with his dainty handicraft on the copper plate ; but he who signed "Will Marshall sculpsit" and engraved the anonymous Lyttelton

bookplate figures in the infinite gallery of the past. "*Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*" How great the gulf between Marshall and Sherborn !

Here let me point out to the bookplate collector how essential it is for the better appreciation of the study that he should have some knowledge of heraldry, if he would be more than a gatherer-up of odd prints. A mere sense of acquisitiveness is apt to make us forget how vast is the interest that clings around our favourite study, opening out as it does unlimited channels for inquiry and research. Perhaps a few remarks on heraldry and its origin may not be out of place.

It may be new to some of you to be told that Adam bore arms, yet an old writer, Sylvanus Morgan (1661), in his "Sphere of Gentry" seriously assigns coat armour to our worthy progenitor. According to this writer, he bore a shield gules, with the arms of his wife (a shield argent) as an escutcheon of pretence, she being an heiress. Abel, he also tells us, quartered the arms of his father and mother "ensigned with a crosier to show he was a shepheard." Again, another old authority, Gerard Leigh, tells us that the arms of Alexander the Great were, "*Gules, a golden Lyon sitting on a chayer and holding a battayle axe of silver*"; while other personages in sacred and profane history have like bearings imputed to them. History, however, does not tell us whether there was an Earl Marshal or College of Arms at that time to protect them.

Certain it is that from the earliest times it has been the custom for individuals to adopt some peculiar device or symbol whereby they could be the better known, and that this in course of time developed into what is now understood as heraldry. The dawn of the science—the period when it became general—may justly be ascribed to the days of chivalry and romance known as those of the Crusaders, although it is admitted that coat armour did not become hereditary until the beginning of the thirteenth century. On this Planché says, in that most delightful of books, "The Pursuivant of Arms": "Although not a believer to the same extent as many, in the round assertion, *unsupported by any contemporary authority as yet discovered*, that heraldry owes its origin to the Crusades, I by no means dispute the influence of those expeditions upon the dawn of it." "With the decline of chivalry," says the same writer, "commenced the corruption of heraldry," which was accelerated by the pedantic nonsense of the early writers I have above alluded to. Whatever may have given rise to it as a system, few will deny that, as now developed, it is anything but a science for "fools with long

memories," as has been sneeringly affirmed; but one, as Lower most abundantly proves, "both lordly poetical and moreover practically useful."

Mr. John Cussans, in his "Handbook of Heraldry," says: "If the study and practice of heraldry served but to gratify the vanity of a few, and to excite the envy of many, then indeed would its teachings be useless, nay, worse than useless—absolutely pernicious. But happily this charming science has higher and nobler purposes to serve, its scope and influence are far more extended. Many are the incidents, but faintly written on the pages of History, which would have remained for ever dark and illegible but for the light flashed upon them by the torch of Heraldry. A Shield of Arms, a Badge, or a Rebus depicted on a glass window, painted on a wall, carved on a corbel or monument, will frequently indicate with unerring precision the date to which such relics are to be ascribed and whose memory they are intended to perpetuate, when all verbal distinctions are wanting; and the identity of many an old portrait rests on no other authority than that of a coat-of-arms painted at the side."¹

On this point Bignold,² who filled the office of Garter King of Arms, wrote: "Heraldry has been known to further the ends of justice. I know three families who have acquired estates by virtue of preserving the arms and escutcheons of their ancestors."

In our second volume (page 133) an excellent article on the "Taxation of Armorial Bearings" appeared; in it our Heraldic Editor made some excellent suggestions, well worthy, I venture to think, of the consideration of the authorities at Herald's College. Mr. Jewers desires to see the science on which he is so eminent an authority placed on a more solid basis than that on which it now stands. He has no sympathy with those of whom an old writer has said:—

"Who weare their Grandsires' signet on their thumb
Yet aske them, whence their crest is, they are *nun*."

He knows that what old Henry Peacham wrote in 1622 (in his "Compleate Gentleman") is as true now as then: "Coates sometimes are by stealth purchased, shuffled into records and monuments by painters, glasiars, carvers, and such"; and no doubt desires to see the day when, in the words of the same writer, he could say: "But I trust so good an order hath been lately established by the Right Honourable the late Commissioners for the office of the Earl

¹ "Handbook of Heraldry," &c. By John Cussans. London, 1869.

² "Observations on Parochial Registers."

Marshalship and careful respect of the Heralds with us that all hope of sinister dealing in that kind is quite cut off from such mercenary abusers of nobilitie."

It is impossible to revert to the old days of chivalry and romance, or to peruse once again Scott's "Ivanhoe" without being impressed with the daring pluck and heroism of those times:—

"The knights are dust
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

In the eighth chapter of this novel the author draws a living picture of the famous tournament, when Ivanhoe, mounted on a black horse, passed through the lists—the device on his shield being a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the words "*Desdichado*," or Disinherited—and "struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert." By the rules of the tournament this meant that he defied his adversary to mortal combat.

About the end of last century or the beginning of the present one a style of *Ex Libris* came into vogue which it will be interesting here to note. It was the custom in the old days of jousts and tournaments for a knight to challenge his adversary by causing his shield to be suspended to a tree—a fair pine-tree, or, as it was then called, *l'arbre d'or*; by this he placed his clerk, or supporter, who noted the name of any assailant who signified his acceptance of the challenge by touching the shield with the point of his lance. The design I allude to had its rise from this early custom. On the bookplate was depicted a landscape; in the foreground was a tree on which the shield was suspended, and on it were blazoned the armorial bearings of the owner. By this action he thus challenged any man to dispute his right to bear the arms there shown.

It is the habit among the ignorant to sneer at the bearing of arms, and pride of ancestry has been ridiculed; yet I venture to affirm that where there is true right to bear arms, and a long line of ancestors who have borne them, he is unworthy the name of gentleman who would not, figuratively speaking, suspend his shield to his *arbre d'or*, and hand them down unsullied to posterity. "It is," said Lord Bacon, "a reverend thing to see an ancient castle or building not in decay; or to see a fair timber tree sound and perfect: how much more to behold an ancient noble family which hath stood against the waves and weathers of time."

The mention above of the Lyttelton bookplate suggests to my mind how invaluable the knowledge of heraldry is to the lover of

bookplates; it is essential, in fact, if he would be anything more than a mere collector, with little or no knowledge of the why and the wherefore of his collecting. As well might a man collect chairs as bookplates; at every turn in the cult, knowledge is necessary before one can develop a true interest in it. To illustrate my meaning: it was my good fortune once to pick up on a bookstall a book for twopence; in it was a bookplate; the surname attached was an historic one, and a slight knowledge of heraldry enabled me to pronounce it that of George, grandfather of the late Lord Tennyson. Again, I once purchased in a similar way a fine Jacobean plate, with no name attached. Papworth's "Ordinary of British Armouries" and Burke's "Encyclopædia of Heraldry" enabled me to prove it was the Ex Libris of Matthew Hutton, D.D., of Marske, county of York, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Richard Burgoyne. These examples could be multiplied to any extent. At page 77 of our first volume Mr. Garraway Rice called attention to a bookplate of "James Riddell" in his possession, dated 1639—a date apparently much too early for the style; here, genealogical research enabled him to prove that the date referred to the year the said James Riddell married Elizabeth Foulis, whose arms he impaled, the true date of the plate being somewhere between 1639 and 1674, when the said James Riddell died.

The eminent Norfolk antiquary, Mr. Walter Rye, when calendaring the Isham Letters at Lamport Hall, came upon a curious document in the form of a letter from David Loggan,¹ an engraver of some eminence at the time, and author of several works, to Sir Thomas Isham, dated January 8, 1675. As it is not very well known, and has special reference to a bookplate of the worthy baronet, I cannot refrain from giving the extract from the letter furnished by Mr. Rye to the editor of the *Antiquary* in 1883. Before doing so, however, it may be well to mention that I have in possession two Isham Ex Libris—the one is anonymous, but as it bears the Bloody Hand of Ulster it follows that the owner was a baronet; the other is that of "Iust Isham of Lamport Northⁿ shr Esq^r," and is in the style known as Jacobean. Sir Thomas died without issue in 1681; in all probability my anonymous plate was his, *i.e.*, the one referred to by Loggan. He was succeeded in the title by his brother Justinian; my other bookplate is therefore that of this gentleman before he came into the baronetcy.

The document runs as follows:—

¹ Loggan died in London about 1700. His most famous works were "Oxonia Illustrata," 1675, and "Cantabrigia Illustrata."

"JAN. 8, 1675.

"Sr.

"I send yow hier a Print of your cote of arms. I have Printet 200 wich I will send with the plate by the next return and beg the favor of your keind exceptans of it, as a small Niewe Yaers gieft or a acknowledgment in part for all your favours, if any thing in it be amiss I shall be glad to mind it. I have taken the Heralds painters drection in it, it is werry much used a mongst persons of Quality to past ther Cotes of Armes before ther Bookes in stade of Wreithing ther names."

Before I conclude I cannot help congratulating our sister Society in Berlin on the advance it has made during the short time it has been in existence. Under the presidency of Herr Warnecke, whose great work on *Ex Libris* is so well known and appreciated, it cannot do otherwise than prosper. As one of the few Englishmen to be found among its members, I desire here to express my unqualified admiration at the way the parts of the journal issued from time to time have been edited and illustrated.

Alas, it is not in my power to say anything of the *Ex Libris* Society of Paris, for no such society yet exists. A visit, however, made to the Bibliothèque Nationale in September last, when I had the pleasure of examining the collection of *Ex Libris* gathered there, justifies me in hoping that France, so rich in its *Ex Libris* treasures, may ere long have a society of its own with similar objects to those of London and Berlin. It is gratifying to hear from Sweden that M. Carlander, who has already produced a grand work on Swedish bookplates, has another volume in store for us.

Now that the Society is a *fait accompli*, we can look back on our past working with gratification, and on our future with hope.

JAMES ROBERTS BROWN.

A Book of Mutual Admiration.

"**L**IBER SCRIPTORUM," or book of the Authors' Club, of New York city, is at last ready for distribution. Only 251 copies of this curious hodge-podge of mutual admiration were printed, at \$100 each, on extra hand-made paper. Every article of the ninety-seven was signed by its contributor in each copy of the work. The original manuscripts are now being inlaid for binding in two large volumes, which will be sold to the highest bidder.



On the Ingoldsby Legends.

I DOUBT whether the Ingoldsby Legends have ever been much considered as a whole, that is in the framework and setting which their author gave them of the Ingoldsby family and the old manor-house of Tappington Everard. These notices are so short compared to the main body of the work, and so much overweighted by its humorous character, that they have been almost altogether disregarded; and the nature of more than one edition of the work has assisted in this by omitting them, or much of them; unfortunately this must be said more especially of the "Red Library" edition published a few years ago, which has reprinted the poetical matter and nothing else whatever. Copyright I suppose was at the bottom of this; but copyright need not, and should not, have prevented the publishers from stating on their title that their work was incomplete.

It was once said ("Cambridge Essays," 1855, p. 149) that "in so far as it is an account of Sir Roger de Coverley and the Club, the 'Spectator' is one of the best novels in the language." Perhaps it may be amusing to consider the Ingoldsby Legends for a few minutes in the same light.

The two introductory letters, then, from Thomas Ingoldsby, of Tappington Everard, to Richard Bentley, Esq., give us a very good rough idea of the Kentish family and its surroundings (note the author's giving his own name to Barham Downs); and the ludicrous story of the trousers-burying, and of the picnic so dear to old-fashioned and indeed to many modern novelists, introduces us to the domestic life of the old Squire, his children, Tom, Caroline, and

Fanny, his nephew Lieutenant Seaforth, and the friendly visitors of the family. In true novel-fashion the story ends with the marriage of Charles and Caroline ; in true novel-fashion, again, we leap over some years and are introduced to Neddy and Mary Anne their offspring ; and the next two stories, "The Hand of Glory" and "Look at the Clock," are told in the nursery to these children.

Then we have a little antiquarianism in "Grey Dolphin," the legend of a maternal ancestor ; "The Ghost," some early remembrances of the Squire himself ; and the monody on one of his canine friends, punningly called "The Cynotaph," to which is attached as a note the well-known parody on "The Burial of Sir John Moore." Mrs. Botherby the housekeeper next gives us her story of "The Leech of Folkestone," and then we go again to the old Squire with his narratives of "Hamilton Tighe" and "The Witches' Frolic," a "lay of grammarye," which he relates to his little grandson, Ned Seaforth.

Now comes what demands a paragraph to itself as the one item in the whole work which has nothing comic or ludicrous in it, the "Singular Passage in the Life of Henry Harris, D.D." ; this stands quite on a different footing from the rest of the book, and is one of the best stories of supernaturalism which I know. It is a curious thing that when a novelist or other writer departs exceptionally from his usual manner he produces either a conspicuous success or a more or less complete failure. Dickens may stand for an example of the first case with the "Tale of Two Cities," beyond comparison superior to anything he ever wrote ; there are not many finer things in fiction than the self-sacrifice of Sydney Carton. No less a man than Sir Walter Scott will give an example of the second with his one story of contemporary life ;¹ "St. Ronan's Well," though it has sometimes been underrated, stands certainly very low among the Waverley Novels, for "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous," considering the circumstances of their writing, cannot of course be argued from.

The "Singular Passage" is related by Dr. Harris's executor, the Rev. Jasper Ingoldsby, who may perhaps be considered as the Squire's brother ; and then we turn from the Anglican priest to the Roman in Father John Ingoldsby, who presents us with five so-called Legends of the Saints, "The Jackdaw of Rheims" and the "Lays of Saints Dunstan, Gengulphus, Odille, and Nicholas."

¹ The "Antiquary," though not very far removed from Scott's time, can hardly be called contemporary ; but if any one so names it I have only to take it for my affirmative example.

"The Lady Rohesia" is another story of ancestral antiquarianism, and then Lieutenant Seaforth gives his version of a "Tragedy" (of Dumas), and the Irish valet his "Account of the Coronation." After this we go somewhat further afield, to productions of the visitors, "The Monstre Balloon," by Mr. Simpkinson, "The Execution," by Mr. Sucklethumbkin; and after another dramatic caricature (of a play by the late Lord Lytton), seemingly by Mr. Ingoldsby junior, Mr. Peters, the third visitor, winds up the First Series with "The Bagman's Dog."

The Second Series appears to come more distinctly from Mr. Ingoldsby junior, who tells us in his introductory letter of the accidental shooting of "one of the Governor's pointers"; also we have a slight glimpse of some inclosure work on the Ingoldsby manors, and of a royal visit which might have happened but did not. The sources of the stories are widened by the introduction of the travelled knight, Sir Peregrine Ingoldsby; and though the first, "The Black Mousquetaire," comes from the French lady's-maid, Madame Pauline Maguire, the three next, "Sir Rupert the Fearless," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Auto-da-Fe," are derived from this knight's travels in Germany, Italy, and Spain respectively. "The Ingoldsby Penance" is a piece of crusading antiquity, and then we are treated to a little mock sentiment from Mr. Thomas Ingoldsby about Netley Abbey, and from Lieutenant Seaforth about that of Westminster. Afterwards appear two more relatives, Uncle John and Aunt Fanny, and Mr. Thomas reverses the usual order of things by telling the former the story of "Nell Cook," then gives some "Nursery Reminiscences" connected with him, and "The Legend of a Shirt" which Aunt Fanny made. Mr. Simpkinson relates first his personal "Misadventures at Margate," and secondly the story of "The Smuggler's Leap," and the young Seaforths are edified with "Bloudie Jacke" from Mrs. Botherby, and "The Babes in the Wood" from Mrs. Botherby's niece. By the bye, these children have changed their names; they used to be Ned and Mary Anne, and now are Charles and Jenny. "The Dead Drummer" is the well-known story told by Sir Walter Scott (whose name is given as a reference) in his "Demonology and Witchcraft," and after it comes Mr. Sucklethumbkin's "Row in an Omnibus (Box)." Father John relates three more ecclesiastical tales, "The Lay of St. Cuthbert," "St. Aloys," and "The Old Woman," and the Second Series is closed with "Raising the Devil" and "St. Medard," whose source is undefined.

The Third Series was published posthumously under the editor-

ship of the author's son (who many years afterwards brought out also "The Ingoldsby Lyrics"). We lose sight, as indeed we had already begun to do, of the Ingoldsby family as narrators of the stories, and it is therefore needless to particularise them. Still, however, we are introduced to more members, as to Uncle Roger and Maud in "The Wedding Day," Edith in "The Blasphemer's Warning," Sir Thomas in "The Knight and the Lady," and the Rev. Joel Ingoldsby, a gaol-chaplain, in "Jerry Jarvis's Wig."

Of the literary origin of the stories I do not mean to speak at any length, and indeed I do not know enough to do so properly; the origin of some has already been shortly mentioned, of others it is well known, and perhaps most have some besides the author's own ideas; "Grey Dolphin" certainly has, though I cannot now remember in what book I have read the story. But of the mottoes, so admirably written in mediæval Latin,¹ it may be said there can be little doubt most or all of them are like Scott's "Old Plays"; and though a question of the kind was once asked in *Notes and Queries*, it would be pretty well useless to hunt Ralph de Diceto and other authors for them.

So far for the work called the "Ingoldsby Legends" considered on its own ground; but I cannot close this paper without a few words in a more serious vein. Mr. Barham's writing has many merits; I am one of the last persons to deny it, or to deny the many hours of amusement in pain and trouble and suffering which must have been given by this book; yet he has the great and serious fault which so many humourists have had, that of letting his humour run away with him.² He has often gone very much too far in giving a ludicrous turn to serious matters, and he has much to answer for in setting the fashion to others. The Saints of the Church are no subject for the joking of Father John's Lays, and I doubt whether, unless these had preceded, Thackeray would have written

¹ Some of the best burlesque of this kind is in Hookham Frere's "Whistlecraft":—

" Hora secunda centum tres gigantes
Venerunt ante januam ululantes ; "

which may be thus rendered with a Drydenesque Alexandrine :—

" Three hundred giants at the second hour
Before the gate arrived, howling with all their power."

² While correcting this proof, the words of a wise modern writer, "Peter Lombard" of the *Church Times*, comes under my eye: "the disagreeable though no doubt clever Ingoldsby Legends." Of course this is a mere *obiter dictum*, and the word "disagreeable" is probably not very accurately used; but it will serve to show that I am not alone in my opinion.

"The Legend of St. Sophia of Kioff"; I almost think that otherwise even the flippancy of some parts of a recent series of Lives of the Saints might have been less.¹ An even worse thing, verging indeed on blasphemy, is the allusion to St. Peter and the gates of Paradise in "The Lady Rohesia." And it was scarcely well to make fun of the miserable work of the Inquisition with such lines as—

"The last fire's exhausted and spent like a rocket,
The last wretched Hebrew's burnt down in his socket."

It is true that here and there Mr. Barham has introduced a few lines of appropriate feeling on such subjects; but they are too rare, they are (as I said of the Ingoldsby family) thoroughly overweighted, and even when all possible importance is given to them I fear they can hardly be said to traverse my words.

¹ The series of Lives projected and partly published by Cardinal Newman before he left the English Church is very often too prolix, but it is written in a much better tone and spirit than that of which I here speak.

C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.



The Columbus Letter.

THE most interesting and valuable literary item that has occurred in the open market for many months came under the hammer on February 28th at Sotheby's. It is a copy of the thirty-three-line edition of Columbus's letter in Latin to Gabriel Sanchez, and which, although without place, date, or printer's name, is generally supposed to have been printed at Rome in 1493 by Stephan Plank. It is a small quarto, consisting of four unpagged leaves, and printed throughout in Gothic letter. It has never been settled which of the two editions of this letter (the other differing only in having thirty-four lines to the page), each having the same date, is really the first; but Mr. R. H. Major, of the British Museum, has devoted special attention to the matter, and the weight of his experience is in favour of the thirty-three-line edition; and this able bibliographer's analysis (in the preface to the "Select Letters of Columbus") of the minutiae of the first four Latin editions of Columbus's letter may be considered to have disposed of all the questions in connection with them. There are only four or five copies known of this *editio princeps*, and it is almost needless to say that when it does occur in the market it commands a very fancy price. In 1884 a copy fetched 7,500 francs at a sale in Paris, and since then a copy in Germany realised over £350. The example which has just been sold, and which realised £315, occurred among the books of the late Rev. W. E. Buckley, who is said to have given less than £5 for it originally.



“Class” Lists of the British Museum Books.

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, the keeper of the printed books at the British Museum, made an exceedingly interesting and important announcement at the February meeting of the Bibliographical Society. At the conclusion of a paper on “Incunabula,” by Mr. Aldrich (of the British Museum), Dr. Garnett stated that, in three or four years’ time, when the printing of the general catalogue was finished, the trustees contemplated issuing a large number of “class” catalogues. One of these would comprise the Museum’s rich collection of “incunabula,” or books printed before the beginning of the sixteenth century. These class catalogues could not be commenced until the general catalogue was out of the way ; and then the question would arise as to whether the trustees would be justified in printing and publishing these class catalogues. In any case the entries in the general catalogue will be divided up into special sections, and the classified lists would be available to the students who frequent the British Museum. This announcement came on the members of the Bibliographical Society, as it will on the literary public, as a most pleasant surprise. For many years, ever since in fact its existence, the great drawback to the innumerable treasures of the Museum has been the want of classified lists of its contents. Given the name of any particular author, it is the simplest matter possible to get at the books written by him. Many thousands of very important books possess no indication of their authorship, and in connection with some of these the Museum’s method of cataloguing has often appeared arbitrary and unsystematic. These proposed classified catalogues, even if confined to the precincts of the Museum, will be inconceivably helpful ; but we hope that the trustees will be encouraged to print them for the benefit of all. Their “Catalogue of Books Printed in England” up to the year 1640 is an admirable piece of work, and singularly accurate, considering the variety of subjects with which it deals.

The Book-Hunter.¹

A CUP of coffee, eggs, and rolls
 Sustain him on his morning strolls ;
 Unconscious of the passers-by
 He trudges on with downcast eye ;
 He wears a queer old hat and coat,
 Suggestive of a style remote.
 His manner is preoccupied—
 A shambling gait, from side to side.
 For him the sleek, bright-windowed shop
 Is all in vain—he does not stop.
 His thoughts are fixed on dusty shelves
 Where musty volumes hide themselves—
 Rare prints of poetry and prose,
 And quaintly lettered folios—
 Perchance a parchment manuscript,
 In some forgotten corner slipped,
 Or monk-illuminated missal bound
 In vellum with brass clasps around.
 These are the pictured things that throng
 His mind the while he walks along.

A dingy street, a cellar dim,
 With book-lined walls, suffices him.
 The dust is white upon his sleeves ;
 He turns the yellow, dog-eared leaves
 With just the same religious look
 That priests give to the Holy Book.
 He does not heed the stifling air
 If so he find a treasure there.
 He knows rare books, like precious wines,
 Are hidden where the sun ne'er shines ;
 For him delicious flavours dwell
 In books as in old Muscatel.
 He finds in features of the type
 A clue to prove the grape was ripe,
 And when he leaves this dismal place,
 Behold, a smile lights up his face.
 Upon his cheeks a genial glow—
 Within his hand Boccaccio,
 A first edition, worn with age,
 "Firenze" on the title-page.

¹ From Frank Dempster Sherman's "Madrigals and Catches."



A Modern Bookworm.

A SHORT notice of Mr. Edward Rehatsek, a most industrious and intelligent Orientalist, appeared in the obituary notices of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland of January, 1892. But as my deceased friend had devoted the whole of his life to the cultivation and propagation of Oriental knowledge and Oriental literature, it was considered desirable to place on record a more detailed account of his varied labours in this particular field of thought and culture.

Of Mr. Rehatsek's early life very little is known. It is said that his father was a Forest Inspector on the estate of Princess Odescalchi, in Hungary, and that he was born on one of the estates at Illack on the 3rd of July, 1819. He was educated at Buda-Pesth, studied at the University there, and took the degree of Master of Civil Engineering. Leaving Hungary at the end of 1842, he spent a few months in Paris, then four years in the United States of America, and in 1847 sailed to India from New Orleans *via* Liverpool and the Cape of Good Hope. Arriving in Bombay on the 5th of December, 1847, he settled down in India, and remained in that country for the rest of his life, dying in Bombay on Friday, the 11th of December, 1891, aged 72.

I have some idea that on Mr. Rehatsek's first arrival he was employed in the Public Works Department, in which, however, he did not remain long. He then continued his study of Oriental languages and literature, and sometimes accompanied Dr. Bhau Daji, the well-known Bombay scholar and antiquary, in his travels of

research over various parts of India. Later on, being a competent mathematician and a distinguished Latin scholar, he was employed as Professor of Mathematics and of Latin in the Wilson College, Bombay, which office he held till 1871.

Being acquainted with some twelve languages, he also taught private pupils, and gave lessons in Latin, Persian, Arabic, and French. He further translated a number of Persian and Arabic works, read many papers before learned societies, and wrote many articles for Indian reviews and journals generally, the details of which will be given presently.

For twelve years up to 1881 Mr. Rehatsek was Examiner at the Bombay University in Latin, Persian, and Arabic, and for one year in French also; but such was his independence that he gave up these duties as soon as the application system was introduced. In 1873 he was made a Fellow of the said University, and was twice the Wilson Philological Lecturer there on the Hebrew and Semitic languages. In 1874 he was elected an honorary member of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society in recognition of his Oriental learning, and also became an honorary member of some European and American societies interested in Oriental research. All these honours were unsought for, and, as a general rule, it may be said that he never asked for anything during his whole career.

Mr. Rehatsek was unmarried, and a man of regular habits, living the life of an ascetic and recluse. He was his own master and his own servant, for servant he kept none, thereby showing the truth of the Sanskrit saying, "Ascetics are their own servants." He abstained from wine and spirits altogether, and tried also to do without animal food, but he found, as he told me himself, that this weakened him so much that he was obliged to revert to it, though he took it very sparingly. His usual food consisted of bread, milk, tea, coffee, rice, and plantains. At the door of his house there was a box into which the baker put a loaf of bread every morning, and the milkman filled with milk a jug that was placed there. His other necessities he purchased himself in the bazaar, and he prepared all his own food, using a spirit lamp to boil the water for his tea and coffee, as he told me that it was more economical than a fire. Doing without servants, he said, was a great source of peace, comfort, and repose, and he certainly adopted Schopenhauer's ideas that the two great principles in life were to live, if possible, without pain and without *ennui*.

The only real property that Mr. Rehatsek possessed was a small house situated in Khetwady, Bombay, and which he had purchased.

His furniture was of the poorest kind, and so very scanty that one wondered how it was sufficient for his wants. His library consisted of Arabic, Persian, English, German, Latin, and French works, and with these he worked all day, going out every morning and evening for a walk, and latterly I believe on a tricycle, to the sea-side. His manuscripts and translations were all written in a very small, but very legible, hand, and he had several cases full of them.

Most of the above has been taken from an obituary notice of Mr. Rehatsek which appeared (13th of December, 1891) in *Native Opinion*, an Anglo-vernacular bi-weekly journal published in Bombay, and to which the deceased had been a constant contributor since 1871. So devoted was he to his work, that on Wednesday, the 9th of December, while on his death-bed, he had prepared his usual article. When the editor of the paper called upon him, the poor old man, too feeble to speak, pointed to his desk, where lay, just completed, the last contribution that came from his pen.

From his latest letters to me it was evident that his health was failing, and that he had not been well for some time. In his last illness he was attended by Dr. Kunte, Dr. Deshmookh, and Dr. John De Cunha. It culminated in cystitis, and he died on Friday morning, the 11th of December, 1891, at about 6.30 a.m., attended upon by his friends, all of whom were either natives of India or Portuguese. Having expressed an earnest desire to be cremated according to the Hindu fashion, the ceremony was performed the same evening. His body, covered with garlands of flowers, and accompanied by his friends, was carried to the sea-shore, and, placed there on the usual pile of wood, was soon converted into ashes. It is said that this was the first European ever cremated in Bombay, or perhaps, indeed, in India.

Though Mr. Rehatsek had reduced the necessities of life to a minimum, it was from his habits and tastes that he did so, and not from actual necessity. The Duke of Wellington used to say that habit was not only second nature, but ten times nature; well, Mr. Rehatsek was so accustomed to his style of living that he preferred it to any other, and it grew upon him, like every so-called virtue, or so-called vice, grows upon other people. Anyhow he seems to have saved some thirty thousand rupees, which he left for the education of the poor boys in the primary schools of Bombay, without any distinction of caste, colour, or creed. The interest of this sum (the principal being invested in Government securities) is to be awarded in money prizes to the most deserving pupils of these schools. His house is either to be sold and the proceeds added to

the above fund, or to be lent for scholastic purposes free of charge, as his executors may decide. His books, manuscripts, and translations he bequeathed to the Native General Library, Bombay. A complete list of Rehatsek's contributions to various periodicals and translations appears in the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society, May, 1892, pp. 584-595.

F. F. ARBUTHNOT.

Autograph Copies.

LADIES who write books, and "for reasons," publish privately, should beware of presenting autograph copies to friends. You never know whither such copies may wander. In 1876 a volume of rather trashy, but manifestly spiteful verse, was published under the title of "A Friar's Scourge." The other day a copy of this precious work was picked up at a bookstall with some other specimens of decayed literature. Upon the title-page there was written "With the authoress's compliments," and the name of the lady. Underneath, "Private and confidential!"



Travelling Library of Sir Julius Cæsar.

THE beautiful and interesting collection of books which formed the travelling library of Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls in the reign of James I., consists of forty-four volumes, the largest of which measures $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the smallest $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches by two inches. The case in which they are contained is sixteen inches long, eleven inches wide, and rather more than three inches deep. It is made of oak and is shaped to resemble a folio volume, the sides and back being covered with a light olive morocco, elegantly tooled; and the portion representing the edges painted green, with the word *Bibliotheca* written across it in gold letters. The case was formerly tied with ribands, but these have disappeared.

The interior contains three sets of books; the first and second sets standing upon two shelves, the third set being placed upon the bottom of the case. All the volumes are bound in beautiful white vellum. The theological and philosophical works occupy the first shelf, and have an angel bearing a scroll with the legend "*Gloria Deo*" stamped on the sides of the covers, and a small floral ornament on the backs. They are also distinguished by the blue ribands with which the volumes are tied. The historical works are placed on the second shelf, and have a crowned lion rampant impressed upon the sides, with a flaming heart on the backs. The ribands of this set are red. The third row consists of the poetical works, the sides being decorated with two olive branches, and the backs, with a few exceptions, with a star. These volumes are tied with green ribands. The books are principally from the presses of Raphelengius, at Leyden, and Thomas Porteau, at Saumur, and were all printed

between the years 1591 and 1619. The inside of the lid of the case is very handsomely illuminated, and bears the arms of the owner and those of two of his wives. It has also a list of the volumes written in gold. This beautiful library was purchased by the British Museum in 1842.

Sir Julius Cæsar was the son of Cesare Adelmare, a native of Treviso, a city distant about twelve miles from Venice. This Cesare, who was a doctor of medicine in the University of Padua, went to England about 1550 and settled in London, where he speedily acquired a large practice as a medical man and was eventually appointed physician to Queen Mary, and afterwards to her successor, Queen Elizabeth, by whom he was held in high estimation. He died in 1569, and was interred in the Church of St. Helen, Bishopgate Street. His eldest son, who has been born in 1558, received at his baptism the names of Julius Cæsar, the latter of which he afterwards used as a surname, abandoning that of Adelmare. He was educated at the University of Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1575 and became M.A. in 1578. He remained at the university until the end of the following year, when he went to Paris, where he was admitted a doctor of both laws (civil and canon) in 1581, and in 1584 he took the degree of doctor of laws at Oxford. He had already been admitted a bencher of the Inner Temple, and in October, 1581, he received his first public appointment, which he informs us was that of "Justice of the peace in all cases of piracy and such like throughout the land." In 1583 Cæsar was nominated "Councillor to the City of London," and a little later he became a Master in Chancery and also succeeded Dr. Lewes as judge of the Admiralty Court. This last post appears to have been the reverse of valuable, for we find him in 1589 complaining that during seven years' service he had not received "fee, pension, or recompense to the value of one penny." He also declared that during that time he had expended £4,000 out of his own purse in relieving the wants of poor suitors in his court—a very characteristic instance of the generosity of this good and charitable man. In 1591 the queen bestowed on him the office of Master of Requests, and in 1596 he obtained the Mastership of St. Catherine's Hospital by means of a bribe of £500 to the Scottish ambassador in England, Archibald Douglas, who used his interest with the queen to procure Cæsar this appointment.

In September, 1598, Elizabeth honoured him with a visit at his residence at Mitcham, in Surrey, passing the night of the 12th there, and dining with him on the following day; and he tells us that the

entertainment of her Majesty, together with the presents which he offered to her, cost him £700. These presents consisted of "a gown of cloth of silver, richly embroidered ; a black network mantle, with pure gold ; a taffeta hat, white, with several flowers and a jewel of gold set therein with rubies and diamonds." The queen always expected costly gifts on these occasions, and it is therefore not surprising that her courtiers regarded her visits with somewhat mixed feelings.

On the accession of James I. to the crown Cæsar was knighted, and in 1606 he succeeded Sir George Hume as Chancellor of the Exchequer and was sworn of the Privy Council. In 1614 he became Master of the Rolls. He lived until 1636, dying on April 18 in that year, aged seventy-nine, and was buried in the Church of St. Helen, where his monument, with a curious device (a deed poll, with the cord attaching the seal severed) and inscription designed and composed by himself, is still to be seen.

Sir Julius Cæsar was married three times, his third wife being a niece of Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, who was present at the wedding and gave the bride away. He was also one of the supervisors of the will of Bacon, who, it is stated, wrote many of his works in Cæsar's house and died in his arms. Sir Julius Cæsar appears to have been a most just and honourable man, and Fuller, in his "State Worthies," says "that he was a person of such prodigious bounty to all of worth or want that he might seem to be almoner general of the nation." He was the author of several works and left a considerable collection of books, which at his death was divided between his sons.



Book-Borrowers.

IN the present day, when books are so cheap, says Mr. Ashby Sterry in the *Graphic*, that abominable pest, the book-borrower, ought not to exist at all. Still, vacant places on our bookshelves, missing second volumes, and torn tomes show us that this nuisance has not yet been altogether stamped out of existence. A cunning bibliophile once hit on a clever plan, which, if it did not altogether eradicate the evil, most assuredly, in a degree, moderated its virulence. In all his books he had the price written in plain figures. When any one asked him for the loan of a book he invariably replied, "Yes, with pleasure," and, looking in the volume, further added, "I see the price of this work is £2 17s. 6d.—or whatever the value might be—you may take it at this figure, which will, of course, be refunded when the volume is returned." If a person really wished to read the volume, of course he would be glad to leave this deposit; but if he only wanted it to save himself the trouble of going to a library, the chances were that he would decline to take it under these conditions. The result of this excellent notion was that this clever old book-lover was seldom asked to lend his volumes, and that his capital library remained in a complete and uninjured condition. This plan, I am inclined to think, might be generally adopted with considerable advantage.



The Physiology of the Quays of Paris.

CUR esteemed and versatile friend, M. Octave Uzanne, has added an undoubted classic to the literature of book-collecting in his charming "Physiologie des Quais de Paris, du Pont Royal au Pont Sully," which the Maison Quantin has recently published, and for which M. Émile Mas has supplied over one hundred very appropriate illustrations. This book was announced to appear in the spring of 1887, but a series of circumstances, for which neither the author nor the publisher is altogether responsible, has prevented its earlier appearance. The probability is that the book is none the worse for this delay, but very considerably improved. However, it is at length issued, and a very superficial glance through it is sufficient to prove its originality and interest, and its curiosity as an item in the curiosities of literature. It is divided into ten chapters, which deal, *inter alia*, with the history of the Quais of Paris and the part which generation after generation of bookstall-keepers have played in the making of that history. Side-issues, such as book-thieves, some of the various curiosities which have been at different times unearthed in the "boîtes à quatre sols," and so forth.

The book-quays are an undoubted feature among the innumerable attractions of Paris, and, what is more, a feature peculiarly its own. For more than six hundred years Paris has been one of the great centres of rare books; and if it is no longer the chief mart of literary wares, it is, at all events, second only to London, to which, from a purely "bookstalling" point of view, it is vastly superior. Writing more than six hundred years ago, one of our earliest and most distinguished of English book collectors—the Homer, in fact, of the calling—Richard de Bury, exclaimed, "O blessed God of gods in

Zion! what a flood of pleasure rejoiced our hearts as we visited Paris, the Paradise of the world," wherein the author of "Philobiblon" discovered "delightful libraries in cells redolent of aromatics," revelled



THE CLERICAL BOOKWORM.

in "flourishing greenhouses of all sorts of volumes," and where he "scattered money with a light heart, and redeemed inestimable books with dirt and dust," including "crazy quartos and tottering folios," precious, however, in his sight and in his affections.

Many events have conspired to put a vastly different complexion on the book-haunts of Paris since this enthusiastic ecclesiastic wrote, but the gay city, in spite of the frivolity which, with it, has become an exact science, Paris is still the bookman's paradise. The wholesale Haussmannising which it has

undergone has destroyed many associations and haunts that could not well be spared, but it has left intact one of its most charming features—the innumerable neatly-arranged boxes of books which tempt the pedestrian to loiter between the Pont Royal and the Pont Sully. This feature, for obvious reasons, did not exist in the time of the good Richard de Bury, but it has an almost unbroken history of nearly three centuries. The *bouquinistes* of this locality are more numerous to-day than ever they were, and if the vastly increased body of the *bouquin-eur* has reduced the chance of picking up a rarity of the first water to a minimum, the collector, whatever may be his special craze, rarely comes empty away. To the Englishman, these book-quays, if they may be so termed, have an especial fascination. He may here indulge his



THE LADY BOOK COLLECTOR.

passion to the top of his bent, for he no longer fears the thinly-disguised sneers at his weakness for books of his better-half at home, who will welcome the additions to her husband's collection as a complete proof that he has not spent all his time and money in gallivanting about after more worldly pleasures.

Although some of the most distinguished French authors have written concerning the book-quays, no one has done the subject full justice. In 1857 M. Fontaine de Resbecq published an account of his "Voyages littéraires sur le Quais de Paris," but he wrote with an elephantine ponderosity which would make even a German professor of philosophy shiver. Now the subject has been appropriated by M. Octave Uzanne, whose charming books are as well known in this country as in France. In temperament, in taste, and, what is of almost equal importance, by reason of his residence on the Quai Voltaire, M. Uzanne is unquestionably the one man most fitted to undertake the task. From his own rooms, a bric-à-brac museum in miniature, our author has an uninterrupted view of the book-quays, and there is, consequently, no mood or condition of the locality that escapes him. His "Physiologie des Quais de Paris," announced six years ago, and actually published within the last few days, may be regarded as a complete *vade mecum* of the entire subject, adorned as it is with about one hundred illustrations by Emile Mas.

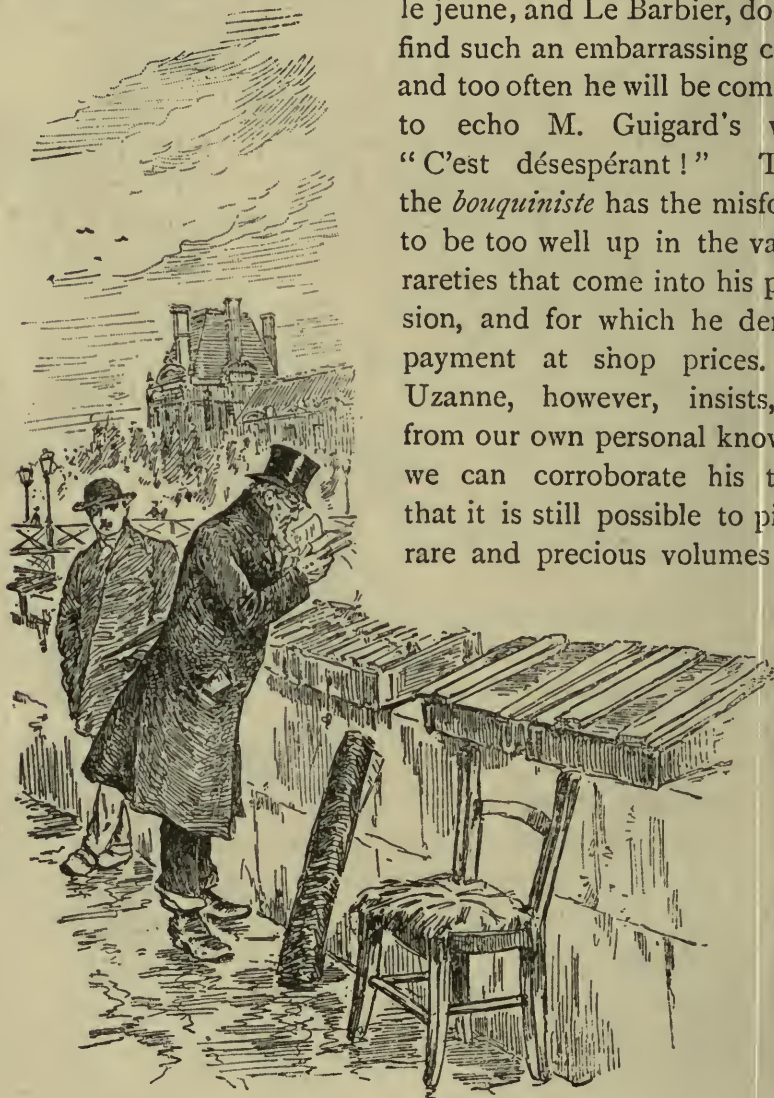


THE BOOK THIEF
(*in flagrante delicto*).

Although the Parisian book-hunter may be roughly divided into three sections—the habitué, the irregular, and the occasional—the physiognomy of the entire class is as varied as the books themselves. Sometimes it is a case of a poor young student who confines his grubblings to the boxes "à deux sous;" at others it is the husband

of an economical turn who purchases, at greatly reduced prices, the newest novels in their pristine condition ; or the sentimental working girl, whom Boileau has described as the "grand liseurs de romans." For each of these classes there is abundance. The more exacting collector of first editions, of editions "de luxe," of rare impressions, of books with the charming illustrations of Cochin, Marillier, Moreau

le jeune, and Le Barbier, does not find such an embarrassing choice, and too often he will be compelled to echo M. Guigard's words, "C'est désespérant !" To-day the *bouquiniste* has the misfortune to be too well up in the value of rareties that come into his possession, and for which he demands payment at shop prices. M. Uzanne, however, insists, and from our own personal knowledge we can corroborate his theory, that it is still possible to pick up rare and precious volumes along



THE HABITUE.

the Quais, particularly if the collector is not above diving among the plebeian companions of the boxes "à quatre sous." It is only a Gladstone—one man in a century, and quite enough too—to whom all is fish that comes to his net, and one's speciality must be indeed circumscribed if one cannot, in a miscellaneous and haphazard array of 10,000 volumes, pick up something apropos.

The Parisian *bouquiniste* dislikes no class of his clients so much as the gentler sex. The few who do condescend to examine his wares do not know what they want, and reproach him for not having it in stock! The woman "d'un certain âge" is the most truculent of the genus, and sometimes she swoops down upon the humble bookseller in all the glory of her carriage and footman, to demand, peradventure,



A BUSY DAY.

the last number but one of the *Journal des Demoiselles*, which, of course, he hasn't in stock. She is majestic, is that woman of an uncertain age, and she meets with but little ceremony from the bookseller. The "blue stocking" does not "come" the majestic, and



BOOK THIEVES (UNDETECTED).

her patronage perhaps, because she is poor, is confined to reading as much as possible within a short space. The *bouquiniste* extends his aversion to yet another robed creature, and this time it is not a woman but a priest. This class of book-hunter is as unreasonable and as unreasoning as the petticoated element, for when, as is often the case, he "spots" a rude little volume, he either denounces the

luckless owner for selling such meretricious literature, or he endeavours to possess it, badgering the said owner by beating him down into accepting (or rejecting) an absurdly low price. The priest rarely purchases religious books, and as a matter of fact, such things rarely occur for sale on the quais, for they are "*véritablement damner les marchands.*" Yet another pet aversion of the long-suffering bibliopole is the elegant gentleman, than whom no one is meaner in driving a bargain.



CASUAL BUYERS.

Of his many trials and temper-provoking customers, the book-thief is the most trying and artful. Women with "all-over" cloaks or large muffs, and men with capacious pockets, are the chief delinquents. Their most happy circumstances are when the bookseller is engaged with a customer, with a confrère who wants some change, or when he is lighting his pipe; but most of all when, in summer, he is taking a hasty "forty winks." These are the book-thief's most happy occasions, and he does not fail to make ample use of them. Occasionally,

however, he does it under the very nose of the bookseller, and trusts to his fleetness of foot to get clear away. In many respects book-hunting in Paris has a strong family likeness to that which obtains in London, so far as regards the bookseller and the book-buyer, but the conditions under which this amiable weakness is carried on are totally different. In Paris the book-hunter needs frequent only the most pleasant parts of the city; in London he has to grope about in the mud and slush of the back streets.





The Body of John Baskerville, Printer.

EVERY ONE has heard of John Baskerville, the Birmingham printer and type-founder, and the beautiful books which came from his press. Now, for years Birmingham antiquarians have wrangled over his probable burial place. Till 1821 his body remained in the building which he had himself built for the purpose. Then a canal had to be cut right across the property, and the body was for a long time stowed away in a warehouse. Finally it was supposed that Baskerville had found a resting place in the Christ Church catacombs. Recently several leading citizens, including the Mayor and Mr. Sam Timmins, the Shakespearcan scholar, proceeded to the catacombs to "mak' siccar." When the company had assembled within the gloomy chamber, a couple of workmen, by the light of some oil lamps which only served to make the scene more uncanny, at once commenced to chip out the concrete and brickwork with which the aperture had been sealed. When the coffin was found, it was seen that the lettering was in actual printer's types, soldered on to the lead—"John Baskerville."

But even this evidence was not sufficient; there was no proof of identification unless the coffin contained a body. The Medical Officer of Health and the City Coroner were of opinion that there would be no danger to health in opening the coffin, and the vicar accordingly gave the word for its removal to open air, where the lead casing was opened, revealing inside a wooden shell in fairly good state of preservation. On raising the lid a ghastly sight met the view. There, in the bright spring sunshine, after a lapse of 120 years, lay the skeleton of the great printer. Upon the question of identity there could be no doubt. Mr. Sam Timmins at once

declared the moment he saw the body that it was Baskerville. He could recognise it from the sketches which had been made when it was first opened at the time the canal was being cut in 1822. A still more striking confirmation was, however, forthcoming when several of the medical gentlemen present made a closer examination of the remains.

There, lying in the middle of the coffin, was an ordinary glazier's putty knife, the presence of which can be easily accounted for when it is remembered that the body lay open in the coffin in Mr. Marston's glazery warehouse for a long time. The size of the skeleton, too, was in strict conformity with the known personal appearance of the great printer. Baskerville was a small man, and the body in the coffin measured 5ft. 4in. ; the skull—which was the only portion in a good state of preservation—showed that of a small, well-formed head, with traces still adhering of heavy, well-arched eyebrows. The teeth were in a wonderfully fine state of preservation, and it was remarked that the molars in the bottom jaw were absolutely without flaw. The chest bones had been broken, and in the opinion of the medical men the fracture was an artificial one, made for the purposes of embalmment. All the experts present declared themselves to be absolutely satisfied as to the identification, and the lid of the coffin was replaced and the lead re-soldered preparatory to its being returned to its receptacle in the catacombs. A photograph was taken of the coffin. Somebody suggested that a photograph of the very gruesome remains should be taken, as well as of the coffin ; but the vicar declined to permit this. The photograph would have been of no value whatever as a picture of the famous man's features, and would only have served to gratify a prurient and vulgar curiosity. When the examination had been concluded the boards were replaced, and the lead case was soldered up and replaced in its vault, where it was walled in as it had been found.





Autographs of Literary Men.

THE sale of autograph letters and documents at Sotheby's last month included many items of the first importance, chiefly from the collection of Mr. T. G. Arthur, of Glasgow. Two letters from William Blake, the celebrated artist, to George Cumberland fetched £5 and £5 5s.; two pages folio of MS. verses by Robert Burns, "On reading in a newspaper the death of John M'Leod, Esq., brother to Miss Isabella M'Leod, a particular friend of the author's," and including the following unpublished verse :

" Were it in the poet's power,
Strong as he shares the grief
That pierces Isabella's heart,
To give that heart relief,"

£10. Of four autograph letters of Burns, the highest figure was paid for a fine specimen addressed to Cunningham, March, 1794, and containing the song, "Wilt thou be my dearie?" £27; the next highest in value being the eleventh letter from "Sylvander to Clorinda," £14; an autograph letter from Byron to Mr. Bowring, dated October, 1823, on the subject of Greece, £8 8s.; a letter from Charles II. of England to the Duke of Newcastle, thanking him for well organising the militia, £11; a letter from George Eliot to Mrs. Trollope, from Naples, £4 17s. 6d.; four letters from Emerson to Thomas Carlyle realised a total of £12 15s.; the MS. of "The Captives," an oratorio by Oliver Goldsmith, eighteen pages quarto, £40; a MS. of a Prayer by Dr. Samuel Johnson, written about three months before his death, £8; a letter from John Keats to Fanny Brawne, July, 1819, £26; eight autograph letters from

Charles Lamb to Thomas Manning, from February, 1801, to his last letter to Manning, May, 1834, £54; the MS. of an article by Charles Lamb, "On the Secondary Novels of Defoe," three pages folio, £10; an autograph letter from William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, August, 1685, to Phineas Pemberton, £15 15s.; one from Edgar Allan Poe to Mr. Lewis, £5 5s.; a series of sixteen autograph letters from Mr. Ruskin to M. Ernest Chesneau, ranging from September, 1882, to June, 1883, full of feeling, reminiscences, and criticism, £17; the MS. of forty-seven sonnets, and of the title-page of Rossetti's "House of Life," £27; a MS. of "A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the Kingdom," by the Hermit of Marlow—*i.e.*, Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1817, £135, and a letter from Shelley to Thomas Peacock, dated Leghorn, September, 1819, £19; MS. of "A Word for the Navy," by A. C. Swinburne, £12; MS. of Lord Tennyson's "Mungo the American," written in 1823, and given by the poet to Miss Jane Yonge, and by her sisters to Mr. R. Roberts, of Boston, £30; MS. of Thackeray's Lecture on Swift, thirty pages octavo, £19; of Thackeray's two ballads of "John Hayes" and "Catherine Hayes," £11 11s.





Some Recent Book Finds.

BY A BOOKSTALLER.

IT is a deplorable fact (according to a writer in *The Daily Chronicle*—a journal which has achieved a great success for its high literary tone), that bookstall-keepers are waking up to the unwisdom of selling their wares according to weight or to outward appearance. The chances of a book-hunter picking up a bargain occasionally are reduced to a minimum; and shivering over a series of barrows on a bitterly cold day without any adequate return is liable to make the most astute collector think profanity, even if he throttles the strong desire to give it picturesque expression. Nevertheless, taking one's own experience as a criterion, the past few months have not been without their "finds," leaving out all mention of purchases which are made on the off-chance of being rarities, but which on closer examination at home turn out to be worthless. To this class of "finds," of course, no self-respecting book-hunter refers, not even to his dearest friend, and least of all to his wife, for wisdom cometh of experience, and to be called a fool by the Philistine is not pleasant.

Leigh Hunt once declared that no one had ever found anything worth having in a box of "sixpenny" (or was it fourpenny?) books; but a man who would describe his Sovereign as "a fat Adonis of fifty" would say anything, and Leigh Hunt's strongly-marked antipathy to anything in the shape of energy leads one to suspect that he had never rummaged in a box of second-hand books. Besides, like most other second-rate poets, Leigh Hunt was not too nicely scrupulous in what he said, and every bookstaller worth his salt

could write a whole volume to prove the fallacy of Hunt's dogmatism. Even to-day, when the number of bookstallers is so much greater than it was half a century ago, and when the coster bookstall-keeper has acquired a highly regrettable keenness for a rarity, with a due appreciation of its proper commercial value, there are still bargains to be picked up.

Collecting together my own "finds" of the past few months, the result, if not a big pile of black-letter books and rare first editions, is on the whole distinctly satisfactory, apart from the incommunicable pleasure of the hunt, and the delight which every genuine *trouvaille* gives, taking one as it does, for the time being, far away from the worries and anxieties of everyday life. Here, for example, is a copy—only a second edition, it is true—of Eugène Sue's "*Le Marquis de Létorièrre*," published in Paris in 1840, and picked up in White-chapel for the price of a pint of mystic "fourpenny." Its interest lies in the fact that it is the identical copy presented by the author to Catherine Warner, *née* Shipley, and it contains an inscription to that effect on the title-page, and also an autograph letter, signed in the minute but extremely neat handwriting of Sue. This letter relates to a translation of some articles by the author of "*Le Juif Errant*," who, in giving the required permission, courteously adds that in their new form they would have a charm and a "*délicatesse*" which are absent from the original. Sue makes no allusion to the "medal" which he had just then received from certain members of the French Navy for the "history which he had not written," to wit, his extraordinarily inaccurate "*Memoirs of the French Navy*."

Another French book of peculiar interest to Englishmen, rescued in High Holborn from a pile of rubbishy volumes at "one penny each," is also among the finds of the past few weeks. It is entitled, "*Procédure des Trois Anglais, et autres, accusés d'avoir favorisé l'évasion de M. de Lavalette, leur caractère, leur discours et leurs opinions*." It was published in Paris, "chez Tiger, Imprimeur-Libraire, rue du Petit Pont, No. 10, au Pillier Littéraire," without date, but evidently in the spring of 1816. This little volume, which is not in the British Museum, and is not mentioned by any bibliographer, deals with one of the most interesting episodes in the annals of France during the first quarter of the present century. It may be remembered by students of the period that under the Second Restoration, in July, 1815, Marie, Comte de Lavalette, a prime favourite of Napoleon, was not only deprived of all his offices, but was condemned to death as an accomplice in Bonaparte's treason against the royal authority, and the execution fixed for Dec. 21. On the evening of

the 20th his wife, daughter, twelve years of age, and the latter's governess presented themselves at the prison, and were admitted. A short time after the two latter reappeared, supporting apparently Madame Lavalette in great distress. The party could not have gone far when it was discovered that Lavalette had effected an escape through changing his apparel with his wife. The alarm was given, and the carriage which brought the visitors was overtaken, but Lavalette himself was not to be found. Three Englishmen, General Sir R. Wilson, and Messrs. Hutchinson and Bruce, were apprehended as accomplices. This little book contains a verbatim report of the trial at the Court d'Assise, by which the three Englishmen were condemned to three months' imprisonment, and mulcted in the cost of the prosecution. To a novelist in search of an intricate and fascinating plot, here it is cut and dried!

The next recent "find" worthy of notice, also absent from the British Museum, is of historic as well as general interest. Its title is "Faction Display'd, a Poem. Answered Paragraph by Paragraph," and published anonymously in 1704. The original "Faction Display'd" is well known to students of literary byways, chiefly from the fact that it contains three lines of Dryden's:—

"With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,
With frowzy pores that taint the ambient air,"—

lines which were, with a fine delicacy, addressed to Jacob Tonson, the bookseller whom the poet tried to overreach in money-matters—the old quarrel between bookseller and book-maker! This wretchedly-printed quarto pamphlet differs from the several examples in the British Museum and elsewhere in the "answered paragraph by paragraph" portion, and the general tenor of these retorts is extremely outspoken, and at times picturesque. Here is a portion of the paragraph which follows a long "poetical" passage relative to the aforesaid Tonson:—"What the devil has poor Jacob Tonson done to you, that he must be drawn in by the head and shoulders? Oh! now I smoke it, Jacob's the poor keeper to the Kit Kat Club, and some of your works have accompanied the renown'd Tom Durfey's in being ushered into that assembly under the bottom of mutton-pies and tarts." This rare volume was, like the preceding, picked up in Holborn, where it was exposed for sale by a bookseller who flatters himself that he knows a thing or two.

At another Holborn bookshop, within a few yards of the place where "Faction Display'd" found a temporary home, I secured

a beautiful little copy of the first edition of Oliver Goldsmith's "Beauties of English Poesy" (1767), in two volumes. This cost 8d., and the other day a copy fetched at auction £2. The highly diverting criticisms with which Goldsmith prefaces each poem have a curious interest for all lovers of the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield." Yet another Holborn find, "Letters from the Living to the Dead," published anonymously in 1703, has an interest beyond its rarity. It is dedicated to James Buller, Esq., Knight of the Shire for the County of Cornwall, very probably without Mr. Buller's permission, for some of the letters, if admirable specimens of the early eighteenth century epistles, are not quite suitable reading for Sunday-school girls. One or two of the letters have a distinct literary interest, such as that of "Abridgement, a Bookseller, to Original, an Author."

A "find" of a distinct literary interest is M. Fougeret de Monbron's spirited "Travestie" of Voltaire's "La Henriade," the author of which, by the way, found it necessary to scuttle out of Paris at a moment's notice, owing chiefly to his entire forgetfulness of the fact that "want of decency is want of sense." A former owner was generous enough to have this copy indestructibly bound in vellum. Among early collections of English verse one of the rarest and most interesting is "The Hive," first issued in 1724, and of which the present writer recently picked up a first edition for a very small sum.

The chief prize in the way of first editions, however, is Beckford's "Vathek," rescued from the plebeian associations of a fourpenny box. This volume, shortly after its purchase, was offered to one bookseller in exchange for a book priced in his catalogue at 16s. The offer was refused, whereas another dealer jumped at the chance of obtaining the "Vathek" in exchange for a book which he priced at £1 13s. A complete set of Ruskin's "Modern Painters"—not first editions, it is true—were bagged in the New-cut at 8d. per volume; but the present writer cannot boast of having accomplished this stroke of luck himself—it was another book-hunter.

It is not often that an illustrated book of value is picked up for a trifle, but the writer met with one instance worth recording. He purchased for a couple of shillings a spotless copy of "The Poets of America," edited by J. Keese, and published in New York in 1840. The exceedingly graceful illustrations are finely printed in colours, and were the work of J. G. Chapman, a member of the Sketch Club, and one of the founders of the *Century*. It may be doubted whether a more charming book has ever appeared in America.

Such are a few of the "general" finds of the past few months. The list would be very materially augmented by the addition of books of interest to specialists; for whatever may be a man's particular hobby he is bound, in the course of a few months, to make some additions of a rare or out-of-the-way character.

The Costliest Book in America.

THE most expensive illustrated book yet made is said to be a Bible now owned by Theodore Irwin, of Oswego, N.Y. It is valued at \$10,000, for Mr. Irwin paid that sum for the work. The original was in seven volumes, 16mo, and by the addition of drawings and engravings it was enlarged to sixty volumes, each 16in. × 24in., which occupy seventeen feet of space on the shelves. This remarkable book contains 3,000 pen and pencil drawings, etchings, engravings, lithographs, oil and water-colour paintings, and mezzotints. Among the illustrations are parts of the "Great Bible of Cranmer," printed in 1533; parts of "The Bishop Bible," printed in 1568; of the Nuremberg Bible, the first illustrated Bible published, printed in 1476, and of "Luther's Version," and the "Breeches Bible." The extender has brought together the best and rarest efforts at illustrating the text of the Bible, and also the art of modern painters and engravers, making it the most complete and valuable copy of the Bible in existence.

The Bibliomaniac's Prayer.

KEEP me, I pray, in wisdom's way,
 That I may truth eternal seek ;
 I need protecting care to-day,
 My purse is light, my flesh is weak.
 So banish from my erring heart
 All baleful appetites and hints
 Of Satan's fascinating art—
 Of first editions and of prints.
 Direct me in some godly walk
 Which leads away from bookish strife,
 That I with pious deed and talk
 May extra illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee
 To keep me in temptation's way,
 I humbly ask that I may be
 Most notably beset to-day.
 Let my temptation be a book
 Which I shall purchase, hold and keep,
 Whereon when other men shall look,
 They'll wail to know I got it cheap.
 Oh, let it such a volume be
 As in rare copperplates abounds !
 Large paper, clean and fair to see,
 Uncut, unique—unknown to Lowndes.

EUGENE FIELD.

Adam Smith's Library.

THE Economic Club is preparing a catalogue of the library of Adam Smith. Its efforts—aided chiefly by the activity of two of its members, Mr. Bonar and Prof. Cunningham—have already attained considerable success. In order that the list may be as complete as possible, collectors and others who may possess volumes with Adam Smith's bookplate, autograph, or other evidence of his ownership, are invited to communicate with Mr. James Bonar, Windmill Hill, Hampstead.



Extra Illustrating in New York.

THE costly and laborious but fascinating process known as "extra illustrating" has lately become so popular among book-lovers, especially in New York, that many persons have been induced to engage for profit in what was originally hardly more than an expensive pastime. Extra illustrating requires both money and patience, but the extended books are in such demand that they usually, though not always, sell for much more than the cost of their production.

Even the term is hardly familiar yet, except with those people who live among books and make companions of them. Extra illustrating or inlaying, or interleaving, as the art is indifferently called, is the process of enlarging a book by the addition of prints or drawings illustrating its subject. This does not mean that the pictures are to be pasted into the original volume. A single small book is often extended into thirty or forty volumes, each volume a dozen times as large as the original. The most expensive extra illustrated book yet made in this country is a Bible that Theodore Irwin of Oswego paid \$10,000 for. The original was in seven volumes 16mo, and by the addition of drawings and engravings it was enlarged to sixty volumes, each 16 x 24 inches, which occupy seventeen feet of space on the shelves. This remarkable book was illustrated by J. Gibbs, and contains 3,000 pen and pencil drawings, etchings, engravings, lithographs, oil and water colour paintings and mezzotints. Among the illustrations are parts of the "Great Bible of Cranmer," a black letter folio printed in 1553; parts of "The Bishops' Bible," printed in 1568, and of the "Nuremburg Bible," the first illustrated Bible

published, printed in 1476, and of "Luther's Version," and the "Breeches Bible."

One of the most enthusiastic extra illustrators in New York is Augustin Daly, the theatrical manager. He has a library of such works. His great Bible has recently been made the subject of numerous newspaper paragraphs, but the Bible is only one of a large collection of extended books. Old book-buyers in the city remember the sale of Mr. Daly's library about fifteen years ago, when many of these extended works were sold; but [since that time he has made a new collection, which he is constantly enlarging. The Bible was originally a Douay in one folio volume, but it has been extended to forty-two volumes, with 2,000 prints and drawings.

One of Mr. Daly's favourite works is a "London, Old and New," published in six volumes, but extended now to forty-two volumes by the insertion of rare maps and views of the English metropolis. He has also a "History of the New York Stage," published in two volumes, quarto, and extended to thirty-three volumes; "Genesta's History of the English Stage," published in ten and extended to fifty volumes; "Mrs. Lamb's History of New York City," extended to twenty volumes; "History of the Battles of the Rebellion," published in four volumes and extended to twenty-four, with rare autographs, maps and portraits; "Life and Letters of Samuels," extended to eighteen volumes; "Life of Kean," extended to seventeen volumes; a "Life of Sheridan," extended to ten volumes; and lives of Forest, Wallack, Booth and Mrs. Siddons, all greatly enlarged. These are only a few named at random from Mr. Daly's collection. Some of them he prepared himself, and others he bought ready made.

The cost of extending a book is always considerable, but it is greater or smaller according to the methods employed. The enthusiastic young extender with unlimited means often pays thousands of dollars for what the cautious and experienced old hand secures for a few hundreds. The Bible is a favourite book for this work, not because the extenders are unusually religious, but because of the boundless opportunities it offers in its variety of subjects. The works of Thackeray, Scott, Dickens and Shakespeare are often chosen, because they have been published in so many different editions and with so many different illustrations that they are comparatively easy. The more a book is in demand, the oftener it has been published and illustrated, the better field it offers to the extender. A new work of fiction, however striking, is never attempted.

The extender must at least have money ; if he have both money and brains so much the better. His first step is to choose a subject, and he is often guided in this by the material on hand. He may have in his cabinets a number of prints illustrating biblical subjects, or some standard novel or biography, and these make a nucleus around which more pictures may be gathered. He buys then a copy of the work to be extended, and takes care to select a good edition, printed with clear type upon good paper. The style of binding is of no consequence, for the binding is immediately cut off and thrown away. The book is "opened up" so that all the pages are loose, and if there are any illustrations on heavy paper they are separated from the print and laid away in what is to be the "print drawer." Here is the backbone of the new work ; but at this stage no effort is made to construct one of the new volumes. A beginner at the business may make his volumes as he goes along, but it is only because he knows no better : the old hand waits patiently until he has all his material collected, for experience has taught him that he may any day come upon a print that is larger than the volume he has made, and a print folded over is unworkmanlike. When some choice pictures are found that are altogether too large for any-book of reasonable size, the photo-engraver is sometimes called upon to make reduced copies.

All is ready now for the pictures, and they must be secured. This part of the work can be done only in the large cities—New York, London, Paris, Vienna, and so on. Other large cities are searched occasionally, for, although they do not produce pictures, copies of engravings sometimes drift into their shops. If the extender is an enthusiast and lives in this city he searches the New York print shops himself. There are about a score of shops here where good results may be expected, and at least fifty more where a good picture may accidentally be found. None of these places may be neglected. The print sellers understand the business of extending, and they know what the customer desires. It is necessary only to say to one of them : "I am illustrating 'David Copperfield,' and want some engravings." He has his own collections ready and brings them out at once. He produces not only pictures to illustrate "David Copperfield," but everything that he has that pertains to Dickens—portraits, views of the Gadshill House, Dickens in stage costume, Dickens on the platform, Dickens in every possible style.

Some of the prints may be valued at 50 cents, others at \$50. The extender must be able to distinguish between them. When

he is very verdant and shows his verdancy, he is likely to find a remarkable rise in the price of engravings. He goes out with a small flat package under his arm and a void in his purse. If he is really in earnest and has plenty of money, he leaves an order for everything the dealer can find concerning "David Copperfield;" but this order he afterwards countermands, for he finds that he is duplicating too many pictures. After a few such visits the dealer knows him and announces at once, "Nothing new in 'Copperfield' to-day," or perhaps, "I have something capital for you."

This is only one print shop in one city, and all the others must be treated in the same way. No little basement shop so obscure but it may contain a prize. In course of time they all know that Mr. Smith is illustrating "David Copperfield," and Copperfield prints are carefully laid aside, for they are pretty sure to sell. Unless Mr. Smith is shrewd and wary, Copperfield prints are likely to rise in price. Meanwhile the book stores and stalls must receive equal attention. Every illustrated edition of Copperfield must be bought and the illustrations be removed. While the extender is doing his own work in New York, his friends or agents must be busy in the other cities. They must be kept informed of what is bought here to avoid duplicating. Word comes of a beautiful picture of Steerforth in an art work just published in ten volumes in London, which cannot be had without buying the whole set for £20. Then to buy or not to buy becomes a heart-breaking question.

With these agents at work in Europe and money pouring out freely at home, extending a book has an expensive look; but these things are nothing to what the process may be made. Often the desired pictures are not to be had in any city at any price. Then the extender falls bank upon the artist and has pictures made to order. It is only very enthusiastic and very wealthy beginners who do this. These drawings cost at least \$50 each, and if they are engraved upon wood that costs fully \$100 more, and after all they are not as satisfactory as the cheap pictures unearthed unexpectedly in the print shops, for in the latter the finder feels a proprietary interest that he can never have in a drawing made to order. There are, perhaps, paintings that can be photographed and reduced to the proper size, and such things cost money.

No man can expect to make a satisfying collection of prints on any subject in less than two or three years, and even that is very short notice. The work can never be said to be finished, though a lifetime be devoted to it; there are always more to be had; and the gem of the collection, the one illustration without which the work

would be a mockery, is often found at the last minute—sometimes, indeed, after the volume has been bound. All the time the print drawer has been filling up. There are, perhaps, a number of original drawings, for some extenders prefer to bind in the originals rather than have them engraved or photographed. There is no telling how much money may have been spent upon that drawerful of pictures. But at length it is determined that enough have been gathered and that the new work shall become a fact.

An extender who spends as much money in collecting his pictures as has been here described is not likely to spend months in pasting them upon sheets. He must arrange them to his own satisfaction, but after the arrangement they are sent to the binder, who is not dismayed at the number of loose sheets. He is accustomed to such work, and he will bring out the new volumes with all their parts so neatly joined that they will seem to have been made together. He will use the best of paper, and put on the handsomest embossed leather corners, and his bill will add materially to the cost of the work.

It is not to be supposed that such expensive volumes are made up like scrapbooks, with the letterpress and pictures pasted upon sheets. That would be an inglorious ending for such a work of love and expense. A favourite way is to "insert" the pictures and pages of print. This process is a little unhandy to describe, but a photograph in an album nearly illustrates the method. The size of the pages having been determined upon (and the size of the engravings largely governs this) a page of print is "inserted" into the middle of one of the new pages, like a photograph going into its mat. The illustrations are treated in the same way; and when the work is skilfully done the book looks as though it had come from the printer's in its new form.

When an extended work is made for sale and profit these expensive methods of course are not used, except perhaps in the binding. There are no agents in London or Paris, no special drawings made, no photographs of celebrated paintings. Yet the cheaply extended book is often quite the equal of the expensive one. Patience here takes the place of lavish expenditure. "All things to him who waits" must have been written expressly with reference to collectors of prints. What can be had at once in Paris will very likely be found in some neglected drawer in New York in a few years. What is offered for \$50 to-day may perhaps be bought at an auction for 20 cents in 1905. Every print dealer in New York is in some sense an agent in Europe if one has patience, for European prints

come to him by special order or by accident, and in the course of years he can supply everything needed.

The extender who goes into the work for the love of it never thinks of letting the binder make up his own pages. He does that himself, generally with far less skill, but always with a pleasure that pays him for his labour and outlay. The new book becomes his companion, and he would sooner sell his family silver than part with it. He shows it proudly to his friends, and tells the history of every picture between its covers. Some of the pictures often have strange histories.

Extended works are not always run up to forty or sixty volumes. One of them in this city is a life of Blake, the artist, in two volumes, extended from 16mo. The original was written by Alexander Gillchrist and published by Macmillan, and 175 illustrations have been added, some of them in the preface. Another is "A Description of London, Old and New," by Walter Thornbury and Edward Walford. This is distinct from Mr. Daly's work of the same character. It was published in two 12mo volumes, and has been extended to fifteen volumes folio. It has been enlarged by 1,200 illustrations, mounted on elephant folio paper, is bound in half morocco with cloth sides, and cost about \$1,500 to manufacture. It contains plates by Hogarth and caricatures by Gilroy and Cruikshank. There is hardly any part of the English metropolis, ancient or modern, of which there is not some illustration.

One of the most interesting, and perhaps the most instructive, of the extended works in this country is entitled: "Typographical Miscellanies." This book is in thirty-seven volumes, folio, mounted on heavy drawing-paper, and is bound in crimson morocco, with gilt tops. It contains more than 2,000 engravings on copper, steel, and wood; fragments of old black letter and Gothic type books; 1,300 printers' devices, nearly all of the latter bearing the printer's mark or some other engraved design; 350 facsimiles of printer's devices, and fifty autograph letters, the whole illustrating the history of printing, engraving, typefounding and ink and paper making from the infancy of those arts. This book was at one time part of the library of Richard M. Hoe, and it illustrates not only the history of printing, but also the fact that book extending is not always profitable, for although it cost more than \$3,030, it is offered for sale for \$950.

Perhaps no book ever offered a greater field for the work of the extender than Spooner's "Biographical History of the Fine Arts; or, Memoirs of the Lives and Works of Eminent Painters, Engravers,

Sculptors and Architects, from the earliest Ages to the Present Time." This was published in two volumes, and has been extended to six large quartos by the insertion of more than 1,000 engraved portraits, landscapes and etchings. A hint at the expense of book extending is given in the catalogue in which this work is described. "The cost of the preparation of such a work," it says, "can be properly estimated only by those who have made similar attempts at illustrations."

Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers."

IN reference to the MSS. of Tennyson's "Poems by Two Brothers," to which allusions were made in *THE BOOKWORM*, pp. 57 and 69, it will be of interest to our readers to learn that it has been purchased for the United States, at a large advance of price. Meanwhile, Messrs. Macmillan have arranged to issue a reprint of the original edition (1827), together with the addition of four poems from the MS. never before printed, and also the prize poem on "Timbuctoo." So far as possible, the poems have been assigned to their respective authors.

Books and Bindings.

THE bindings of books in galleries perish from heat, and the higher the books are above the floor the more active is this destructive agency. Leather is an animal tissue, and will not, like linen, cotton, paper, and other vegetable substances, sustain without injury a higher temperature than we find agreeable to live in. Books cannot live where men cannot live. They are more nearly allied to us as congeners than we are wont to suppose. In excessive heat the leather of bindings slowly consumes and its life departs. The sulphurous residuum of gas combustion is also said to be injurious to bindings. Books should, therefore, be shelved in the coolest part of the room, and where the air is never likely to be overheated, which is near the floor, where we ourselves live and move. In the private libraries of our residences a mistake is often made in carrying the shelving of our book-cases so high that they enter the upper and overheated stratum of air. If any one be sceptical on this point, let him test, by means of a step-ladder, the condition of the air near the ceiling of his common sitting-room on a winter evening, when the gas is burning freely. The heat is simply insufferable.



Microscopic Penmanship.

THE subject of microscopic workmanship readily divides itself into two classes, penmanship and mechanical construction. History has handed down to us many examples of that extraordinary form of caligraphic mania, of which the chief symptom is a desire to compress the greatest number of words within the smallest possible space.

Pliny the Younger declares (in *Opera* vii. 21) that Cicero once saw the "Iliad" written so small that it could be enclosed in a walnut-shell. This affirmation was regarded as improbable until the seventeenth century, when Huet, Bishop of Avranches, France, an excellent Greek scholar, proved that it could be accomplished. He demonstrated, entirely to the satisfaction of the doubters, that a piece of flexible vellum, 27 centimetres in length and 21 in breadth, could be packed into the shell of a large walnut. For the entire "Iliad" to be written upon this sheet, the poem must be contained in 250 lines of 30 verses each! One side would then contain 7,500 verses, and the reverse as many, making 15,000 in all, a sufficient number.

The Gospel of St. John and the Acts of the Apostles were written within the circumference of a farthing in the sixth century by an Italian monk.

Dr. Heylin, in his "Life of King Charles," records that during the reign of Queen Elizabeth "there was one who wrote the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Pater Noster, the Queen's name, and the prayer of our Lord, within the compass of a penny; and gave her Majesty a pair of spectacles of such an artificial making that by the help thereof she did plainly and distinctly discern every

letter." A somewhat similar feat was that "rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, who also exhibited before her Majesty the entire Bible written in a book containing as many leaves as a full-sized edition, but fitting into a walnut."

In St. John's College, Oxford, is preserved a portrait of Charles I., in which the engraver's lines, as they seem to be, are really microscopic writing, the face alone containing all the Book of Psalms, with the Creeds and several forms of prayer.

The learned Porson is known to have indulged in this species of "curious idleness" occasionally, and perhaps the Greek verses from the "Medea" of Euripides, with Johnson's translation of the same for Burney's "History of Music," were executed by him. Though consisting of 220 words, they are comprised in a circle half an inch in diameter, with a small space in the centre left blank.

About forty years ago a specimen of microscopic penmanship was exhibited in America. It consisted of the following inscription, written upon glass, within a circle the 625th part of an inch in diameter: "Lowell and Senter, Watchmakers, 64, Exchange-st., Portland. Written by Fermat, at Paris, 1852." The circle within which this was inscribed was much smaller than the head of an ordinary pin, and if a needle was placed between the lens of a microscope and the writing the latter was completely concealed.

At the Dusseldorf Exhibition a few years ago a gentleman showed a postal card upon which the whole of the first three books of the "Odyssey" were written, and the remaining space was filled with a transcript of a long debate which had taken place in the German Parliament a short time before, the whole card containing 33,000 words.

In the spring of 1882 a Hungarian Jew sent to a Vienna paper a grain of wheat on which he had written 309 words taken from Sissot's book on Vienna.

Layard, in his "History of Nineveh," mentions that the national records of the Assyrian empire were written upon bricks in characters so minute as to be scarcely legible without the aid of the microscope, and that, in fact, a variety of this instrument was found among the excavations.

So much for dainty penmanship. That minute mechanical construction can lay claim also to considerable antiquity is evidenced by the works of Pliny and Adrian, who relate that Myrmecides constructed out of ivory a ship with all her appurtenances, and a chariot with four wheels and four horses, both of so small dimensions that a bee could hide either of them with its wings.

Though this tale appears somewhat exaggerated, some credence should certainly be given it, for in the reign of Queen Elizabeth we have well authenticated proof of the existence of a still more wonderful work. In 1578 Mark Scaliot, a London locksmith, manufactured a lock consisting of eleven different pieces of steel, iron, and brass which, together with the key belonging to it, weighed only one grain. The same artist also constructed a chain of gold, containing forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key, and upon these being attached to the neck of a flea, the insect was able to draw them with ease.

Hadianus Junius saw at Mechlin, in Brabant, a cherrystone carved in the form of a basket, in which were fourteen pairs of dice, the spots on the latter being visible to the naked eye. A cherrystone was shown at Florence for many years, carved by the Italian sculptor, Rossi, and containing a glory of sixty saints.

But a still more marvellous curiosity was a set of 1,600 ivory dishes, which were said to have been purchased by one Shad, of Mitelbrach, from the maker, Oswald Northingerus, and exhibited before Pope Paul V. These dainty turnings, though perfect in every respect, were scarcely visible to the naked eye, and could be easily enclosed in a casket the size of a peppercorn. A Jesuit father, Ferrarius, made twenty-five wooden cannon, capable of being packed away in the same space.

In 1764, on the birthday of King George III., a watchmaker of London named Arnold presented himself before the king to exhibit a curious repeating-watch of his manufacture. His Majesty, as well as the nobles of the Court, greatly admired his minute workmanship, "and extraordinary it must indeed be considered," says the chronicler, "when it is known that this repeating watch was in diameter somewhat less than a silver twopence, that it contained 120 distinct parts, and that altogether it weighed less than six pennyweights!"

Not very long ago a London newspaper announced that a jeweller of Turin had made a tug-boat formed of a single pearl. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at the prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and the stand upon which it is mounted is a slab of whitest ivory. The entire weight of this marvellous specimen of the jeweller's craft is less than half an ounce, but the maker values it at £1,000.

“Books about Books.”

THIS series, of which two volumes have appeared, has been arranged and edited by Mr. Alfred Pollard, author of “The History of the Titlepage,” and it is intended to give in a convenient form information on all the chief points which invest old books in the eyes of their lovers and collectors with an interest unattainable by modern reprints. The famous men and women through whose libraries books have passed; the marks of possession which their owners have affixed to them; the fair writing and illumination of the books which have come down to us from the days of manuscripts; the place which an old book occupies in the history of printing; the printed initial letters, pictorial borders, and woodcuts by which the work of the illuminators was succeeded; the binding bestowed upon books by their publisher or private owner—these form the subjects of the successive volumes of the series, and as each volume has been entrusted to a writer who has made a special study of his subject, the series in its entirety will present book lovers with all the links of a complete chain of information. The price of each volume, which consists of about 200 pages of letterpress and from ten to thirty illustrations, is fixed at six shillings net. We hope to notice the first volume, which deals with “The Great Book-Collectors,” and is written by Charles I. Elton and Mary Augusta Elton, in our next issue.



Discovery of a Syriac Text of the Gospels.

TWO lady Orientalists, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, during a visit to the convent at Mount Sinai, have made a discovery of no small theological interest, particulars of which are given in the *Daily News*. They came upon a dirty palimpsest manuscript, the sheets of which were sticking together. By the aid of steam from the ladies' tea-kettle the leaves were separated, and the whole text—nearly four hundred pages—was photographed. The MS. turns out to be a Syriac text of the four Gospels, only fragments of which have been hitherto known. It is "closely related to the one known to theologians as Cureton's 'Remains of a very ancient Rescension of the Four Gospels in Syriac,' and among all preserved testimonies contains the oldest authenticated texts of the Gospels," and occupied Professor I. B. Harris, of Cambridge, forty days, even with the help of Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, in the deciphering of its palimpsest leaves. The recent discovery in Egypt of a fragment of the Gospel and the Apocalypse of St. Peter, and of a valuable Aristotle manuscript—concerning which quite a "literature" has come into existence—taken with a recent announcement that "the site and foundations of a temple mentioned by Homer, burnt down 423 B.C.," have just been laid bare, makes one quite hopeful that even the twentieth century may not be entirely denied the satisfaction which attends valuable "finds" of this character.

In connection with this "find," it may be interesting to recall the circumstances under which the famous Sinaitic manuscript (Codex Aleph) was discovered. In 1844 (says Canon Talbot, in an interesting little book, just published by Isbister and Co., under the title of "Our Bible") Dr. Tischendorf was travelling in the East, on the

look out for rare and precious manuscripts. He came to the convent of St. Catherine, at the foot of Mount Sinai. Here, at the foot of that mountain so intimately connected with the Old Testament, he was to find the most complete copy of the New Testament. The convent was inhabited by monks belonging to the Greek Church. Tischendorf noticed in the convent hall a basket of parchments, and he was told that two heaps of similar old manuscripts had already fed the fire. Looking into the basket the German scholar discovered several sheets of a copy of the Septuagint of an extremely ancient character. He was allowed to take forty sheets, but when he unwarily expressed his delight, and pressed for more material of the same kind, he aroused the envious suspicions of the monks, and met with a stubborn refusal. Tischendorf then came home, and for fifteen long years the German scholar tried to put himself into a position from which he could successfully assail the selfish cupidity of the monks of Mount Sinai.

At length, in 1859, having obtained the patronage of the Czar Alexander, he revisited the monastery, but in spite of his imperial order from the temporal head of the Greek Church, the monks remained unmoved. It was the evening before his departure, and he walked with the steward of the convent in the grounds. The monk called him into his cell to partake of some refreshment. When the two were together and the door was closed—"I too," said the steward, "have read a copy of that Septuagint." With these words he took down a bundle wrapped in red cloth and laid it upon the table. When the parcel was uncovered, lo! and behold, there were other parts of the Old Testament in the Greek translation, some of the Apocryphal books, and the whole New Testament. This time the doctor concealed his delight, although in his bedroom he gave way to transports of joy. At last by the Czar's influence, the fourth century MS. was brought to the Imperial Library in St. Petersburg, and now facsimiles of it can be seen in all the chief libraries of Egypt.



Anonymous Authors.

BOOK-LOVE is a home feeling—a sweet bond of family union—and a never-failing source of domestic enjoyment. It sheds a charm over the quiet fireside, unlocks the hidden sympathies of human hearts, beguiles the weary hours of sickness or solitude, and unites kindred spirits in a sweet companionship of sentiment and idea. It sheds a gentle and humanising influence over its votaries, and woos even sorrow itself into a temporary forgetfulness.

Book-love is a good angel that keeps watch by the poor man's hearth, and hallows it, saving him from the temptations that lurk beyond its charmed circle; giving him new thoughts and noble aspirations, and lifting him, as it were, from the mere mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation. The wife blesses it, as she sits smiling and sewing, alternately listening to her husband's voice or hushing the child upon her knee. She blesses it for keeping him near her, and making him cheerful, and manly, and kind-hearted; albeit, understanding little of what he reads, and reverencing it for that reason all the more in him.

Book-love is a physician, and has many a healing balm to relieve, even where it cannot cure, the weary sickness of mind and body—many a powerful opiate to soothe us into a sweet and temporary forgetfulness. In case of lingering convalescence its aid is invaluable.

We have known book-love to be independent of the author, and lurk in a few charmed words traced upon the title-page by a once familiar hand—words of affectionate remembrance, rendered, it may be, by change and bereavement, inexpressibly dear? Flowers

in books are a sweet sign, and there is a moral in their very withering. Pencil-marks in books frequently recall scenes and sentiment and epochs in young lives that never come again. The faint lines portray passages that struck us years ago with their mournful beauty, and have since passed into a prophecy. Thoughts and dreams that seem like a mockery now are thus shadowed out. But memory's leaves are not all blanks, or tear-stained, but interwoven, thank God! with many a bright page. Pencil-marks in books have sweet, as well as sad, recollections connected with them.

We point them out to one another, and call to mind particular periods in our past lives. They also serve to register the change that has gradually and imperceptibly stolen over our own thoughts and feelings.

There are some books which forcibly recall calm and tranquil scenes of bygone happiness. We hear again the gentle tones of a once familiar voice long since hushed. We can remember the very passage where the reader paused awhile to play the critic, or where that eloquent voice suddenly faltered, and we all laughed to find ourselves weeping, and were sorry when the tale or poem came to an end. Books read for the first time at some particular place or period of our existence may become hallowed for evermore, or we love them because others loved them also in bygone days.

Books written by those with whom it has been our happy privilege to live in close companionship and sweet interchanges of sentiment and idea are exceedingly precious. In reading them we converse, as it were, with the author in his prettiest mood, recognise the rare eloquence to which we have often sat and listened spellbound, and feel proud to find our affectionate and reverential homage confirmed by the unanimous plaudits of the world. The golden key, before-mentioned, has been given into our keeping, and we unlock at will the sacred and hidden recesses of genius and association.





Marat in England.

IN the many-sided life of Jean Paul Marat, there is no phase which has a deeper interest to Englishmen than his career in this country. A man who is at once a surgeon, a writer on science and of romance, a journalist, a linguist, a politician, an orator, a demagogue, and a martyr—and Marat was all these—is not one to be classed in a general way with ordinary people. There are theoretically two Marats, the one being held up to the loathing of posterity as a monster with all the devilish attributes that can be raked up from between the covers of a dictionary of adjectives; the other calling forth all the good things which is possible for one writer to say of another—indeed, the poet of the Great French Revolution, Camille Desmoulins, has even described the subject of this article as “le divin.” The curious fact is that every writer, whether biographer or historian, has gone to the extreme course of either praising Marat in unqualified terms or has denounced him with equal vigour, not to say picturesqueness. The personality of a man who could call forth such irreconcilably different conclusions is above all a person whose character and deeds require study and examination. For the present, however, we must confine ourselves to Marat’s career in this country, basing our facts on an exceptionally exhaustive essay, in French, written by Mr. H. S. Ashbee.

To separate for a moment the man from his acts, Marat, like so many other men of even stronger character, was at all times influenced by his heart rather than by his head. By nature studious, laborious, full of ideas, but deficient in the genius which is necessary to reduce these abstract qualities into a concrete form, vain and consumed with a restless craving after glory, or, what is worse, notoriety, Marat

would be now reposing in that obscurity which so completely envelopes so much of human littleness, if certain great events had not sprung into existence which resulted in the shaping and determining of his career. Revolutionary ideas prevailed in this country during his sojourn here with a force and a general sympathy which caused the governing classes of the time very serious anxiety. The affair in which Wilkes played the leading part was still fresh, the American colonies were on the point of striking out for their total independence, and these events, with the great movement in France, were causing a widespread and profound sensation. No one knew where the next outbreak to swell the volume of revolutionary force would occur. When Marat returned to France the Great Revolution was at its height, and he threw himself into the movement with a vigour and an ability which very quickly placed him in the front of this unparalleled struggle between autocrat and democrat. With what result it will be unnecessary to dwell upon here.

Unfortunately, as in so many other instances, Marat's period of eminence was so sudden and so brief that no one thought of inquiring into his previous records until the lapse of time all but blotted these out of existence. He lived in England for ten years, and he must have done a greater amount of work than has yet been discovered. Tradition thus sums up his career here :—He was for a short time engaged as an assistant master at the Warrington Academy ; he next turns up at Oxford, where he committed a theft at the Ashmolean Museum, and fled to Ireland, but was arrested at Dublin, escorted back to Oxford, and there, under the name of Le Maître, condemned to the galleys at Woolwich. He was here discovered by one of his old Warrington scholars. He next turns up as a bookseller at Bristol, but, failing in this avocation, he was imprisoned in the city gaol ; his liberation, however, was effected by the local society for the relief of debtors imprisoned for small sums. The *Monthly Repository* for 1813 states that one of the members of this Society, who saw him in prison at Bristol, saw him at a later date—in 1792—taking an active part in the Assemblée Nationale at Paris. He next turns up in Edinburgh, where he lived for some time, “enseigna la broderie au tambour,” under the name of John White. After here contracting debts to a large amount, he suddenly left, but was again apprehended, this time at Newcastle, where he was detained in prison for several months. After obtaining his freedom he remained in Newcastle for nine months, and left the country for good at the beginning of the year 1787. It seems, however, that he revisited England three years later. Whatever credence may be placed in the foregoing

statements, and several of them are open to very great doubt, it is certain that he was practising as a doctor in Church Street, Soho, London, which, then as now, was the French quarter of the metropolis; and that the University of St. Andrews conferred upon him the degree of M.D. in 1775. There is absolutely no authentic records in the archives of Bristol, either printed or in MS., which prove that he either lived there or that he was sequestered among the debtors in that city.

The question of stealing at the Oxford Museum is of much greater importance. In the "Book of the Crown Court for the Oxford Assizes," we have the following entry, which we give *verb. et lit.*:—"At Oxford, on Wednesday, 5th March, 1777, 17th year of George III., before Sir James Eyre, Knight, one of the Barons of the Court of our Lord the King of his Exchequer, and Sir Richard Perryn, Knight, one of the Barons of the Court of our Lord King and his Exchequer, and others, their fellows, justices, etc., to deliver the gaol of the said county of the prisoners therein being.—John Weyland, Esq., Sheriff.

"Indicted Summer Assizes, 16 George III., *po. se.*—Guilty, prayer, etc.—John Peter Le Maitre, *alias* Maire, *alias* Mara.—For feloniously stealing one gold medal of the value of £14, one other gold medal value £9 8s., one other gold medal value £6, one other gold medal value £4 13s., one other gold medal value £2 7s. 6d., one other gold medal value £6, one other gold medal value £14 14s., one other gold medal value £22, one other gold medal value £13 13s., one other gold medal value 10s. 6d., one other gold medal value £2 7s. 9d., one other gold medal value £2 12s. 6d., one other gold medal value 10s. 6d., one other gold medal value 18s., one other gold medal value £1, one silver medal value 5s., and a five guinea piece of Queen Ann's gold coin of the year 1713, value £5 5s., one gold chain value £26 12s., one other gold chain value £42, and the goods of the chancellor, masters, and scholars of the University of Oxford, on 3rd February 16th George III., at the parish of Saint Michael in the City of Oxford. Convicted of grand larceny, and ordered to be kept to hard labour in the raising sand, soil, and gravel from, and cleansing the river Thames or any other service for the benefit of the navigation of the said river under the management and direction of the overseer for that purpose—appointed, or to be appointed, for the term of five years."

The Christian names of Marat were Jean-Paul, those of Le Maître John Peter; but there one of the primary resemblances ceases. The *alias* "Mara" is the strongest and indeed only proof that Marat

committed these thefts, and it is a curious fact worth mentioning that at an early period of his career the victim of Charlotte Corday sometimes omitted the last letter in his surname. Even then the conclusion at which so many writers have arrived, that Marat was the thief, is not settled or proven. There is, however, another side to this question. We have no means of knowing Marat's exact position in regard to finances during his sojourn in this country. He must have had some private means, or during a period of his residence here his medical practice must have been a lucrative one. The books which he published in England were such which no publisher would be at all likely to undertake without having a substantial guarantee. When he returned to France he started a revolutionary journal, and he repudiated the charges which had been urged against him there that he had offered to sell his freedom of speech. On the other hand, at the time of his death he was without a sou. Writing in 1790, he declares: "*J'approche de la cinquantaine; or, depuis l'âge de seize ans, je suis maître absolu de ma conduite. J'ai vécu deux années à Bordeaux, dix à Londres, une à Dublin, une à La Haye, à Utrecht, à Amsterdam, dix-neuf à Paris, et j'ai parcouru la moitié de l'Europe. Qu'on compulse les registres de police de ces divers pays, je défie qu'on y trouve mon nom pour un seul fait illicite! Qu'on aille aux informations, je défie que personne sous le ciel puisse me reprocher une action déshonnête!*"

The book of most importance and general interest which Marat wrote in English is "The Chains of Slavery, a work wherein the clandestine and villainous attempts of Princes to Ruin Liberty are pointed out, and the Dreadful Scenes of Despotism Disclosed. To which is prefixed, An Address to the Electors of Great Britain, in order to draw their timely Attention to the Choice of proper Representatives to the next Parliament." This publication, which consisted of xii, 259 pages, was "Sold by J. Almon opposite Burlington House, in Piccadilly; T. Payne, at the Mews Gate; and Richardson and Urquhart, near the Royal Exchange," 1774. This book, the advertising of which was rigorously boycotted by the publishers of English papers, has now become excessively rare, one of the few copies known being in the British Museum. The Address does not mince matters, as will be seen from the following extract:—"As long as virtue reigns in the great council of the nation, the prerogative of the crown, and the rights of the subjects are so tempered that they mutually support and restrain each other; but when honour and virtue are wanting in the senate, the balance is destroyed: the parliament, the strength and glory of Britain, becomes a profligate

faction, which, partaking of the minister's bounty, and, seeking to share with him the spoils of their counting, joins those at the helm in their criminal designs, and supports their destructive measures,—a band of disguised traitors, who, under the name of guardians, traffic away the national interests, and the rights of a freeborn people. The Prince becomes absolute, and the people slaves." His advice on the subject of the choice of members is equally strongly worded :—"Reject," he says, "all who attempt to buy your votes, all who have any place at court, all who earnestly mendicate your voice, men of pompous titles, the insolent, opulent, young men." Select "men distinguished by their ability, integrity, and love for their country." The Address concludes with this bit of sentimentality :—"With virtue and courage a people may ever maintain their liberty ; but when once this inestimable treasure is lost, it is almost impossible to recover it ; and it is very near being so when electors set a price on their votes." Much more might be quoted from the Address, as well as from the book which it prefaces, but space does not permit.

The first book which Marat published in England is "An Essay on the Human Soul," 1772, consisting of 115 pages ; this same book appeared in the following year, under the title of "A Philosophical Essay on Man. Being an attempt to investigate the Principles and Laws of Reciprocal Influence of the Soul on the Body," and enlarged to 270 pages. Another publication, dated from Church Street, Soho, is dated January, 1776, and has for title, "An Enquiry into the Nature, Cause, and Cure of a Singular Disease of the Eyes, hitherto unknown and yet common, produced by the aid of certain Mercurial Preparations by J. P. Marat, M.D. London." It was priced at one shilling. At the first page is found a curious address to the Royal Society, which, the author declares, "is not a Dedication : such a matter of form I have ever thought beneath the Dignity of Philosophy." With the exception of the last-named, and a medical essay, the title of which we need not here quote, Marat translated his English books into his native language.

This fact leads us up to the consideration of a very interesting point. It is almost impossible to believe that a Frenchman who had resided in England for such a comparatively brief period as Marat had done when he published the first of his English works, could write with such vigour and clearness. M. Chevrement declares most positively that, in the case of "The Chains of Slavery," the manuscript was first written in French and then translated into English by the author. Our own historian, H. T. Buckle, regarded Marat as

being "profoundly versed in our language." M. Bougeart also states that Marat knew, besides French, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, German, and Dutch. In spite of these authorities, we are still unable to quite accept the theory that Marat's English books were entirely his own unaided composition.

Apart from the painstaking attention which Mr. Ashbee has devoted to the interesting and important subject of Marat's sojourn in this country, there are still very many points which require clearing up. Perhaps as time goes on new discoveries may bring fresh material to light. It would be well if the many calumnies which tradition has handed down to us could be disposed of once for all by positive rather than negative proofs. In the case of a man like Marat, his very sudden eminence, and the fact that he resided in the United Kingdom, would be quite sufficient to call into existence a whole crowd of anecdotes, which would have been applied to any other person in a similar position, with an equal *prima facie* authenticity. Injustice of a very gross and wilful character has surrounded the name and career of Marat for nearly a century; but now that we are sufficiently removed by time from events in which contemporaries may be pardoned for taking extremist views, there is every prospect of Marat taking his place among the great men who have guided, for a time, the destiny of the modern world.

W. ROBERTS.



The "Odes" of Anacreon.

THE Odes of Anacreon were first presented to the world in 1554 by that illustrious scholar, Henri Estienne. Their appearance excited lively interest. Ronsard greeted the long-lost poet with rapturous applause. Remy Belleau, in 1578, published a complete French translation of the Odes. Robert Greene was the first Englishman who tried his hand at translation; and he was followed by "A. W.," an anonymous contributor to Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," 1602. Herrick frequently paraphrases and imitates Anacreon, and Cowley's Anacreontic poems are among his happiest productions. A complete English translation by an amiable scholar, Thomas Stanley, the editor of *Æschylus*, appeared in 1651. This translation, which is far superior to Thomas Moore's, has been chosen to accompany the text of the new edition of Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, in which appears eleven beautiful drawings by Mr. J. R. Weguelin. In an appendix at the end of the volume the editor, Mr. A. H. Bullen, has brought together a collection of renderings by various hands. Anacreon's Odes are spurious; they are not the poems of the genuine Anacreon, but productions of a later age. Nevertheless, they are very attractive, and their influence in the past has been considerable. The real Anacreon is known to us only by fragments preserved in the pages of Athenæus and others. These fragments are appended to the Odes in the above-mentioned edition.

Napoleon's "Housekeeping Book."

IN looking over the stock-in-trade of a dealer in antiquities, a well-known French collector, M. Paul Dublin, has found the "housekeeping book" of Pierron, the butler to Napoleon I. during the deposed monarch's exile at St. Helena. The entries, which date from January, 1818, to May 5, 1821, the day of Napoleon's death, are full of interesting details relative to the daily expenditure for food, fuel, and drugs incurred by the Emperor's household. The lucky finder of this interesting historical document is about to publish it verbatim, with copious explanatory notes.

A Novelty in Human Documents.

THOSE who have read Rider Haggard's story of "Mr. Meeson's Will" doubtless remember that in that tale a will was tattooed on the back of a young lady. A somewhat similar incident has lately taken place in Mexico. A miser named Moneche died not long ago, who was found to have tattooed his last wishes on his chest with some red pigment instead of using pen and ink. The relatives were naturally very reluctant to bury this "human document," and it was not until the Court had decreed that the will should be copied in the presence of witnesses that they would consent to do so. This transcript was afterwards pronounced genuine by the Court.

 Fraunce's "Lawiers Logike," 1588.

A FINE large copy, with the rare folding leaf, of this book, which claims to exemplify "the precepts of Logike by the practice of the Common Lawe," recently came under the hammer, realising five guineas. It is believed by Shakespearian Critics that it was from this volume that Shakespeare acquired much of his legal knowledge. The following passage is a fair specimen of its style:—"The like absurditye would it be for a man of our age to affectate such words as were quite worn out at heels and elbowes long before the nativitie of Geffray Chaucer. The seconde is, when doubtful and ambiguous words bee used, as that

‘ All the maydes in Camberwell
May dance in an egg-shell.’

Of a little village of London, where Camberwell may be taken for the well in the towne, or the towne itself. So the Mayre of Erith is the best Mayre next to the Mayre of London, where the towne, God knows, is a pore thing, and the Mayre thereof a seely fellow, yet it is the very next to London because there is none between." Further on the author gives a translation of Virgil's second Eclogue in British hexameters, and then proceeds to give a logical analysis of it.



The Library of James VI. of Scotland.



WE take the liberty of extracting the following very important and interesting article from a recent issue of the *Athenæum*:—

Buried by some accident among the printed books, a manuscript of singular interest has lain unnoticed in the British Museum ever since the Royal Library was transferred thither in 1759. Thanks to Mr. Garnett it has now been disinterred, and its publication may soon be looked for; meanwhile a brief account of it in the *Athenæum* will serve in some degree to atone for past neglect.

The volume in question is a small quarto of twenty-three paper leaves, bound in limp vellum. Worn, soiled, and dog's-eared, it has nothing about it at first sight that is attractive. On the covers, however, is impressed a small crown between the initials I.R., and the contents fully confirm this indication of ownership, forming a rough catalogue of a portion, at least, of the royal library of Scotland between 1573 and 1583, and more particularly of the additions made to it by gift or purchase in the early years of James VI. In 1573 the future British Solomon was a precocious child of seven, and most of the books so acquired were evidently intended to assist in his education. Apart therefore from other elements of interest, their enumeration throws curious light on the nature and range of his studies, and if he digested the half of them, his reputation for learning was solidly grounded.

In two places James himself has unmistakably left his mark. On f. 3, in a stiff boyish hand, he has written, "Si quid honestum per laborem egeris, labor abit, honestum manet; si quid turpe per voluptatem egeris, voluptas abit, turpe manet." This salutary maxim

is copied twice, and partially a third time, "Jacobus R" being, moreover, appended. At the end is a still more elementary exercise, consisting of the letters of the alphabet, large and small, with the trilingual signature, "Jacobus R. Scotorum, Jaques Roy d'escosse, James R." No doubt it was merely by accident, as lying handy at the moment, that the book was thus utilised, and except in one other instance, which will be noticed below, it exhibits no more of his own penmanship.

The bibliographical entries extend from f. 4 onwards, the various divisions, however, not being in strict chronological order. They are mostly in the hand of Peter Young, who, jointly with the better-known George Buchanan, was appointed preceptor to James in 1569. He was a pupil of Beza and a good scholar, and he probably did more of the actual work of teaching than his much older colleague; moreover, as we learn from Sir James Melville, he "was gentiller, and was laith till offend the king at any tym, and used himself wairly, as a man that had mynd of his awen weill, be keping of his Maiesties favour" ('Memoirs,' ed. 1827, p. 262). In a notice of him by Dr. Tho. Smith ('Vitæ Quorundam...Virorum,' 1707, p. 23) is a paper in which he set down his pupil's daily routine of study, but the precise period to which it refers is uncertain. At this time he seems to have acted also as royal librarian—a post which, after James had exchanged Edinburgh for London, and he himself had been knighted and pensioned, was long held (1609–1647) by Patrick Young, his son. The entries begin with six lists of books, respectively headed by the names of the printers Wechel, Robert Estienne, Colines, Tiletanus, Oporinus, and Froschover. These books, many of which are priced, are of all sorts, and in number about 250; but, although the selection is an interesting one, it is doubtful whether any of them ever belonged to the royal library. From Young's note at the end it merely appears that he copied the titles from catalogues lent to him by the famous Andrew Melville, who no doubt brought them with him when he returned to Scotland from Geneva in 1574. The next batch of books entered (f. 10) I give just as it stands:—

Liures de la Royne que ie receuz du passementier par le commandement de mons^r le regent 1573, 1^o Julii.

Il pecorone en Italien.

Pinax Iconum antiquorum.

Cæsar's Imagines 4^o.

Bucolica Vergilii 8^o.

Ane orison in latin and frenche handvret.

Ye Kingis entre at Rowen.

La Diana de Jorge de Montemayor en espaignol.

Propaladia en espaignol.

Dante en Italien.

P. YOUNG.

This is followed by a "Catalogue of bukes gottin fra my lord of St. Jhone, 1573, October 28, be my lords grace, and delyuerit to the king for the maist part apoun the 16 of Nouember 1578." They include '2 bukes of y^e eneide of Virgil in frenche. Canones et decreta concilii Tridentini. Sum bukes of the Repub. of Plato in frenche. The first buik of Dom Flores [in] spanish. Dict. latin and spanish,' with Petrarch, Ronsard, 'Amadis of Gaul,' 'Flores and Blancheflour,' &c.; while, still on the same page, among "Bukis gottin be me fra My lord Regentis grace at sundry tymis," are "Zonaras in frenche. Froissart in 2 volumis. Thunion of y^e housse of Lancaster and York. Herodotus in frenche. The Scottis Chronicle wrettin with hand," and others. All these books, as appears later, formed part of the library of Queen Mary. On f. 10 b is a still more interesting list of fifty "Buiks brocht furth of Sterling to Halyrud house vpon the xi of Nouember, 1583." It begins with "Hectoris Boethii Hist. Scotorum, fol. Paris," and includes Homer (in Greek and Latin), Lucian, and Demosthenes; Cæsar, Virgil, Ovid, 'Terentii Flores,' and 'Martialis Castratus'; Beza's Greek Grammar, 'Enchiridion Græcæ Linguae,' 'Rudimenta Grammaticæ Latinæ,' and 'The frenche tongue teacher'; Buchanan 'De Jure Regni,' Simler 'De Repub. Heluetiorum,' 'Epistre d'Osorius à la Roynne d'angleterre,' 'The hurt of seditioun,' and 'The true religion and poperie.' After this (f. 11 b) come a number of books headed "Empti," with others presented by various persons. I can only mention "The history of Ingland, Scotland, and Ireland, in twa faire volumes," and Sir J. Cheke 'De pronuntiatione Græcæ linguae,' both "bocht fra Mr. Jhone Provand"; "Plutarque en deux volumes," given by the Bishop of Brechin; 'Jus Civile,' in eleven vols, by "My Lord of Dumfermling"; Eusebius and Calvin's Epistles, by the Bishop of Caithness; "Rod. Gualtheri Homiliæ in Galatas, fol., ex dono ipsius auctoris"; and 'Institution du prince de Budee,' by "my Lady Atholl." As might be expected, this last work, with others on the same subject, was a favourite gift-book. From the Bishop of Caithness, who was Robert Stewart, the king's great-uncle, Young also received (f. 12 b) on December 4th (1577?) "the buikes that fallowit, quilk Arthur Wode delyuerit him as being of the Quenis

bukes borrowit be his brother Mr. Jhone." The latter, John Wood of Tilliedavy, had been secretary to the Regent Murray, and the eighteen volumes thus recovered formed part of a very much larger number which were handed over to him on November 15th, 1569, as appears from the list attested by his signature printed in "*Inventaires de la Roynie Descosse*" (Bannatyne Club, 1863), pp. 179-83. Among them are "*le premier vol. de Froissard, fol., beau,*" Lucian, Herodotus, Athenæus, Ptolemy, Chrysostom, "*Mercurii Trismegisti Poemander,*" the "*Hist. de Godefroy de Bouillon,*" and "*Chronique de Sauoye.*"

Without dwelling on any intervening matter, I must now pass on to the general "*Index Librorum Regis,*" which occupies ff. 15-18. This catalogue comprises some two hundred articles, and not only gives the title, but in nearly all cases states whether the book was bought, presented (and if so, by whom), or came from the library of Queen Mary, with a further note if it was subsequently given away by the king. At the head stand eight Bibles, six of which were presented, including "*Biblia Lat. Tiguri excusa, fol.,*" by Alex. Syme; "*Bibl. Gallica Magna Lugduni exc., fol.,*" by the Earl of Argyll (both in 1574); and "*Bibl. Britannica Magna, fol.,*" by "*Quæstor*" Richesone. Of five New Testaments only one is in English. This was a donation from Capt. Cocburn, whose name frequently recurs, and was handed on by the king to Lord Aubigny. Another, also noted as given away, is entitled "*Nouveau Test. avec les pseumes en escossois 16°.*" The Psalms supply ten entries, the first being "*Psalmi Lat. carmine a Dom. Buchanano expressi, 16°,*" while among the others are found "*Psalmes in English, 32°, donnez par la nourrice,*" and "*Psalter in metre and prose, 16°,*" a gift from the Abbot of Glenluce and "*donné par sa majesté à Elizabeth Gib.*" On February 4th, 1577-8, Elizabeth Gib became Peter Young's wife; and it may be inferred, therefore, that the catalogue was drawn up not later than 1577, and consequently before James was twelve years old. This is the more probable as it does not contain any of the Queen Mary's books which were delivered by the Regent Morton to the king on March 26th, 1578, as comprised in an inventory printed in the Bannatyne Club volume already mentioned, p. cxliii. Among donors the Bishop of Caithness is conspicuous, and, classics excepted, his gifts are a fair sample of the rest. Besides two Psalters, he is credited with "*The Dial of Princes. L'Institution du Prince de Budé. L'Institution de Mr. Calvin en francoys. Apophthegmata Erasmi. Erotemata dialectica Melanchthon. Emblemata Alciati. Prieres et oraisons Chrestiennes. The perfecte*

pathway to salvation. *Heures de recreation de Guicciardini.*" The Chancellor Lord Glamis was another who concerned himself with the young king's education, giving him Seneca, Paulus Jovius, a Latin-French dictionary, Guicciardini's History, and "*Foxi Morzilli de regni regisque Institutione.*" Elsewhere (f. 14) it appears that he tried to interest him in military science, tempting him with "*L'art militaire de Rocque*" and the same author's "*Les Ruzes de la guerre.*" More to James's taste, no doubt, were two volumes given him by Argyll, viz., "*La Venerie de Jaq. du Fouilloux*" and "*La Fauconnerie de plusieurs autheurs.*" Argyll appealed to another side of his character, though it could hardly have declared itself so early, with "*A Defense of the Apologie be Mr. Jwell*" and "*A confutation be Alex^r Nowel,*" which were his new year's gifts in 1576-7 (f. 13). Buchanan's choice of books is best seen, perhaps, in the purchases, which I have no room here to discuss. As presents his pupil had from him "*Institution of a prince par Synesius en francoys. La sphere du monde de Piccolhuomini. La nature des poissons par Belon. Senecæ Tragoediæ.*" Out of the many lady donors I must name only two. To Lady Mar, wife of his guardian, James was indebted for "*Annales de France, avec Philippe de Commynes,*" and to Lady Lennox, his grandmother, for "*Jo. Ferrarius of the orderyng of a commounveale. Histoire de nostre temps. Propos Memorables. Riccius de imitatione. The history of Justinus in English,*" and several more. From his mother he had no books directly by way of gift, nor does Queen Elizabeth's name anywhere occur. Her ambassador, however, the accomplished Henry Killigrew, appropriately gave "*The Courtiour, in English*" (the original, Castiglione's "*Cortegiano,*" was presented by Glamis), together with Thevet's "*Singularitez de la France Antartiques*"; and among other English books it is satisfactory to observe Roger Ascham's "*Toxophilus*" and "*Scholemaistre*" and Sir T. Elyot's "*Governour.*" As for books printed in Scotland, there are probably not half a dozen altogether.

But even with James it was not all work and no play. On f. 18 b are entries of other gifts than books. Even these, indeed, include such aids to learning as "*ane pen and ink-horne of syluer*" and "*ane fueillee of syluer to vret apon*"; but among them are also enumerated three "*boawis*" and five dozen "*arrowis,*" with other archery gear, and more noteworthy still, "*2 golf cloubbis,*" which last were the gift of the Laird of Rossyth. Finally, two precious, as it seems, to be described by any hand but the boy's own, we read of "*A tre with brenches and leiues of wyre cled with silk of all hewes, beiring clowis and nutmewgis.*"

Though I have already exceeded reasonable limits, a few words must be added about the scribblings, often scarcely decipherable, on the covers and fly-leaves. Many are mere commonplaces, classical quotations and such like, but others are what Young calls "Apophthegmata Regis," consisting of remarks made by James in the course of his studies, and jotted down by his tutor as worthy of record. To say the truth, they are not very brilliant, but I give two or three specimens. "They gar me speik Latin or I could speik Scottis" was a complaint which, on the evidence of this book alone, was not unwarranted. There is some spirit, too, in the following: "Cuidam dicenti 'ze suld neuer be angrie.' 'Than,' sayis he, 'I suld not waire y^e lyoun in my armes, bot rather a scheip.'" If he really translated *áφ' οἷ* as "all fou," he must have been poking fun at his pedagogues!

GEORGE F. WARNER.



Victor Hugo's MSS.

M. AUGUSTE VACQUERIE and M. Paul Meurice are hard at work with the 400,000 leaves of written matter left by Victor Hugo, and not unfittingly called by the poet "L'Océan." The work was done during the period of exile at Guernsey, and does not include the papers already published in England. Victor Hugo seems to have been almost miraculously prolific between 1852 and 1870. He frequently wrote or revised a whole piece in one day, beginning at five o'clock in the morning and working on till lunch. He then took a walk in the country, and composed verse aloud. In the evening he read to his friends. M. Auguste Vacquerie hopes to publish another immense parcel of MSS. These are fugitive papers on every possible subject, written offhand by the poet, and thrown carelessly upon the floor. Some of these were found after his death, labelled "Tas de Pierres."

Disposing of an Edition.

THOREAU was once able to boast that he had on his shelves a library of several hundred volumes, the greatest part of which he had written himself. His publishers could not dispose of the first edition of his first book, and thinking it useless to keep the volumes longer, had sent them to the author. Another equally famous American author had better luck in disposing of his first literary venture, though he found the public no more eager in their welcome of his genius than they were for Thoreau's work. James Russell Lowell brought out his first volume of poems at his own risk—a modest edition of five hundred copies. Small as the edition was, however, it was not small enough, and the young poet seemed in danger of heavy loss; but fate was kinder than the so-called "reading public." His publisher's warehouse took fire, the books were burned, and they were fully insured! Not only had the poet lost nothing, but he could boast with truth that the first edition of his book was exhausted. He had sold it to the insurance company.

Bookshops in Russia.

PERHAPS the chief indication of the enlightenment of a people is to be found in the number and quality of the bookshops existing in its towns. In Russia these are painfully few, and there are districts where the traveller may pass through a population of a hundred thousand souls without catching sight of aught in the shape of a publication except the old Slavonic Bible in the churches, or the coarsely-bound return-book of some red-tape functionary. Of course, it is absurd to expect to see books in the hands of men who only the other day were serfs, but in the leading provincial towns one does look for a certain amount of culture. Yet what shall be said of a town like Volsk, in Saratuff, where to 33,000 people there is only one shop where books are sold? Even St. Petersburg itself is not so very well off in this respect, having only fifty booksellers, or one to every 14,000 persons.

In Moscow matters are worse, for the proportion there is one to every 18,000 people. From these two cities, however, proceed the publications which feed the rest of the Empire, and the stocks on sale are therefore larger than is commonly the case in a provincial town, where a display of two or three thousand volumes greatly exceeds the average. Warsaw has one vendor of books to every 16,000 people; Odessa one to every 10,000; but as half of these are in a decayed condition, the Black Sea port is very little better off than the Polish capital. At Dunaburg, which, by the bye, contains a good many Germans, there is only one bookshop to 29,000 people; at Kazan, with its numerous Tartar inhabitants, there are eight to 94,000 people; at Valadikavkaz, one to 15,000; at Revel, two to 31,000; and at Brest-Litovsk, one to 18,000. Cronstadt, in spite of its large garrison of educated officers and Finnish sailors, has but two shops to 48,000 people; Abo, in Finland, one to 20,000; and Omsk, the exile centre of Siberia, and the site of the future university, one to 27,000. Finally, Tashkant is the worst of all, having only a single bookshop to 76,000 people, and that a bad one.

Taking provincial Russia all round, the proportion of booksellers to the town population may be roughly calculated at one to every 20,000 people, and none may be expected to be found in towns having less than 10,000 inhabitants.



“Reynard the Fox.”

IN describing the recent additions to the Mitchell Library of Glasgow, a correspondent deals at some length and with considerable knowledge of seventy-eight items treating of the exceedingly prolific subject of “Reynard the Fox.” These comprise German, Old Saxon, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, and English texts, in verse and prose, some of them quaintly and not a few of them elegantly illustrated. Among the Dutch editions is “Reintje de Vos van Hendrik, van Alkmaar, 1498,” edited by Jacobus Scheltema, Haarlem, 1826, and there is another, with splendid plates, after designs by H. Leutemann, Utrecht, 1865. Of Danish texts, one merits special notice, namely, Herman Weigere’s “Speculum vitæaulicæ eller dem fordanskede Reynike Foss,” &c., printed at Copenhagen, 1747, with pictures. There is a Latin prose and verse text, with cuts by Virgil Solus, “Opus Poeticum de admirabili fallacia et astutia vulpeculæ Reinikes libros quatuor,” Frankfurt, 1567, in excellent preservation, and another edition of the same, printed in 1579, with different cuts. German versions are numerous and interesting, and include several editions of Goethe’s masterly rendering of the renowned romance, with charming illustrations, over which one might linger for hours together. Of English versions there is honest David Vedder’s modern rendering of Caxton’s famous text of the History of Reynard the Fox, made from Gheraert de Leeu’s Dutch version, first printed in 1470. (Caxton’s text, with a learned introduction by W. J. Thoms, forms vol. xii. of the Percy Society’s publications, a complete set of which is in the Mitchell Library.) “The Pleasant History of Reynard the Fox, told by the Pictures of Albert Van Everdingen,” edited by Felix

Summerly, London, 1843—a fine volume, now become rather scarce. "The Most Delectable History of Reynard the Fox, and of his Son, Reynardine, a Revised Version of an old Romance," in prose, small octavo, London, 1844. "Reynard the Fox, A Poem in Twelve Cantos, translated from the German by E. W. Holloway, with 37 engravings on steel after designs by H. Leutemann," London (? 1852); a most charming book. "The Pleasant History of Reynard the Fox; translated by the late Thomas Roscoe," with 100 designs by Elwes and Jellicoe, small quarto, in prose; London, 1873. A perfect *livre de luxe*, published by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. in 1884, "Reynard the Fox: An Old Story New Told," with many beautiful pictures. Only another English version calls for mention here—namely, a translation of Goethe's "Reinecke Fuchs," with an introduction by Alexander Rogers, published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, 1888. Herder recommended to Goethe the story of "Reynard the Fox"—the story of honesty opposed by craft and cunning—as "an old German epic, as fine in its way as the 'Iliad' itself." J. W. Laurenberg sang its praises in the Low German dialect to this effect:—

" For worldly wisdom never book could claim
From fitting readers higher praise or fame
Than the Fox Reynard—a plain book, where clear,
And in a mirror, doth sound sense appear;
For in its rhymes a wit which all must prize,
Like a rich treasure, half concealèd lies."

Among folk's-books "Reynard the Fox" has for more than five centuries had a popularity equalled only by the "Seven Wise Masters of Rome" and "Friar Rush." "In that rude old apologue," says Thomas Carlyle eloquently, "we have still a mirror, though now tarnished and time-worn, of true magic reality; and can discover there in the cunning reflex some image both of our destiny and of our duty, for now, as then, 'Prudence is the only virtue sure of its reward,' and Cunning triumphs where Honesty is worsted, and now, as then, it is the wise man's part to know this and cheerfully look for it, and cheerfully defy it."

Apart from the charm which the old story of Reynard the Fox possesses for readers of "all ranks and ages," it would be difficult to exaggerate its value to students of the genealogy of popular fictions. In the 30th chapter of Caxton's text, for example, we have a very interesting variant of the story of the Ungrateful Serpent that would have killed its deliverer, which is known in various forms in India,

Burma, and Ceylon, with a tiger or an alligator in place of the serpent, and perhaps made its first appearance in Europe in the "Disciplina Clericalis" of Peter Alfonsus, a Spanish Jew of the 12th century. In the 32nd chapter we have Reynard's account of the magical jewels which he alleges were stolen from him, one of which was "a ryng of fyne golde," in which was set a stone of rare virtue: "Whoso had in his eyen only smarte or sorenes, or in his body ony swellynge or heed ache, or ony sykenes without forth, yf he stryked this stone on the place wher the greyf is, he had anon be hole," and so forth. Another of his stolen treasures was a magic mirror, similar to that presented by King Crompart to the fair princess Claremonde, as we read in the old French romance of Cléomades, which was derived from a Morisco-Spanish source, and is near akin to the Arabian tale of the Ebony Horse.



An Old Playing Card.

THE Leipzig City Library has just acquired a playing card printed in Leipzig in 1557, which was discovered in Cologne. It is well known that many boards for books were made of sheets of paper pasted one on another, and this card must have been used by a binder in the year 1590 in making the boards of the folio volume in which it was found.

An Island Library.

THE whole library of one of the Scilly Isles consisted at one time of the Bible and the history of Dr. Faustus. The island was populous, and the western peasants being generally able to read, the conjuror's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. On this alarming conjecture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and it was resolved to send to Cornwall for a supply of books. Long and earnest discussions followed to ascertain what these books should be, and the result was that an order was sent to an eminent bookseller for *another Dr. Faustus*.

A Bookseller's Advertisement.

ON March 20, 1785, Josef Wolf, a bookseller of Augsburg, issued the following advertisement:—"To the reverend clergy, especially curates and seminarists. To be sold, certain books of sermons, for which six months' credit will be given for half the price, and the other half taken in masses." How much trade this enterprising bookseller did in this way is not known.



Our Note-Book.

THE latest addition to the ever-popular Book-Lover's Library series of Mr. Elliot Stock, namely, "Literary Blunders : a Chapter in the History of Human Error," by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A., is not by any means the best of the series, but it is a very entertaining volume. Literary men are not, as a rule, more profusely thankful to the Candid Critic for the pointing out of his errors of commission or omission than any other class of erring mankind. But so long as there are literary men and people with what are somewhat indefinitely described as literary tastes, so long, we suppose, will there be literary blunders to chronicle. There is one advantage of which literary men are never slow to avail themselves—they can always shift the responsibility of their published errors on the back of one who cannot retort—for both the intelligent compositor and the infallible printer's-reader has his own ideas in the matters of orthography, punctuation, and so forth, to say nothing of an occasional consuming desire to touch up an author's "copy." It must be admitted that the said "copy" very often stands in need of a good deal of polishing, for the average literary man is too superior a person to bother himself with details. We are under the impression that the printer and his ever-present *bête noir* the "reader" could, between them, compile a screamingly-funny book on "Authors' Blunders," and we commend the idea to the enterprising publisher of the series in which Mr. Wheatley's book appears, on the understanding, of course, that "present company is excepted." Every reader (points out Mr. Wheatley) of "The Caxtons" will remember the description, in that charming novel, of the gradual growth of Augustine Caxton's great work, "The History of Human Error," and how, in fact, the

existence of that work forms the pivot round which the incidents turn. It was modestly expected to extend to five quarto volumes, but only the first seven sheets were printed by Uncle Jack's Anti-Publishers' Society, with sundry unfinished plates depicting the various developments of the human skull (that temple of Human Error), and the remainder has not been heard of since. Mr. Wheatley claims that his little book forms a chapter in this great work, which, doubtless, will appear one day in a complete form. The subject, however, is essentially best appreciated in instalments issued at fairly long intervals. The complete work must be too awful to contemplate. Mr. Wheatley's book deals consecutively with blunders in general, with the blunders of authors and of translators, with bibliographical blunders, with lists of errata, with misprints, with schoolboys' blunders, and with foreigners' English. We do not propose to enter more fully into a discussion of Mr. Wheatley's little book; but as a striking illustration of the perils to which the correctors of a mistake are open, we will quote an amusing letter from Mr. J. S. Wood, the editor of the *Gentlewoman*:—"One of Mr. Wareham St. Ledger's charming poetry books was under review, and the reviewer, adapting the lines from Tennyson's 'Brook,' said that the reader would find in this little volume—

‘ Here and there a LUSTY Pun,
And here and there a joke.’

When it appeared in print it read—

‘ Here and there a RUSTY Pun.’

A polite intimation that the author was not flattered—for his puns were quite up to date—led me to instruct the reviewers to make ‘rusty’ ‘lusty’ in the following week's paper. In the apologetic line, conveying the correction, it positively appeared as—

‘ Here and there a MUSTY pun.’

What the genial author said when he saw the correction corrected never reached my ears. I expect it would have scarcely appeased him to be told that the reviewer's ‘copy’ was certainly one degree at least harder to read than that of the late Dean Stanley.”

* * * *

Writing to Bodoni on October 14, 1784, Benjamin Franklin said: “I have had the very great pleasure of receiving and perusing your

excellent 'Essai des caractères de l'Imprimerie,' &c., and we are reminded of this incident by the receipt from Mr. Martinus Nijhoff, of the Hague, Holland, of a "Catalogue Chronologique d'Editions Bodoniensis," and a glance through this admirable contribution to the bibliography of one of the most eminent printers of the last century will prove at once that such a complete series of Bodoni's most carefully printed books has perhaps never before occurred for sale at one time. The collection starts off with Abate Frugoni's "I voté. canto per la felic. restituita d. S. E. il Signor Don G. Du-Tillot Marchese de Felino, primo ministro," &c., the first work printed at the Imprimerie Royale at Parma under the direction of Bodini, 1768. Nearly two hundred different works are fully described in this catalogue, from the year just named down to 1829; and among them we notice a copy of the Homer of 1808, in three volumes folio, a sumptuous publication, without question the most beautiful that ever left the Bodini press. For this very handsome book only 125 florins, or in English money £11, are asked. Those at all interested in the literature of printing should secure a copy of M. Nijhoff's excellent list.

* * * *

In connection with this subject of book-catalogues, we are glad to have an opportunity of saying a word or two in praise of some very first-class examples which we have lately received from the well-known continental bookseller, Herr Karl W. Hiersemann, of Königsstrasse, Leipzig, Germany. The batch now before us deal respectively with the fine arts, with European picture galleries, with the industrial arts, with archæology, and with Americana. These lists are much more than trade circulars, and are compiled and arranged in sections with evident great care and extensive knowledge. Each enumerates from one to two thousand books, and when it is remembered that Herr Hiersemann has only been in business eight years, the fact that he should have, in so short a period, accumulated such a large and select stock of books, is certainly a striking testimony to his book-knowledge and business capacity. These catalogues are well worthy of preservation for reference purposes, and as such will be found most helpful to bookbuyers as well as booksellers.

Printers' Marks.

A BOOK upon a subject which is entirely new ought to come as a relief after so many superfluous books on threadbare topics. The subject of "Printers' Marks," which forms the text of the new book to which we refer, may not strike the reader as one to make a fuss about, but that is because the number of people who have studied it may be counted on the fingers of one hand. As a matter of fact, it will be found to possess a many-sided interest—historical, pictorial, and decorative. Many of the marks used by the old printers to decorate either the title-page or the colophon at the end of a book are not only works of art, but works by such artists as Rubens in Holland, Picart in France, Holbein in Germany, and J. Pine (whose edition of "Horace" is, perhaps, the most perfect English printed book of the last century) in this country. This new book on a new subject is written by Mr. W. Roberts, whose "Earlier History of English Bookselling" was favourably received four years ago. Messrs. George Bell and Sons are to be the publishers. There will be nearly two hundred illustrations.

The John Rylands Library.

MRS. RYLANDS has appointed Mr. Edward Gordon Duff to the office of librarian of the "John Rylands Library" in Manchester. Mr. Duff is well known as a bibliographer of the front rank, especially in reference to early printed books. On the last-named subject he is about to issue one of the "Books about Books" series (the first volume in which is noticed on the opposite page), being an account of the invention of printing, and of its history in the chief countries of Europe during the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth century, with special reference to the early presses of England and Scotland.



The Great Book-Collectors.

WE have already referred to the series of "Books about Books" which Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. announced some time ago under the general editorship of Mr. A. W. Pollard, of the British Museum. If the succeeding volumes are as good as the first—"The Great Book-Collectors," by Charles and Mary Elton—the series will be a valuable addition to the very small number of English books which have the double merit of being bibliographical and readable. From the area which "The Great Book-Collectors" covers, it is obvious that no one book, nor indeed no dozen books, could deal with the subject at all exhaustively; but to exhaust a subject is generally equivalent to draining it of all its dry-as-dust dregs which would neutralise its more interesting phases. A book-collector, in which category the present writer humbly claims to be reckoned, is perhaps too prone to regard everything touching on his special hobby as of paramount importance, and is apt to run away with the notion that it ought to be also so regarded by the general public. That this is not so has been repeatedly proven by the number of "bookish" books which have hitherto failed to find people to purchase them when published, to say nothing of the many which have gone a-begging in a hopeless pursuit after a publisher.

There is nothing objectionably "shoppy" about Mr. and Mrs. Elton's treatise on "The Great Book-Collectors," which deals with a very vast subject in a skilful and comprehensive manner. The classical period—concerning which a whole volume alone might be written—is discussed in a dozen pages, with a brevity which is

sufficiently full as a necessary introduction to the chapters which follow. The reader is then taken by easy stages from the earliest period in what may be conveniently termed modern history down to the end of the last century. This period embraces a span of eleven hundred years, and naturally the changes in book-fashions which have from time to time swayed the acquisitiveness of the collector have been many. To the lay mind it will come as a good deal of a surprise to learn that in Ireland book-collecting was greatly in vogue long before it was in this country. Very many of the incidents which relate to the love of books in the "distressful country" are somewhat legendary, and of highly questionable authenticity; but there can be no doubt of the general facts. Palladius came with twelve men to preach to the Gael, and we are told that he "left his books" at Cellfine. The legendary St. Patrick is made to pass into Ulster, and he finds a king who burns himself and his home "that he may not believe in Patrick." The saint proceeds to Tara with eight men and a little page carrying the book-wallet; "it was like eight deer with one fawn following and a white bird on its shoulder." The king and his chief Druid proposed a trial by ordeal. The king said, "Put your books into the water." "I am ready for that," said Patrick. But the Druid said, "A god of water this man adores, and I will not take part in the ordeal." The king said, "Put your books into the fire." "I am ready for that," said Patrick. "A god of fire once in two years this man adores, and I will not do that," said the Druid.

From Ireland book-collecting passed over into Northumbria, but it was still in the hands of the Irish monks. Theodore of Tarsus, who was consecrated Archbishop of Canterbury in the year 669, brought with him a large quantity of books for use in his new Greek school; these were bequeathed by him to the cathedral library, where they remained for centuries. The first English collector of any note was Benedict Biscop, who at the latter part of the seventh century was scouring the Continent for books, and who quickly amassed a "most noble and copious store." By the twelfth century England was "the paradise of scholars," possessing such a "supply of readers and writers" as could not be found elsewhere except in the University of Paris. Of all the ecclesiastical orders the Benedictines were the most generous and enthusiastic patrons of literature, and "delighted in their communion with books." The earliest Englishman to write in praise of books was Richard de Bury or Aungerville, the son of Sir Richard Aungerville, a

knight of Sussex. He was born at Bury St. Edmunds in the year 1287, receiving his education at Oxford; he afterwards took a prominent part in the civil troubles, taking the side of Queen Isabel and Edward of Windsor against the Edward II. He was the friend of Petrarch, and the poet has himself described his meeting with the Englishman travelling in such splendid fashion to lay before his Holiness his master's claim upon France. Richard was consecrated Bishop of Durham in 1333, and was successively High Treasurer and Lord Chancellor. He visited France on several occasions, and his love of books called into existence the "Philobiblon," which has even up to the present day held its own throughout Europe as the greatest prose poem in praise of books ever written. Following the chapter in which Richard largely figures we have one on book-collecting in Italy during the age of Petrarch, and then one in relation to books and libraries at Oxford, Duke Humphrey's books, and the library of the Valois. The period of the renaissance in Italy, and the collectors of books in various Italian cities, and the books of Corvinus are dealt with in a very fascinating manner. Then come Germany, Flanders, Burgundy, and once more England. The early bookmen of France, the foundation of the old Royal Library of Fairfax, Cotton, Harley, and the University of Cambridge, of Bodley, Digby, Laud, Selden, and Ashmole, to each of which a long chapter might have been devoted if the limits of Mr. and Mrs. Elton's book had permitted, are dealt with in the order in which we have indicated. The later book-collectors of France, Italy, and Spain—De Thou, Pinelli, Peiresc—and of the collectors ranging from Naudé to Renouard, have each a more or less extensive notice. The last chapter of all, dealing with the later English collectors, is not entirely satisfactory, and the omissions are very numerous. But the period which this chapter covers, and the space in which it is disposed of, render impossible anything more than a superficial glance at what might very easily be elaborated into a large volume.

The book, on the whole, is a highly satisfactory piece of work, and it is one which we can commend to all classes of bookish readers. Illustrations are a very subsidiary feature, but the ten examples given will be welcomed because they are uncommon. We have portraits of Peiresc, of the Duke of Bedford (from the Book of Hours commonly known as the "Bedford Missal"), of Magliabecchi, of Sir Robert Cotton, of Sir Thomas Bodley, and of De Thou.

Oriental Translation Fund.



THE next volume of this exceedingly valuable series will consist of the third volume of Part II. of the "Life of Muhammad the Apostle" (to the previous portion of which reference has already been made in *THE BOOKWORM*). It will contain the lives of Abu Bakr, Omar, Othman, and Ali, the immediate successors of Muhammad. The following translations are in preparation :—

(1) By Dr. Steingass. The last twenty-four Mukāmāt or assemblies of Al-Harīri of Basra. The first twenty-six of these have been already translated into English, and published in 1867, by the late Mr. Thomas Chenery, a former editor of *The Times*, who describes their author as follows: "This eminent man of letters has been rewarded with a fame such as few have ever obtained. For more than seven centuries his work has been esteemed as, next to the Korān, the chief treasure of the Arabic tongue. Contemporaries and posterity have vied in their praises of him. His 'Assemblies' have been commented with infinite learning and labour in Andalusia, and on the banks of the Oxus. His poetry has been sung at the feasts of the great, and by the camel-drivers in the desert. To appreciate his marvellous eloquence, to fathom his profound learning, to understand his varied and endless allusions, have always been the highest object of the literary, not only among the Arabic-speaking people, but wherever the Arabic language has been scientifically studied." (2) By Prof. Cowell and Mr. Thomas, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. The *Srī Harsha Charita*, or the history of King Harsha by Bānabhatta. This work contains an account of the dynasty founded by Pushyabhūti at Thānesar, and particularly the beginning of the career of the second Mahārājādhirāja of this family called *Srī Harsha*, or *Harshavardhana*, who conquered and held the whole of Northern, Central, and Western India from 606–648 A.D. The author of the work, which is full of the most interesting historical and literary details regarding the period, was the *protégé* and Court poet of *Srī Harsha*. (3) By the late Mr. E. Rehatsek. The *Nigaristān* or Picture Gallery, a work written in imitation of Sa'di's *Gulistan* or Rose Garden, and considered by many to be superior to it, by Mu'in-uddin Jawini, about A.D. 1334–35.



Sale of Rare Books.

THE choice and valuable library of the late Mr. Fountaine Walker, of Ness Castle, Inverness, has recently been sold at Messrs. Sotheby's. The most notable books were the following: R. Allott, "England's Parnassus," 1600, a very rare volume, containing extracts from all the most noted poets of the day, including no less than seventy-nine from Shakespeare, £17 5s. (Quaritch); a copy of the only entire Xylographic Block Book, printed in Italy (circa 1510), and excessively rare, ornamented with 121 woodcuts from designs by Durer, Bellino, and Mantegna, £34 (B. F. Stevens); E. Cocker, "Arithmetick," first edition, 1678, extremely rare, and although most persons have heard the expression "according to Cocker," very few have seen the work, £15 (Quaritch); "Breviarium Romanum," in German, Venice, 1518, one of the rarest books in existence, having been printed at the expense of the Count and Countess of Frangipan, whilst confined as prisoners of war in the gaol called Donesel (Torcello, near Venice), and disposed entirely of by them as presents, £17 5s. (Quaritch); Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," first edition, extremely rare, Oxford, 1621, £10 10s. (Sotheran); J. P. F. Bergomensis, "De Plurimis Claris Sceletisque," &c., 1497, with many beautiful plates, including the portrait of Pope Joan, which is usually expunged, £19 10s. (Merli); a fine copy of James I.'s "Booke of Commun Prayer," 1605, £10 15s.; an extra-illustrated copy of Granger's "Biographical History of England," 1824, enlarged from three to eleven volumes, £50 (Denham); John Milton, "Poems, both English and Latin," 1645, first collective edition, with the rare portrait by Marshall, £20

5s. (Ellis); Myles Coverdale's "New Testament," Paris, 1538, extremely rare, the impression having been seized and destroyed by the Inquisition, £13 15s. (Leighton); Tyndall's "Newe Testament," 1549, slightly defective, £20 (Sotheran); a copy of the excessively rare first edition of James I.'s "Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres," 1591, with the sonnet at end (often wanting), £30 5s. (Quaritch); *Punch*, 1841-1891 inclusive, 101 volumes in fifty, £16 (Sotheran); Shakespeare, "Chronicle History of Henry the Fifth, with his Battell fought at Agin Court in France," 1608, a fine copy of the quarto edition, £50 (Quaritch); Edmund Spenser's "Complaints, containing sundrie small Poemes of the World's Vanitie," 1591, first edition, £22 10s. (B. F. Stevens); and "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," 1595, also the extremely rare first edition, £15 (the same); "Virgilis XIII. Bukes of Eneados," translated into Scottish metre by Gawin Douglas, 1553, £25 10s. (Hopkins); a fine copy of the second folio Shakespeare, 1632, in red morocco extra, £29 10s. (Sotheran); and a set of original editions, five volumes, of H. Shaw's illuminated works, 1833-51, £30 10s. (Hopkins).





An Unique Binding.

MR. H. S. Richardson describes in *The British Bookmaker* a remarkable, and most probably unique, binding in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It is referred to by Mr. W. Salt Brassington in the Introductory Chapter to his recently published work on the "Historic Bindings in the Bodleian Library," but is not included in his illustrations.

The book is a small quarto, $8\frac{5}{8} \times 6\frac{5}{8}$ -in., and contains an illuminated manuscript on vellum, with a curious miniature portrait of Queen Elizabeth, and entitled, "Hymn à très haute, très puissante, très vertueuse, et très magnanime Princesse Elizabeth, Reine d'Angleterre, France, et Irland, et présente à sa Majestie par Georges de la Motthe, gentilhomme François, 1586."

This Georges de la Motthe was a French refugee, then residing in England, and this binding was probably executed by one of his compatriots, as many Huguenots were settled in England at that period. [See a paper on "Bookbinding in England," contributed by Mr. W. Salt Brassington to the catalogue of bindings exhibited at Nottingham in 1891.]

The cover is of brown leather, inlaid with various coloured moroccos. In the centre is a device in translucent enamel covered with a crystal, and having around it, on the obverse side, the motto—"Hic arcana deæ procul O procul este profani,"¹ while on the reverse cover the motto is—"Hæc sola evolvit mortali vulnera mortis."² At the four corners of the inner panel is the letter **Æ**,

¹ "Here are secrets of a goddess! Aloof! O profane ones! Stand aloof!" Among the Romans it was customary, before the performance of any sacred rite; to warn off the uninitiated or profane.—See Dryden's Virgil "Ænid," book vi., p. 368.

² "This alone will take away from a mortal the wounds of death."

standing as I suppose for "souvereayne." At the top and bottom corners are the crowned "lion passant" and "Tudor rose." In the centre of the upper part is a shield bearing the royal arms, temp. Elizabeth—viz., quarterly, 1st and 4th France, 2nd and 3rd England, surmounted with the crown; while in the centre of the bottom border is the letter A, also crowned, for "Angleterre." In the upper part, on either side of the royal arms, are the letters E and R (Elizabethæ Regina), and on the sides of these latter are Greek symbols (as I take them) for "Alpha" and Omega." The reversed letters G and M, at the foot, are evidently intended for the initials of the author's name—Georges de la Motthe.

The meaning of the monograms on the *sides* of the cover, which appear to include the Greek "kappa," "lambda," and "phi," is a complete enigma to me, and which I hope some of your readers may be able to solve.





Our Note-Book.

FOR all ordinary purposes, the handsome reprints of the first editions of Charles Dickens's works which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are now issuing, are the most handy, and for library purposes and for presentation purposes they are certainly far ahead of any other edition with which we are acquainted; as, in addition to the important merit of cheapness (each volume is published at three shillings and sixpence), all the original illustrations are carefully reproduced. The first in the series is the perennially interesting "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," which contains, in addition to the illustrations, a capital introduction, biographical and bibliographical, by Charles Dickens the younger. This introduction does not contain anything that is unknown to the collector of first editions of Charles Dickens, but many of the facts will be fresh to the general reader. The connection between the author and the artists who illustrated "Pickwick" is clearly and succinctly told, and the very absurd claim of the Seymour family to a portion of the honour of having originated Pickwick is satisfactorily disposed of, let us hope for all time. It will interest those who cannot afford the original edition to have reproduced the three illustrations of R. W. Buss, who was first engaged to fill the vacancy caused by the untimely death of Seymour. It must be admitted that these illustrations are very poor stuff as compared with either those of Seymour or the extremely happy ones of "Phiz" (Hablôt K. Browne). Out of the guerilla host of other artists who produced sets of illustrations for various publishers, Mr. Charles Dickens the younger reproduces the tea-party at the "Spaniards" by Crowquill,

and Mr. Pickwick after his ice accident from a series published by Sharp : each example has the merit of oddity, and beyond this very little can be said in their favour. The designs of Phiz are far and away the best that have ever been attempted, being thoroughly in keeping not only with the impression which the author wished to convey, but with what the majority of readers would create in their own minds without the extraneous aid of the artist. We reproduce the exquisitely humorous picture of the famous quarrel between the



THE RIVAL EDITORS.

rival editors, which has a literary interest not altogether without parallels in modern times. So far as regards his future, we have no fear that Mr. Pickwick will decline in popularity for many generations. Even when it ceases to interest as a story, it will still have an imperishable value as the truest and most vivid picture ever written of men and things of half a century ago.

IN *THE BOOKWORM*, vol. iv. p. 162, we acknowledged the receipt of the first part of Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes's exceedingly useful "Catalogue of Books Printed at or Relating to the University, Town, or County of Cambridge"; and the second part of this most useful Catalogue only serves to confirm the high opinion expressed of the first. The present part includes books which come within the foregoing category issued from 1701 to 1800, and naturally the entries are more numerous than those which come between the dates 1521-1700. The first part enumerated 347 items, whilst the second gives a full bibliographical account of 1061. As a rule, the entries have less interest as the books become more modern in date. One distinct merit of this Catalogue is the information contained in the notes, for the authors of very many of the books named have quite faded into obscurity, from which not even the "Dictionary of National Biography" has condescended to rescue them; the few details, therefore, which Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes have given will be found very interesting and useful.

* * * *

Dealers in bogus works of antiquity have been doing a rushing business of late. Recently the Louvre came near being swindled by a smart young man who brought in a magnificent bronze statuette, a specimen of Venetian art of the fifteenth century. The patriotic young gentleman declared that he would let the Louvre have it at a sacrifice because he would rather see it there than anywhere else. Nevertheless, if it was not purchased in twenty-four hours, he would reluctantly be obliged to sell the statuette to a foreign establishment. So he modestly fixed the price. Everybody appeared to be delighted with the beautiful work, but the director of the fine arts, M. Roujon, was absent, and the money could not be paid to the patriot until he returned. An examination proved that this magnificent ancient piece was just six weeks old.

* * * *

Mr. Robert C. Hope's comprehensive treatise on "The Legendary Lore of the Holy Wells of England" (Elliot Stock) has an antiquarian rather than a bibliographical interest, but of the inseparableness of the two subjects it in many instances gives rather striking proofs. "Well-Worship," as Mr. Hope briefly describes the subject of his volume (and in which generic term is included that of rivers, lakes, fountains, and springs), is of great antiquity, and is the primary source of innumerable legends, sacred and pagan. In the former, for example, we have the accounts of the Deluge, the miraculous passages of the Red Sea and of Jordan, and the pools of Bethesda

and of Siloah. Those of a purely pagan source are the growth of a primitive belief in what has been termed Naturalism. Mr. Hope tells us that the Indians, Egyptians, Persians, and Greeks all worshipped deities of fountains and streams—we know from Herodotus that the ancient German addressed his prayers to the Rhine; the Alamanns and Franks worshipped rivers and fountains, prayed on the river's banks, and at the fountain's edge they lighted candles and laid down sacrificial gifts. Students of Homer will remember the many instances in which rivers directly and indirectly manifest their importance throughout the two great epics. An infinite number of other phases might be cited to prove the theory to which we have alluded as to the literary interest of this subject, but for these we must refer to Mr. Hope's exhaustive book, which is extensively illustrated.

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So far as readers of *THE BOOKWORM* are concerned, the chapter in "Practical Designing," which Mr. Gleeson White has edited for Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons, is the editor's own section, entitled "Drawing for Reproduction." Mr. White, as every one knows, is the editor of the new art journal, *The Studio*, which has proved such a distinct literary and artistic success. He is also a book collector, and rejoices in the extravagance of possessing and using almost a score different bookplates. In his serious moments Mr. Gleeson White is a draughtsman of very great skill and artistic taste, and several book-covers particularly, which owe their origin to his inventive skill—and the cover of the book under notice is a very excellent example of his work—are worthy of the highest praise. For these and many other reasons, into which we have not space to enter, he may be taken as an exceptionally safe guide in the subject of drawing for reproduction. To young artists especially his remarks appeal very strongly, and by the careful study of which they will find their attempts to gain the attention of publishers generally much more frequently rewarded with success than may have hitherto been the case. "Practical Designing" deals also with such varied topics as carpet designing, woven fabrics, pottery, tiles, metal work, stained glass, printed fabrics, bookbinding, wall-papers, &c., and as each is dealt with by a specialist, and is illustrated, the book is one of reference as well as one to read.





Cruikshankiana.

AS a guide to buyers, as well as to those who wish to sell, we give a long and interesting list of various works illustrated by George Cruikshank which came under the hammer at Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's on May 31st last, with the figures at which each lot was knocked down. As the dates and descriptions are all taken *verb. et lit.* from the auctioneers' catalogue, we do not guarantee the authenticity of either the one or the other.

Looking-Glass for the Ladies, first edition, folding front. by G. Cruikshank, cloth, uncut, scarce, 1812, £3.

The Englishman's Mentor, Picture of the Palais Royal, folding front. by G. Cruikshank, first edition, boards, uncut, 1819, £1 13s.

The following collection of pamphlets, all illustrated by Cruikshank, and uncut :—Hone's Pamphlets, etc. : The Real Constitutional House that Jack Built ; The Loyalist's House that Jack Built ; Political House that Jack Built ; The Kettle abusing the Pot ; The Palace of John Bull ; The Queen that Jack Found ; The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder ; The Green Bag ; "Non mi Ricordo" ; New Pilgrim's Progress ; Political Lecture on Heads, first and second edition ; Political "Apple-Pie" ; Jack and the Queen Killers ; The Queen in the Moon ; Royal Letter-Bag ; Queen's Budget Opened ; Loyal Man in the Moon ; The Man in the Moon ; A Peep at the P.V. . . . N. ; The Cock of Cotton Walk ; Despair, a Vision ; Examination Extraordinaire of the Vice of R—y of B—d—y, Boro. ! ; The Queen and Magna Charta ; The Political Showman ; Reform ; The Total Eclipse ; The Dorchester Guide ; Kouli Kahn ; Acts of the Adonis the Great ; Miraculous Host (title defective) ; The Men in the Moon ; Political Alphabet ; Political Queen that

Jack Loves ; Life of Billy Cobb and Death of Tommy Pain ; Doll Tear-Sheet ; Slice of Bread and Butter ; The "Greatest Happiness" Principle ; System of General Education ; Pro and Con, nos. 4 and 5, 1819-73, £4. (Some of these pamphlets are very scarce, and as a whole it is seldom found.)

The following works of W. Hone :—Ancient Mysteries described, first edition, plates, including "The Giants in Guildhall" in colours by G. Cruikshank, original boards uncut, 1823, 8s. Every-Day Book, complete in parts with all the wrappers (except 3 and one back wrapper), numerous illustrations by G. Cruikshank, 1826-7, 19s. Every-Day Book, 2 vols. first edition, numerous engravings by Cruikshank, hf. cf., 1826-7, 5s. Table-Talk, 2 vols. first edition, numerous illustrations by G. Cruikshank, boards, uncut, 1827, 19s. Pamphlets and Parodies on Political Subjects, numerous engravings by Cruikshank, bds. uncut, 1830, 5s.

Life in London, 9 coloured plates from, by J. R. and G. Cruikshank, uncut, 1820, etc., 10s.

Points of Humour, both parts, first edition, numerous plates by G. Cruikshank, boards, uncut, royal 8vo, 1823-4, £3 3s.

The Spirit of Public Journals, the three series complete, 3 vols., portraits and illustrations by G. Cruikshank, first edition, original boards, uncut, 1823-5, 7s.

Italian Tales, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, cf. gt., 1824, 5s.

Wight (J.), Mornings at Bow Street, plates by G. Cruikshank, first edition, hf. mor. m. e., 1824, 19s.

Wight (J.), Mornings at Bow Street, plates by G. Cruikshank, original boards, uncut, 1825, 6s.

Wight (J.), More Mornings at Bow Street, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original boards, uncut, scarce, 1827, £2 18s.

Der Freischütz Travestie, by Septimus Globus, 12 etchings by G. Cruikshank, first edition, calf extra, 1824, 10s.

Specimens of German Romance, 3 vols., frontispieces by G. Cruikshank, first edition, cloth, 1826, 7s.

Universal Songster, 3 vols., ports. and numerous engravings by G. Cruikshank, hf. cf., 1826-8, 9s.

John's Harcourt's Original Jests, first edition, front. by G. Cruikshank, original wrappers, scarce, 1827, 6s.

[Paris (J. A.)] Philosophy in Sport Made Science in Earnest, 3 vols., first edition, woodcuts by G. Cruikshank, bds. uncut, 1827, 6s.

[Collier (J. P.)] Punch and Judy, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, cloth, 1828, 10s.

[Collier (J. P.)] *Punch and Judy*, second edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, cloth, uncut, 1828, 11s.

Bell's Life in London, and Sporting Chronicle, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, 1829, 3s.

Akerman (J. Y.), *Tales of Other Days*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, boards, uncut, 1830, £1 2s.

O'Hara (K.), *Tom Thumb*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, wrappers, 1830, 2s.

[Clarke (W.)] *Three Courses and a Dessert*, second edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. mor. uncut, 1830, 8s.

Katzleben (de), *The Cat's Tail*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, wrappers, 1831, 9s.

Katzleben (de), *The Cat's Tail*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, wrappers, 1831, 16s.

Ferdinand Frank, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, cloth, uncut, 1831, 17s.

Defoe (D.), *Robinson Crusoe*, 2 vols., numerous engravings by G. Cruikshank, first edition, hf. mor. g. e., J. Major, 1831, 17s.

Roscoe's *Novelists' Library*: *Don Quixote*, 3 vols.; *Robinson Crusoe*, 2 vols.; *Gil Blas*, 2 vols.; *Tristram Shandy*, 2 vols.; *Vicar of Wakefield and Sir Launcelot Graves*, in 1 vol.; *Amelia*, 2 vols.; *Tom Jones*, 2 vols.; *Joseph Andrews*; *Peregrine Pickle*, 2 vols.; *Humphrey Clinker*; and *Roderick Random*, together 19 vols., the whole series complete, numerous plates by G. Cruikshank, original white cloth, uncut, 1831, £15.

Anstey (C.), *The New Bath Guide*, plates by G. Cruikshank, first edition, cloth, uncut, 1830, £1 2s.

Anstey (C.), *The New Bath Guide*, plates by G. Cruikshank, cloth, uncut, 1832, 7s.

Shepherd (E.), *Altrive Tales*, vol. 1, port. and plate by G. Cruikshank, first edition, cloth, uncut, 1832, 3s. 6d.

The Diverting History of John Gilpin, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original wrappers, scarce, 1832, 3s. 6d.

[Wight (J.)] *Sunday in London*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. mor. t. e. g., 1833, 17s.

Sunday in London, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original boards, uncut, 1833, £1.

The Stadium, or, British National Arena for Manly and Defensive Exercises, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, 1834, 16s.

Bruce (C.), *Mirth and Morality*, first edition, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, cloth, 1834, 11s.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanacks from the commencement in 1835

to 1853, complete set, first edition, coloured frontispieces and numerous plates by Geo. Cruikshank, original state with all the wrappers and covers as issued, scarce, 1835-53, £15 10s.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanacks for 1835, 1836, 1840, 1841, 1843, 1845 (2 copies), 1846, 1848, 1851 and 1852, first edition, coloured front. and numerous plates by G. Cruikshank, original wrappers, 1835-52, £3.

Cruikshank's Comic Almanacks for 1835 to 1839 inclusive, in 1 vol., first edition, numerous plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. cf., 1835-9, 10s.

Helps and Hints How to Protect Life and Property, plates and woodcuts by G. Cruikshanks, cloth, uncut, 1835, 11s.

[Barker (M. H.)] Tough Yarns, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, uncut, 1835, £1.

Auldjo (J.), Journal of a Visit to Constantinople, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. mor. t. e. g., 1835, 3s.

Burford Cottage, first edition, front. and vignettes by G. Cruikshank, cloth, uncut, 1835; Another copy, boards, uncut, 1835, 3s.

[White (J.)] Adventures of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, boards, uncut, 1836, £1 12s.

[Barker (M. H.)] Land and Sea Tales, 2 vols., first edition, plates and vignettes by G. Cruikshank, cloth, uncut, 1836, 17s.

London and Westminster Review, containing the article on "Modern Wood Engravings," with illustrations by G. Cruikshank, etc., wrappers, uncut, 1837, £1 8s.

Inglis (H. D.), Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. mor. t. e. g., 1837, 8s.

Glascoek (Capt.), Land Sharks and Sea Gulls, 3 vols., first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, uncut, 1838, 16s.

Glascoek (Capt.), Land Sharks and Sea Gulls, 3 vols., first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. mor. m. e., 1838, 6s.

Scoffern (J.), Chemistry no Mystery, first edition, front. and vignettes by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, 1832; Another copy, hf. cf., 1839, 1s. 6d.

[Defoe (D.)] Journal of the Plague Year in 1665, plates by G. Cruikshank, first edition, original cloth, uncut, 1839, 3s. 6d.

Irving (W.), History of New York, plates by G. Cruikshank, first edition, original cloth, uncut, 1839; Salmagundi, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, first edition, original cloth, uncut, 1839, 6s.

London and Westminster Review, containing the original edition of the Essay on the Genius of George Cruikshank, numerous plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. cf., 1839, £1 8s.

Dibdin (T.), *Songs, Naval and National*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, cloth, uncut, 1841, 11s.

Cockton (H.), *Stanley Thorn*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. cf. m. e., 1841, 15s.

Jerrold (D.), *Cakes and Ale*, 2 vols., first edition, fronts. and vignettes by G. Cruikshank, hf. mor. m. e., 1842, 7s.

O'Neill (J.), *The Drunkard*, first edition, port. and plates by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, scarce, 1842, £3.

George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, first edition, numerous plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. mor. t. e. g. uncut, 1842, £1 16s.

George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. cf., 1842, 11s.

Discovery concerning Ghosts, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, 1864; *Modern Chivalry*, plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. cf., 1843, 4s.

Elliston, *Memoirs*, first series, first edition, illustrated by G. Cruikshank, hf. cf., 1844, 9s.

The Lady and the Saints, first edition, engravings by R. Cruikshank, uncut, 1839; *Maginn (W.), John Manesty*, vol. 1, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. cf., 1844, 4s.

Maxwell (W. H.), *History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798*, port. and plates by G. Cruikshank, first edition, cloth, uncut, 1845, £4 4s; the same in half morocco, £1 14s.

Maxwell (W. H.), *History of the Irish Rebellion in 1798*, portraits and plates by G. Cruikshank, hf. mor. g. e., 1854, 9s.

George Cruikshank's *Table-Book*, in the original parts, with all the wrappers, plates by G. Cruikshank, scarce, 1845, £9.

George Cruikshank's *Table-Book*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, cloth, 1845, 11s.

George Cruikshank's *Table-Book*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, 1845, £1 16s.

A'Beckett (G. A.), *The Comic Blackstone*, first edition, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, uncut, 1846, 7s.

The Yule Log, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, g. e., 1847, £1.

Byron (Lord), *Don Juan*, Cantos 1 to 5, medal portrait on title and coloured plates by J. R. Cruikshank, first edition, tree marbled calf extra, scarce, London, Smeeton, £1 1s.

The Log Book, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, first edition, original boards, Lond., n. d., 15s.

Landscape Historical Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, complete in the original parts, port. and numerous plates by Turner, and G. Cruikshank, scarce, imp. 8vo. Fisher, n. d., £2 18s.

Landscape Historical Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels, 2 vols. port., and numerous plates by Turner and Cruikshank, hf. mor. g. e., imp. 8vo, Fisher, n. d., £1 16s.

Illustrations of the Works of Lord Byron from designs by Cruikshank, first edition, wrappers, Lond., J. Robins, n. d., 14s.

Cruikshank's Fairy Library: Hop-o'-my Thumb; Cinderella; and Jack and the Bean Stalk, 3 series of plates complete (no text), first edition, fine impressions, scarce, 7s.

Cruikshank's Comic Album, 3 vols., 1st edition, numerous engravings by R. Cruikshank, original cl. g. e., Lond., n. d., £1 13s.

Sports and Pastimes in Town and Country, illustrations by R. Cruikshank, mor. 1851; Mayhew (Brothers), The Good Genius, plates by G. Cruikshank, cl., Bogue, n. d., 6s.

A Pop-Gun fired off by George Cruikshank in Defence of the British Volunteers of 1803, illustrations by G. Cruikshank, first edition, wrappers, London, n. d., 7s.

A Pop-Gun fired off by George Cruikshank in Defence of the British Volunteers of 1803 against the Attack by General W. Napier, first edition, woodcuts by G. Cruikshank, presentation copy: "To Sir Charles B. Phipps, with respectful compliments and regards of G. Cruikshank" on title, hf. mor. t. e. g. wrappers preserved, Lond., n. d., £1 1s.

Mayhew (Brothers), The Magic of Kindness, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, cloth, uncut, Lond., n. d., 4s.

Mayhew (Brothers), The Magic of Kindness, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cl. g. e., Lond., n. d., 5s.

Mayhew (Brothers), The Magic of Kindness, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cl. g. e., Lond., n. d., 4s.

Mayhew (Brothers), Greatest Plague of Life, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cl. uncut, Bogue, n. d., 9s.

Mayhew (Brothers), The Greatest Plague of Life, parts 1 and 6, plates by G. Cruikshank, wrappers, uncut, Bogue, n. d., 16s.

Mayhew (Brothers), Greatest Plague of Life, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, cl., Bogue, n. d., 7s.

Mayhew (Brothers), The Greatest Plague of Life, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, half calf, Bogue, n. d., 11s.

Mayhew (Brothers), Whom to Marry and How to Get Married, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, half calf, Bogue, n. d., 14s.

[Dalton] Gentleman in Black, and Tales of Other Days, plates by G. Cruikshank, &c., purple morocco extra, gilt gauffred edges, Lond., n. d., 6s.

Gardiner (W.), *The Shepherd's Boy of Snowdon Hill*, first edition, front. by G. Cruikshank, scarce, London, n. d., 5s.

O'Neill (J.), *Blessings of Temperance Illustrated in the Life and Reformation of the Drunkard*, port. and plates by G. Cruikshank, wrappers, 1849, 2s.

Basile (G.), *The Pentamerone*, presentation copy with autograph letter from Taylor, the translator of the book inserted, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cl. uncut, 1850, 11s.

Basile (G.), *The Pentamerone*, plates by G. Cruikshank, half morocco, t. e. g. uncut, 1850, 10s.

Dibdin (T.), *Sea Songs*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, cloth, uncut, 1850, 7s.

Cruikshank and Mayhew. *Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys and Family*, plates by G. Cruikshank, cl. uncut, 1851, 12s.

Cruikshank and Mayhew. *Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys and Family*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, cl., 1851, 15s.

Barham (R. H.), *Ingoldsby Legends*, the three series, complete 3 vols., port. and numerous plates by G. Cruikshank and Leech, half morocco, t. e. g. (with backs bound up), 1852, £2 10s.

The following undated works of Mrs. Gore :—*The Snow Storm*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, g. e., 5s. *The Snow Storm, a Christmas Story*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, g. e., 5s. *New Year's Day*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, g. e., 8s. *New Year's Day*, first edition, plates by G. Cruikshank, original cl. g. e., 6s. *The Lost Son, a Winter's Tale*, first edition, front. by G. Cruikshank, original cl. g. e., 3s.

George Cruikshank's *Magazine*, nos. 1 and 2, all published, plates by G. Cruikshank, scarce, 1854, £1 11s.

Fielding (H.), *Works*, port. and numerous plates by G. Cruikshank, original cl. uncut, 1856, 8s.

Brough (R. B.), *Life of Sir John Falstaff*, complete, in the original parts, with all the wrappers, plates by G. Cruikshank, 1857-8. Presentation copy: "Richard Ellison, Esq., with the regards of Geo. Cruikshank," in Cruikshank's handwriting, on parts 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7 repeated, fine and genuine copy; very scarce, £14 15s.

Stenelaus and Amylda, first edition, engravings by G. Cruikshank, original wrappers, 1858, 3s.

Blakey (R.), *Old Faces and New Masks*, first edition, front. and vignette title by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, uncut, 1859, 5s.

Blakey (R.), *Old Faces in New Masks*, first edition, front. and vignette title by G. Cruikshank, hf. cf. uncut, 1859, 3s.

Fullop (S. W.), *The Exile's Daughter*, first edition, front. by G. Cruikshank, original cloth, uncut, scarce, 1860, 11s.

Chamisso (A. v.), *Peter Schlemihl*, plates by G. Cruikshank, cloth, 1861, 3s.

The Bee and the Wasp, plates by G. Cruikshank, presentation copy from the publishers, original vellum covers, uncut, 1861, 2s. 6d.

Sergeant Bell and his Raree Show, illustrated by Cruikshank, etc., cloth, 1839; *Catalogue of a Selection from the Works of George Cruikshank*, 1863, £2 10s.

Catalogue of a Selection from the Works of George Cruikshank from 1799 to 1863, now exhibiting at Exeter Hall, 1863; and *Smollett's Miscellaneous Works*, port. and numerous plates by George Cruikshank, original cloth, uncut, 1866, 8s.

Halliday (A.), *Savage-Club Papers*, both series, 2 vols., numerous illustrations by G. Cruikshank, etc., first edition, original cloth, uncut, 1867-8, 11s.

Scott (Sir W.), *Demonology and Witchcraft*, plates by G. Cruikshank, cloth, 1868, 4s.

An Original Water Colour Drawing, "designed by George Cruikshank to represent his highly esteemed and worthy friend the late Thomas Ingoldsby, surrounded by some of the characters, good, bad, and indifferent, which he has so graphically portrayed in his celebrated *Legends*," forming the frontispiece to the new edition of *Ingoldsby Legends* published by Bentley in 1870, mounted, framed, and glazed. Accompanying it is the proof etching of the same with the inscription in his handwriting: "To Crawford J. Pocock, Esq., with the best regards of Geo. Cruikshank," and the autograph Letter of George Cruikshank to Crawford J. Pocock, Esq., to whom he presented the drawing, dated January 12th, 1870, 263, Hampstead Road, N.W., and in which occurs the following passage: "Dear Friend, At last I send you a Water Color Drawing by me—the frontispiece to the new edition of 'The Ingoldsby Legends.' A 'Collector' wished very much (underlined) to have this drawing, but I told him it was promised to you, and no one else should have it, etc." In the drawing itself Cruikshank was at his best, so that it might fearlessly be pronounced a masterpiece of art, £30.

Original Pencil Sketch of the portrait of "Arthur O'Leary" signed "Geo. Cruikshank," and which figures as the frontispiece to the first octavo edition of Charles Lever's novel of that name, mounted, £1 10s.

Original design of a Ticket of Her Majesty's Theatre, artistically executed, dated 1846 and probably never published, mounted, £1 11s.



The Punch of the Commonwealth.

IT is not a little remarkable that we should be indebted to the psalm-singing days of the Commonwealth for the first English periodical devoted to fun and satire. On the 8th of April, 1652, under the very nose of his Highness the Protector, was published the first number of

“Mercurius Democritus, or a true and Perfect Nocturnall, communicating many strange Wonders, out of the World in the Moon, the Antipodes, Muggy-land, Tenebris, Fairy-land, Green-land, and other adjacent countries. Published for the Right Understanding of all the Mad-merry People of Great Bedlam.”

The size is the usual small 4to of the journals of the period, and its matter consists of sarcastic comments upon passing events, together with a plentiful sprinkling of fictitious intelligence, narrated with a deal of broad humour, but the wit, if wit it can be called, is of so gross a nature, that I fear your lively contemporary would scarcely feel complimented by the assimilation conveyed in the heading. Here and there, however, I can pick out a paragraph which will give the readers of to-day an idea of the literary ware which amused their ancestors of the Commonwealth.

Blake and Van Tromp are blazing away in the Channel, and the hits at the Dutch are consequently numerous, and appear to “take.”

“There is a fresh-water sea-man lately come sick home from the navy, saith that the Dutch Fleet lies so heavy on many of the seamen’s stomachs since the last engagement, that their breaths smell of nothing ever since but pickled herrings.”

And again a short time after—

“The Dutch have lately devised a stratagem to keep their har-

bours from freezing, by placing in every haven a fire ship that's so hot that it thawes the ice faster than it freezeth."

Lilly also is fair game.

"Will. Lilly hath put in Bayle, and hath his liberty on condition that he will make the aspect of Mars and Saturn to be more milde, and for his penance to take the Carter's Whip and jerk the Beares three times round about the pole, and after this to be put again into his primer and to learn to forsake the devil and all his works."

The unfortunate star-gazer appears to have excited the wrath of Mercurius in no small degree—scarce a number in which he is not roughly handled.

Here is another—

"Mr. Lilly hath been missing certain days ; some think he hath made away himself ; others affirm that he is metamorphosed into an owle, that sings by daylight and writes all night in a hollow tree ; others say he was overtook by an old lame shepherd in the Zodiac, mounted on the Dragon tail," etc.

The polemical spirit of the times is lashed with a free hand, but the extreme coarseness of the satire renders it unfit for your columns. In one number it is recorded that

"To-morrow is a great dispute at the Bare-garden between a Presbyterian Chamber-maid, who hath challenged an Independent Fish-woman, to dispute with her about the point of Predestination."

A discussion which probably came off at a time mentioned further on, "when 3 tydes flow'd in the New River, and a quire of Mermaids heard to sing wonderfully sweetly by Jack Adams of Clerkenwell."

The lover of folk-lore and popular customs will meet with much interesting matter in these colums, where the manners of the period are more faithfully and vividly depicted than in any other with which I am acquainted, always excepting the daguerreotypes of "the curious Mr. Pepys." From the following it would appear that the rites of St. Valentine were not formerly confined to pen and paper.

"A young gentlewoman, casting her apron over her face, because she should see nobody till she came to her sweetheart's bedside, on Valentine's morning, was met withal in the street by another spark, who claiming her for his Valentine, and offering to salute her, she denied to uncover her lips, whereupon he kissed her apron, which another seeing him, and laughing at him, he told him he was but a fool to laugh at him, for the gentlewoman's lips tasted sweetest when strained through her apron !" (No. 85.)

The editor appears to have been a madcap Royalist, always in hot

water on account of his vile personalities. The publication was very irregular, and the tavern-haunters were often left some weeks without their favourite. At such times, we gather from the insinuations of rival journals that Democritus was in durance. One fine day, however, he yielded up the ghost in earnest, and not long after there came forth a little pamphlet, now of the most excessive rarity, entitled, "A Hue and Cry after Mercurius Democritus.—O yes, O yes, O yes! If any man, woman, or child, in city or country, can tell any tale or tidings of a laughing, merry conceited fellow called Mercurius Democritus, who hath been lost about ten weeks, and can by no means be found or heard of, let them bring word to the crier or bearer hereof, and they shall be well rewarded for their pains."

After giving a humorous description of a poor author of that era—which, by the way, presents a sad similarity to that of one of the present—the writer winds up with a pathetic "sonnet," relating his quest after his friend, whom he purports to have found where few of your readers would care to follow him.

"To Wood Street Counter then I came,
Where in a darksome cell
I called Democritus by name,
Who cry'd out I'm in hell.
On Cerberus I then did fly,
For to redeem my friend,
And then I ceaz'd my hue and cry
And so I made

AN END."

C. N.



Irish Bookplates.

A COLLECTION of early Irish bookplates, made about the middle of the eighteenth century, has been found among the manuscripts of the late Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster. Mr. H. Farnham Burke, Somerset Herald, to whom the collection now belongs, has sanctioned the publication of some of the more important plates, and will contribute some explanatory notes. The selections, &c., will be made with the assistance of Dr. Howard, Maltravers Herald Extraordinary. The work will be printed on large quarto sized paper, and will be issued to subscribers only. The number of copies will be strictly limited to 150. The subscription has been fixed at fifteen shillings.

The Bookworm.

THE whole day long I sit and read
 Of days when men were men indeed
 And women knightlier far ;
 I fight with Joan of Arc ; I fall
 With Talbot ; from my castle-wall
 I watch the guiding star. . . .

But when at last the twilight falls
 And hangs about the book-lined walls
 And creeps across the page,
 Then the enchantment goes, and I
 Close up my volumes with a sigh
 To greet a narrower age.

Home through the pearly dusk I go,
 And watch the London lamplight glow
 Far off in wavering lines :
 A pale grey world with primrose gleams,
 And in the west a cloud that seems
 My distant Appenines.

O Life ! so full of truths to teach,
 Of secrets I shall never reach,
 O world of here and now ;
 Forgive, forgive me, if a voice,
 A ghost, a memory be my choice,
 And more to me than thou !

*From "Retrospect and other Poems," by Mary F.
 Robinson (M^dme. James Darmesteter).*



The History of the Oxford Bible "Helps."

THE publication of a new and thoroughly revised edition of the "Oxford" Bible marks an epoch in the history of the most famous of all books, inasmuch as the "Helps" to its proper understanding have been subjected to a thorough elaboration and revision at the hands of the most eminent scholars of the day. Briefly, its history is summed up in the following particulars:—Early in the eighteenth century, Dr. Richard Cumberland (Bishop of Peterborough from 1691 to 1718) compiled a series of "Tables of Scripture Measures, Weights, and Coins, &c." which, together with an Index to the Holy Scriptures, was appended to many issues of the Oxford Bible. Some twenty years ago, it seemed to the authorities of the Clarendon Press that the time had come when these, useful as they were, should be systematically supplemented and revised. A desire had long been expressed, more especially among Bible students in the United States of America, for a comprehensive work, which should embody—so far as might be found practicable within the compass of a single not unwieldy volume—the chief facts, ascertained beyond reasonable dispute, relating to the Bible and its various books, their authors and characteristics, to the history of the long tract of time with which they deal, to the physical aspects of the Holy Land, its fauna, flora, and topography. It was clear that such a work should likewise include in a tabular form for purposes of reference the vast mass of information which would most conveniently be cast into this shape; and that no matter should be admitted which could fairly be regarded as controversial, in order that those who mastered it might have at all events nothing to unlearn. For the original compilation of their "Helps to the

Study of the Bible," the authorities of the Oxford University Press secured the services of the late Rev. James Ridgway, B.D., Hon.

ΣΙΝ ΕΤΩΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΗ Κ'
 ΑΡΤΑΒΑΣΙΛΕΧΟΝΤΟΣ ΚΥΡΟΥ
 ΠΕΡΣΩΝ ΕΤΟΥΣ ΠΡΩΤΟΥ
 ΕΙΣ ΣΥΝΤΕΛΕΙΑΝ
 ΡΗΜΑΤΟΣ ΚΥΕΝΣΤΟΜΑΤΙ
 ΤΙ ΕΡΕΜΙΟΥ ΗΓΕΙΡΕΝ
 ΚΣΤΟ ΠΝΕΥΜΑ ΚΥΡΟΥ
 ΒΑΣΙΛΕΩΣ ΠΕΡΣΩΝ ΚΑΙ
 ΕΚΗΡΥΞΕΝ Ο ΛΗΤΗ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥ
 ΛΕΙΑΔΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΑΜΑΔΙΑ
 ΓΡΑΠΤΩΝ ΛΕΓΩΝ ΤΑ
 ΔΕ ΛΕΓΕΙ Ο ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ ΠΕΡ
 ΣΩΝ ΚΥΡΟΣ ΕΜΕ ΑΝΕΔΕΙ
 ΞΕΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥ ΤΗΣ ΟΙΚΟΥ
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 ΑΥΤΟΥ ΕΝ ΧΡΥΣΩ ΚΑΙ
 ΕΝ ΑΡΓΥΡΙΩ ΚΑΙ ΕΝ ΔΟ
 ΣΕ ΣΙΝ ΜΕΘΙ ΠΩΝ ΚΑΙ
 ΚΤΗΝΩΝ ΣΥΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΑΛ
 ΛΟΙΣ ΤΟΙΣ ΚΑΤΕΥΧΑΣ
 ΠΡΟΣ ΤΕΘΕΙΜΕΝΟΙΣ ΕΙΣ
 ΤΟΙΣ ΕΡΟΝΤΟΥ ΚΥ ΤΟ ΕΝΙ
 ΕΡΟΥΣ ΑΛΗΜ ΚΑΙ ΚΑΤΑ ΤΗ
 ΣΑΝΤΕΣ ΟΙ ΑΡΧΙΦΥΛΑΟΙ
 ΤΩΝ ΠΑΤΡΙΩΝ ΤΗΣ ΙΟΥΔΑΙΑ

CODEX VATICANUS (1 Esdras ii. 1-8)—Fourth century.
(Rome, Vatican Library.)

The Bible in Greek, written in uncial letters probably in the fourth century. The text is arranged in three columns to a page, except in the poetical books of the Old Testament, which are written in double columns. Apparently in the tenth century, the writing was carefully, but quite unnecessarily, retraced in darker ink, only such words and letters being left untouched as appeared to the writer to be superfluous in a correct text. The same hand added the breathings and accents. The MS. was already in the Vatican Library in Rome in the fifteenth century, but nothing is known of its previous history.

Canon of Christ Church, whose extensive personal knowledge of the Holy Land and of the East, together with his long experience in the

teaching of theology to students of all ages, gave him exceptional qualifications for the task. The first edition was published in 1876,



DOCUMENT ON PAPYRUS, FROM EGYPT, in the form of a roll bound round with strips of papyrus and sealed with two clay seals; of the Græco-Roman period.

(British Museum.)

and a second edition, revised and greatly enlarged, appeared a year or two later. The striking success of the book showed that it

provided for a want which had been widely felt, and by October, 1888 over one million copies had been issued. Once more, in 1884, the entire book was subjected to a careful revision.

On the completion of the Revised Version of the Bible by the publication of that of the Old Testament in 1885, it was speedily recognised that the time had come for a yet more systematic and thorough attempt to render the "Helps" a complete and accurate guide to the study of the Scriptures. Public attention had been called to the text of the Bible to an extent before unknown; and many questions of textual criticism and of interpretation had been practically settled once for all. Again, the remarkable progress of Archæology had necessitated, as in the case of classical authors, a re-investigation and consequent modification of many existing theories as to the history of the Jews and of the various races with which they were associated. The work of the Palestine Exploration Fund had caused a revolution in long-established views as to the topography of the Holy Land. Egypt, Assyria, Asia Minor, had yielded up many secrets that had been hidden for ages. Linguistic science had made notable advances. In fact, there was scarcely a single book of the Bible on which fresh light had not been thrown by recent investigations and discoveries. It was accordingly resolved that every section of the Oxford "Helps" should be subjected to a searching examination, and should as far as possible be brought up to the existing standard of knowledge. The results may now be seen in a variety of beautiful editions issued by the University Press, Oxford.

This, of course, is not the place to attempt anything like a criticism of the many sections into which these "Helps" are divided. We may, however, point out that the illustrations form a distinctive feature of the present edition. They have been selected and described by E. Maunde Thompson, D.C.L., LL.D., Principal Librarian of the British Museum; A. S. Murray, LL.D., F.S.A. Keeper of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum; and E. A. Wallis Budge, Litt.D., F.S.A., Acting Assistant-Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum. They consist of facsimiles from the most ancient and authoritative manuscript versions of the Bible in Greek (Vaticanus, Alexandrinus, and Sinaiticus), Latin, Hebrew, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, and Coptic. A table of alphabets, showing the development of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin alphabets from the Egyptian hieratic, has been included. Egyptian and Assyrian, Babylonian and Phœnician monuments, which refer directly to important historical events

recorded in the Bible, such as the wars of Mesha, king of Moab, with the Israelites ; the capture of Jerusalem by Sennacherib ; the payment of tribute to Shalmaneser II. by Jehu ; the capture of Babylon by Cyrus ; the capture of Ashdod by Sargon, king of Assyria—are also represented. Assyrian ceremonies, scenes of war and the chase, &c., are fully illustrated from the unrivalled collection of bas-reliefs from the palaces of Assur-nasir-pal, Shalmaneser II., Tiglath-pileser III., Sennacherib, and Assur-bani-pal, now preserved in the British Museum. Accurate copies are given of stelæ, papyri, tablets, and other antiquities which refer to the religion and manners and customs of the nations with whom the Jews came into contact. Through the courtesy of Mr. Henry Frowde we are enabled to reproduce two examples which we think will be of special interest to our readers, one being the renowned Codex Vaticanus, and the other a document on papyrus from Egypt.

The Ruskin Bibliography.

THE publication of the colossal Bibliography of Mr. Ruskin, which has been in progress for the last year or two, has just been completed by the issue to subscribers of the two last parts. When originally planned, the book was to consist of eight parts ; it has grown under the compiler's hands to eighteen. No less than 1,154 items have been catalogued ; and when it is said that a copy of every item has been personally examined, some idea will be gained of the labour which devolved upon the compilers, Messrs. T. J. Wise and J. P. Smart. They now announce to the subscribers a supplement in the shape of "Illustrations to the Bibliography." The projected illustrations will consist of cuts representing the scarcer of the first and other interesting editions of Mr. Ruskin's books ; reproductions of the designs upon the bindings of "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and other works ; and facsimiles of Mr. Ruskin's manuscripts.

Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book.

THIS book, bound in gold and enamelled, said to be the workmanship of George Heriot, came up for sale at Christie's on June 13 among the objects of art formed by the late George Field. It is an interesting specimen of an historical goldsmith's skill, and contains a collection of prayers and meditations composed expressly for the Queen's use by the Lady Elizabeth Tirwit, her governess; she was a Falconbridge, and her arms, a lion with two tails, are printed inside. The prayers were printed in 1574 by A. Barker, whose device is seen on several leaves: a man stripping the bark from a tree, and the couplet—

“ A Barker if you will,
In name but not in skill.”

This book was worn by the Queen suspended by a chain from her girdle through the two rings which are at the top. The cover is of gold, ornamented with coloured enamel figures in full relief. In front is represented the raising of the Serpent in the Wilderness, an emaciated figure in the foreground, and three others, one in the attitude of prayer; on a border round it is written:—

“ + MAKE THE A FYRIE SERPENT AN SETITVP FORA SYGNE THATAS
MANY ASARE BYTTE MAYALOEK VPONIT AN LYVE.”

On the back is represented the Judgment of Solomon:—

“ + THEN THE KING ANSWERED AN SAYD SYVE HER THE LYVYNG
CHILD AN SLAYETNOT FOR SHELS THE MOTHER THEREOF ”

The edges and back of the cover are decorated with black enamels. George Heriot was the favourite goldsmith and banker of James I. of England, and the founder of that noble institution, “George Heriot's Hospital,” at Edinburgh.

This article was formerly in the Duke of Sussex's collection, and was exhibited at the Tudor Exhibition. It was purchased for 1,220 guineas.



Sale of Caxton's and Early MSS.

THE portion of the Bateman Library dispersed at Sotheby's last month, included a number of books and MSS. of the very first interest and rarity. The MSS. were of the greater importance, realising extremely good pieces considering that the majority were in anything but first-class condition. The highest price was paid for the "*Epistolæ et Opuscula*" of Cyprian, a Merovingian manuscript of the eighth century on vellum, with several leaves at the commencement damaged, £270; next in price to this came the "*Expositio Digesta Psalmorum*" of Cassiodori, a MS. of the twelfth century on vellum, with ornamental initials, transcribed by a Spanish scribe (18½ in. by 13½ in.), in oak boards, with brass bosses, £200; "*Sancti Columbani, vita scripta ab Jona Hiberno*," a twelfth century MS. on vellum, with leather joints, £41; a "*Canta Ecclesiastica*" of the tenth century on vellum, with music, with the old sides stamped with the crowned Tudor rose preserved, £65. "*Evangelia iv., Latine, cum Canone S. Eusebii*," 10th century, with headings to St. Matthew and Mark in letters of gold, £135; the same, of the 11th or 12th century, and belonging at one time apparently to the Church of St. Mary-in-Walbeke as on several of its leaves are written "*consuetudines and ecclesiæ*," and lists of its acres, &c., as well as various memoranda, dated 1360 and 1388, £93; a splendid MS. of a series of heroic poems on the ancient history of Persia, in Persian, by Firdusi Shah-Nameh, of the seventeenth century, and decorated with seventy-three full-page beautiful paintings in gold and colours by a native artist, £40. "*Gregorii Magni Moralia in Job*," of the ninth century, but damaged at the beginning and imperfect at the end, £160; a beautiful Book of

Hours of the fifteenth or sixteenth century ($3\frac{1}{2}$ in. by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in.), ornamented with forty-eight exquisite borders, composed of birds, flowers, insects, &c., and with forty-three superb miniatures, £100; Henry VIII.'s copy of the Book of Hours, "in usum angliaë," by an English scribe of the fourteenth century, ornamented with eleven borders and four small miniatures of figures of the instruments of Christ's torture, illuminated in gold and colours, bound by J. Payne, impressed with arms of Henry VIII. and Tudor Rose (Harper), £95. This unique item contains the following inscription:—"Of your devoute charite praye for the goode state of Maystrys Elyzabeth the Horne, of Saresden, wydow, the which dyd gyffe this boke to the paryshe churche of Saresden aforesaid, in the yere of Our Lorde God 1541." This MS. is the one mentioned by Warton in his "History of Kiddington" at Kiddington House as "a fine MS. missal on vellum, with elegant pictures and illuminations." A Sarum Book of Hours, by an English Scribe, fourteenth century, finely illuminated in gold and colours, £49; a fifteenth-century Horæ, by a Flemish Scribe, finely illuminated in gold and colours, with six large and eighteen small miniatures, £66; a collection of eighty exquisitely beautiful miniatures and borders, illuminated in gold and colours, neatly mounted on cardboard, £161. Among the Caxtons and other early printed books we may mention Ranulph Higden's "Polycronycon," translated by John de Trevisa, and printed by Caxton in 1482 (incomplete, wanting Proheme and five other leaves), £122; Caxton's "Doctrinal of Sapyence," 1489, with six leaves supplied in manuscript, £58—a few years ago this same copy was knocked down for £83; "Corydale," translated by Lord Rivers, a fragment of this extremely rare work—thirty-four of the seventy-six leaves—printed by Caxton 1480, £18. "Croniclis of Englonde," issued by the unknown printer of St. Albans, 1483, with several leaves facsimiled—no perfect copy is believed to be known, whilst it is excessively rare even imperfect—£96; the "Byrthe and Comynge of Antechryst," printed by Caxton's successor, Wynkyn de Worde, about 1495—this copy is believed to be the only one in existence—£25.



“ Hatchards.”

[FROM “THE DAILY CHRONICLE.”]

HATCHARD'S book shop in Piccadilly is one of the many historic houses in this very historic thoroughfare. Nearly a hundred years ago it was a kind of bookish free-and-easy, where men of letters met for books, gossip, and news. To-day Hatchard's is more bookish than ever, but one of the most fashionable of West End bookshops. Clearly Hatchard—even the impersonal Hatchard—could give some interesting reminiscences about his early associations. Clearly also Hatchard could tell what kind of place our dazzling West End makes in regard to literature.

Bent on his double-barrelled interview (says a *Chronicle* interviewer), I betook me the other day to this famous book shop. Hatchard is now Mr Arthur Humphreys, and his partner Mr. Edwin Shepherd, but the original John Hatchard—urbane old man, as the chronicles tell us he was—could not have received me more kindly. Indeed, Mr. Humphreys, who elected to face the interview, buckled down to my questions with a geniality which in similar circumstances I could not for a minute hope to attain. Besides being a bookseller he is a student and lover of books, and he has written one or two. Incidentally he told me he is at present writing a work on Hatchard's from the historical point of view. Easily and naturally, therefore, we slipped into this branch of our talk first.

“When,” I asked, “and under what circumstances was Hatchard's founded?”

“The business,” said Mr. Humphreys, “was founded in the year 1797 by John Hatchard, who had formerly been in the employ of that very famous bookseller, Honest Tom Payne. This was a great

man in his day, and his shop, where the National Gallery now stands, was a favorite resort of authors. There, I suppose, Hatchard became acquainted with many of the writers of the day, and when he set up business on his own account they made his place a centre. Hatchard, who seems to have been a shrewd, able man in his way, was of course anxious to have the big men look in on him. For instance, I have a letter which he wrote to Dr. Burney, the historian of music, asking for his custom. He got the custom, and further, Burney promised to recommend him to his friend Richard Porson."

"It was in this way, then, that the beginnings of the business were laid?"

"Yes, but the real foundation of the business was the publication of a pamphlet, entitled "Reform or Ruin." Its author was John Bowdler, the father of that Thomas who afterwards distinguished himself by 'bowdlerising' Shakespeare. I suppose there was considerable ground for the pamphlet, which was a bitter, savage and powerful attack on current scandals at Court. It was the boldness and the daring of the pamphlet that amazed people, and gave it quite a remarkable vogue. Edition after edition was published, and I have myself two copies of different editions."

"Nobody, neither Bowdler nor Hatchard, got 'put away' for it?"

"No; John Hatchard went on publishing and selling religious books, for really that was practically the backbone of the trade. Indeed, up to ten years ago Hatchard's was still essentially a religious bookseller's. I need hardly tell you that now we are booksellers in the broadest sense of the word. We sell books of every sort and kind, and we think we can enlighten people upon almost any book they may be looking for. My notion of a bookseller—bookseller distinct from a mere seller of books—is that he should be a kind of walking catalogue of literature. But that's a digression, and I know you want me to tell you some of the prominent people who made Hatchard's a resort at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century."

"No doubt in your book you'll have a good deal to say on that point?"

"Oh, yes. Burke and Canning came here, and so did Cracherode, the great book-collector, whose name may not be so familiar to you. Cracherode was a very noted personality, however, and there is a room at the British Museum called the Cracherode Room, for the reason that he bequeathed them part of his collection—I think his classics. William Wilberforce, the opponent of slavery, had his letters addressed here; and here Crabbe, the poet, and Scott met.

You'll find it set forth in Lockhart's life of Scott that the author of 'Ivanhoe' and Crabbe foregathered in Hatchard's back room. Byron's sister was a visitor to the shop, and I should say to a certainty Byron himself, although there's no absolute record showing it. Samuel Rogers was another of the literary set who gave old Hatchard the advantage of their custom and frequent presence. In later days, too, Mr. Gladstone, then quite a young man, used to have a considerable connection with Hatchard's by way of his pamphlets.”

“So Mr. Gladstone is a link which connects the Hatchard of the older school with the Hatchard of to-day?”

“If you like. I'm afraid there is a very great difference between the old Hatchard and the young one. The change is well illustrated by the fact that the busiest time of our day is the afternoon, when our streets and thoroughfares are brightest with fashion. No authors' free and easies in the back room—not here or at any other bookseller's; instead the busy sale of books, most of them to be read somewhere in the West End.”

“This brings us fairly to the second branch of my subject—the West End in relation to literature. Do the upper ten buy very largely of books?”

“They do, as you might yourself see by looking in on us any afternoon you're passing. I should say that the bulk of our buyers are ladies, or rather, that ladies buy more than men. In a recent article in the *Fortnightly*, Mr. Andrew Lang said he did not know any lady of distinction who could tell the difference between wide margins and narrow, who, in a word, knew about a book as a book. Speaking from my own experience, I entirely disagree with him. I believe there is an increasing number of ladies who take a deep interest in beautiful paper, fine bindings, and so on. In other words, I see signs, which lead me to think that in the not very far distant future the collection of valuable books will not remain a hobby for men only. Book collectors are arising, sir, among the fair sex, and from a trade point of view I'm bound to say the development is an excellent one.”

“To what do you attribute this advance of bookishness among women?”

“My own notion is that to some extent it is a result of the American woman in English society. I know of one American lady myself who is greatly devoted to books, and there are many others living here of whom the same might be said. The fair American is leading her English sister—anyhow, that explanation

seems a reasonable one. I take it as generally accepted that the average American woman of education is more bookish—cares more for books as books—than the average educated English woman, although she does not, it may be, read more."

"I imagine you have another type of bookish woman, the woman who reads serious literature—philosophy for example?"

"What I call ladies' philosophy is with us a distinct feature, and who, you ask, are ladies' philosophers? Schopenhauer, generally in the English translation, Plato, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Ernest Renan. Since Renan lectured at the Royal Institution on Marcus Aurelius there has been quite a new interest in that author. This revival was in a measure traceable to the well-known essay of Matthew Arnold. Americans buy 'Herbert Spencer' largely: English readers to a much less extent. In a measure I should also include Ruskin in my group of ladies' philosophers."

"Taking your readers generally, men as well as women, are there at present any marked tendencies towards special subjects or periods in literature?"

"Two illustrations in answer to your question occur to me, one the *penchant* for eighteenth-century literature, the other the interest in works on gardening and horticulture generally. Several influences are responsible for the devotion to subjects and themes of the eighteenth century. Lecky's 'History of the Eighteenth Century' has been one influence, Austin Dobson's writings another, Reginald Brett's a third. Then the reprints of Dorothy Osborne's Letters and the Chesterfield Letters have caused a wide demand, and there is an undying interest in Horace Walpole. The interest in garden literature appertains most markedly to women, and perhaps it may be referred back to the publication of a little book by 'E. V. B.' (Mrs. Boyle) on 'Days and Hours in a Garden,' an account of the authoress's own garden near Burnham Beeches. I suspect that the interest in horticulture on the part of most ladies is a purely literary one. That is to say, they don't themselves garden exactly, but they like to read about gardens."

"I take it you have yet to tell me what it is essentially the upper ten, the West End, read?"

"Yes; we have more or less been wandering through West End literary byways. The great literary highway in the West End is fiction—fiction dashed with adventure and biography. Undoubtedly, novels are the literary pabulum of the mass of the people in the West End. Women seem never to tire of ghost stories and detective stories; they like mystery, a substantial splash of sensation,

in their reading. Conan Doyle's 'Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' are regarded as the very best in the way of detective stories. Military men, and men who have travelled, as all well-to-do people have more or less, like stories of adventure—anyhow, stirring stories. Sporting novels too, as, for example, those of Whyte Melville, or 'Handley Cross,' and 'Sponge's Sporting Tour,' by Surtees, go very well."

"How do my lady and his lordship prefer their fiction—in one, two, or three volumes? in cloth or in paper?"

"It is only substantial novels, like Hardy's 'Tess,' Mrs. Humphrey Ward's 'David Grieve,' or Mallock's 'Human Document,' that sell to any extent in three-volume form. Even for such novels the three-volume edition, which is not suited to the bookseller, is, I think, doomed to go out by and by. And if the three-volumer goes, the two-volumer, which is merely an offshoot, is also doomed. We shall therefore get to the single volume, the form in which the great body of fiction already passes over the counter. You have seen the Pseudonym Library, neatly bound, handy things in yellow paper covers? Well, there is a distinct appreciation of fiction in that form, for the simple reason that it is so handy. If a lady takes a novel with her in her carriage, she prefers it light, daintily manageable, a volume which gives no sort of trouble."

"Who of our novelists are most popular in the West End?"

"Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, W. E. Norris, W. H. Mallock, Marion Crawford, Rhoda Broughton, Marie Corelli—perhaps these are the first favourites of fashion. If a new story by Kipling were to be published to-morrow we should expect to sell more copies of it than of any other writer. I think Mallock is popular because he interprets present-day tendencies better than anybody else, Norris because he understands English country life, and Hardy because of his grip of characterisation and his realism. Marion Crawford's points of attraction are his good English, and the variety of his fiction, Marie Corelli's her mystery and weirdness, while Rhoda Broughton's attractiveness is, I suppose, the buoyancy and fun which run through her stories."

"Neither Meredith nor Stevenson are in your list; surely they sell largely where people are all at least well-educated?"

"True, they sell; but they have not by a long way the popular sale of those I have mentioned. Barrie has quite as good a sale as Stevenson. Rider Haggard's 'She' and 'Beatrice' did very well, and Conan Doyle's stories, as I have already said, are greatly in favour."

"I should be glad of some estimate of the popular poets and general writers."

"Women are perhaps the greater readers of poetry, and of the younger poets William Watson, Henley, Le Gallienne, and Norman Gale all sell. So, of course, do the older poets—Alfred Austin, for example, William Morris, who is always rising, and Swinburne, for whom there is a steady, a classical sale. No, I cannot say there is much of a demand for Robert Buchanan's verse. Once and only once do I remember a real rush for him. That was when Mr. Lecky, in a speech at an Academy dinner, praised the 'City of Dream' very highly. In miscellaneous literature, the names of Andrew Lang, especially for his essays, and of John Addington Symonds, occur to me as being often on the lips of customers."

"You have not mentioned the attitude of society towards really great writers."

"I assumed a certain sale—largely for gifts—of Shakespeare, Milton, and the older classics. Both of Tennyson and Browning there is an extensive demand. It reached a high-water mark in the periods immediately following their deaths. Let any poet or author become at any time unusually prominent in the public view, and immediately he has an accenuated sale. I could mention one poet, not selling particularly well as a rule, who had a distinct popularity on the assumption that he was to be Poet Laureate."

"I have asked you much, and I have still one other point, but only one. What are the powers which make for the sale or the non-sale of a book?"

"In my opinion dinner-table talk on books has more to do with the sale of books than anything else. A word at a dinner-table from men like Mr. George W. Smalley or Sir Henry Calcraft in praise of a book, will move the mysterious waters which ensure a large sale. Even more so, recognition by Mr. Gladstone does a book a world of good. Not long ago the Grand Old Man, while at a country house, praised a biographical dictionary. Next day we sold a copy of the work to a member of the party at the country house."

"Get a book talked about, then, and it will sell: that is a first principle?"

"I certainly think it so. And after that influence come the reviews."

"I'm afraid I haven't been able to tell you much of interest," Mr. Humphreys added, as I was leaving. I dissented entirely.



Early American Imprints.

ONE of the most remarkable typographic exhibits on record was that made at the Grolier Club House in New York in April. It consisted of relics of colonial American pamphlet and book printing which have been preserved in private hands or society libraries. Distinctively prominent were works from the press of William Bradford, at Philadelphia from 1685 to 1693, and in New York from 1693 to 1743. First of these is the *Kalendarium Pennsilvaniense*, an almanac for the year 1686. The first New York work is "New England's Spirit of Persecution transmitted to Pennsylvania and the pretended Quaker found persecuting the true Christian—Quaker in the Tryal of Peter Ross, George Keith, Thomas Budd, and William Bradford. Printed in the year 1693."

Then there were shown other works either printed by or relating to John Peter Zenger, from 1725 to 1740; imprints of James Parker, the most skilful printer of his epoch, from 1743 to 1746; of Henry De Foreest, from 1744 to 1754; of John Zenger, jun., in 1746; Catharine Zenger, in 1747; Hugh Gaine, from 1754 to 1774: Parker and Weyman, in 1753 and 1754; William Weyman, in 1761 and 1762; John Holt, from 1763 to 1773; James Parker and Co., Garrat Noel, Samuel Brown, and others, up to the time of the Revolution.

Besides these valued books there were several rare examples from the Pennsylvania presses of Reinier Jansen, Andrew Bradford, Samuel Keimer, and others, twenty-four imprints of the Franklin Press, including one or two copies known to be extant of "Poor Richard," 1733, and two uncut copies of the "Cato Major," one bound by Lortic and the other in its original covers. Also at the

Grolier exhibition was displayed a treasured copy of the first book printed at Perth Amboy, N.J., dated 1723; the first "Compendium of Surveying" printed in America, issued by Isaac Collins at Burlington, N.J., in 1771; the first book issued in what is now the State of Delaware, printed at Wilmington in 1763; the first English book printed in America, the Bay Psalm Book, at Cambridge in 1640, the earliest book printed in Virginia known to be extant. "A Collection of all the Acts of Assembly," Williamsburg, 1733; the earliest South Carolina imprint yet in existence, "The Laws of the Province," Charles Town, 1736.

To newspaper readers and newspaper makers, most attractive of all were No. 18 of the New York *Gazette*, the earliest issue known to be preserved of the first public journal in New York; No. 7 of Zenger's *Weekly Mercury*, the first of the numbers condemned to be burned by the sheriff, and the first issue of Franklin's *Pennsylvania Gazette*. It was, in every feature, a notable object lesson of comparison and suggestion.

Myles Standish, His Booke.

IN the 400,000 volumes in the old bookstore of the late T. O. H. P. Burnham, of Boston, Mass., there is one which will interest collectors greatly. This volume, for which the owners ask the modest price of \$2,500, was published in London in 1621, and bears for its title, "The Passions of the Minde in Generall; in sixe bookes, corrected, enlarged, and with sundry new discourses augmented. By Thomas Wright." It is not the book itself, however, but its former ownership that gives it highest value; for once upon a time this work belonged to the valiant Capt. Miles Standish, forming one of the very few works which his library contained. So far as is known, this is the only book from that library now in existence. On the inside is written in bold letters, "Myles Standish, his booke, 1626."



Letters from America, 1777.

THE following letters were written by my great-grandfather, James Warren : there must have been more, but these are the only two left. James Warren was a wine-merchant in London, and becoming acquainted, about 1775, with Benjamin Franklin, was induced to sell his business and attempt to establish himself in America. He succeeded in setting up a brewery in Philadelphia, which prospered well, and he was probably on the way to riches, when the breaking out of war ruined him. When Lord Cornwallis and the British army occupied Philadelphia, he volunteered his services, and was of much use in the way of guidance and so forth, thus becoming so unpopular that he was obliged to follow the army when they evacuated the town. His partner, also an Englishman, took the Republican side, and, remaining behind, possessed himself of the business. James Warren at last reached England, I imagine not very far from destitute ; and after a time endeavoured to obtain from the English Government some recognition of his services, and compensation for his losses. In this, though backed by the following testimonial from Lord Cornwallis, he had of course no success :—

ALBEMARLE STREET, *March 2nd*, 1782.

I perfectly recollect that Mr. James Warren rendered many material services to his Majesty's Army in Pennsylvania. He communicated to me the first account of the Channel by which the *Vigilant* went up to the attack of Mud Island. He spared his principal Clerk at a time that he must have been in great want of

his services, to assist the Army in discovering such Stores and Articles as might be useful; and if I had not advised him against it, he would have engaged in an attempt which would probably have cost him his life.

I shall be happy to find that this testimonial of Mr. Warren's zeal to serve his country may contribute to his indemnification for his severe losses.

CORNWALLIS (L. S.).

James Warren's American partner remitted him some sums of money at intervals; but after my great-grandfather's death in 1788, aged only 52 (of phthisis, probably caused by his exposure with the army), his sons, who were then boys of eighteen and sixteen, could never obtain even a statement of accounts; and ultimately the matter was abandoned. But as late as 1847 it appears that the site of the Philadelphia brewery changed hands, and the American lawyers, finding this ancient claim upon it, thought it prudent to have it formally released. They accordingly looked up James Warren's descendants, and caused them to execute such a release. I am sure I don't know why, but these lawyers chose to have the release witnessed by the "head of a corporation," and my father accordingly got the Vice-chancellor of the University of Cambridge (the late Bishop Philpot of Worcester) to sign and seal for him. The seal, being very big, satisfied the lawyers.

Such was my one chance of American citizenship.

C. F. S. WARREN, M.A.

LETTER I.

NEW YORK, 28th June, 1777.

MY DEAR SISTER,—As I have written home by every opportunity, you will have heard of my safe arrival. The Packet was to have sailed the second day after I got here, and by her I wrote to most of my friends. She was afterwards detained by the Admiral seven or eight days, or you would have heard from me almost as soon as it was possible—at least, in all probability as soon as in general it happens under the like circumstances. Convoys are sometimes very tedious; the Gentleman I am with was five months from the time of his leaving Portsmouth. The circumstance I lamented as very unfortunate (the reaching Portsmouth too late to come out in the *Isis*), for although she sailed ten days before the *Somerset*, yet she did not arrive till near a fortnight after us. This would have

lost me the opportunity of seeing Sir William Howe, who took the field a few days after I got here, and I should have lost the opportunity of being known to General Grey, who was likewise a passenger in the same ship. I was so fortunate as to succeed with this Gentleman (by those little attentions your favourite author so strongly recommends), and interested him so much in my affairs that he repeatedly promised to serve me to the utmost of his power, took down the particulars of all my property, and assured me that in case he was with the Army when Philadelphia fell into the hands of his Majesty's forces, he would place guards upon my part of the premises, to prevent plunder or their being set on fire.

My letter to Mr. Jackson I directed to Red Lion Square, that for my mother to Brook Street. I hope they were forwarded. By a packet which arrived yesterday morning I received my home letters, which I need not add gave me great pleasure. You must go far distant from home to have an idea of the sensations felt on those occasions. I am absolutely crying at this instant only from thinking of it. Your letter, and my Mother's account of your restoration to health, gave me inexpressible pleasure. I am likewise made very happy by hearing that Mrs. Warren is easy, and endeavours to make herself comfortable. The joy I felt from these pleasing accounts would have been compleated if I had at the same time heard that my sister Warren and brother Matthew had been as well as I wish them. Hope, that friendly comforter, leads me to expect that the next accounts will be more favourable. I do not think my travels can afford half the entertainment Mr. Jackson's will—indeed, a feeling heart must here meet with a perpetual source of inquietude, from the various scenes of distress that are continually presenting themselves. And this unnatural rebellion is likely to continue longer than we in England had any idea of, so that I can see no end to the Misery of these unhappily divided People. I wish the King could give employments on the Continent to those of the minority who have been the most violent abettors of the Americans, that they might see to what a state of wretchedness they have so largely contributed to reduce the Colonies, and be a little better acquainted with the People for whom they would have sacrificed the honour and prosperity of the British Nation. I would answer for their soon becoming loyal subjects; but alas! conviction in them, as in many here, would come too late to avert the dire effects of civil discord. The King's Commissioners have, from motives of humanity, endeavoured to spare the effusion of Blood; this lenity has increased the evil, which is become desperate, and can only be

eradicated by the most dreadful of all remedies, slaughter and desolation.

The Political Pot has boiled so long that the scum rises fast to the top. Men of desperate fortunes, and the designing knaves who had no fortunes at all, have possessed themselves of wealth and power, which they will risque everything to retain.

This was once a Glorious Country, and the People possessed everything that can make life desirable. Thankless beings, to have so wantonly brought on themselves and Posterity such a sad reverse. By what remains of the City of New York, its former grandeur may be guessed at. It is astonishing what a space of ground is in ruins; most delightfully situated, which they say (and the sad remains of many prove it to have been so) contained a range of the finest Houses in the Town. By this calamity (perpetrated by wretches employed for that purpose, some of whom being caught in the fact were thrown into the flames they had so diabolically caused) great numbers were ruined. But this, though great in itself, is as nothing when compared to the desolation brought on a vast extent of country, which must be in a manner depopulated if this unhappy contest is not soon put an end to, and that there is no prospect of at present. Our Army is in good health and high spirits. They shew an uncommon ardour, and are ready upon any occasion to encounter danger or difficulty. Yesterday in the forenoon we were all made very happy by great News from the Army, which was so circumstantially and positively related that it was almost universally believed. The substance of the account was that Sir William Howe had defeated the whole Rebel Army and taken Mr. Washington prisoner. In the midst of the rejoicing on account of so happy an event one of the General's Aid-de-camps came to Town and undeceived us. The total defeat has sunk into a slight skirmish, in which the King's troops killed about three hundred and took seventy or eighty prisoners. The truth of the matter was that the General having resolved if possible to entice or force the Rebels to an engagement, but finding them very strongly Posted, and not to be dislodged without great loss, he retired, by which the Provincials were so much elated that they returned to attack the Rear of the British Army, who repulsed them with the above loss, and which would have been much greater if the Hessians had not marched two Hours later than they were ordered. The Prisoners were brought in this morning, but I was so busily employed in writing to you that I could not go to look at them. If Sir William Howe could have got fairly at them I do not doubt that they would

have been in the situation the lying report of yesterday placed them.

The Rebel ruling powers govern with a most despotick sway, and the Military, acting under the authority of these petty Tyrants, exercise great cruelty even on their Countrymen and neighbours, if they are but suspected of being friendly to Government. A Gentleman with whom I was acquainted in England, who was one of the Representatives for this Province, and at the beginning of these disturbances made a very spirited speech in the Assembly, in which he foretold all the calamities that have since been brought upon the Colonies, and escaped the fury of the People with great difficulty by getting on board one of the King's Ships. He left in a retired situation a Wife and seven Children of whom he is doatingly fond. She is a most extraordinary character, I think the most so I ever met with. Young and handsome, with an excellent understanding, and quite a heroine. Soon after her Husband's escape, a guard of sixty Men were ordered to surround the house. As they were to be long continued, the Officers desired Lodgings might be provided for them in the House, and signified their pleasure that a proper Table should be constantly kept. She came to the door and told them that there was an out House, where they might accommodate themselves as well as they could, but not having been used to such company (the Captain having been a Journeyman Tanner), she insisted upon their never attempting to come into the House. Some of the common Men thinking their Officers were not respectfully treated, presented their Pieces, and one of them attempting to force his way in, she took hold of him by the shoulders, and pushed him fairly out neck and heels. Upon which they were struck with such an awe and respect for her that they made no further attempt. By some well-timed kindnesses to the Men, she soon obtained a much greater influence over them than their Officers, whose orders they often refused to obey till they had consulted the Lady. At length she persuaded thirty of the number to return to their home, which gave such offence to the Congress, that a fresh Party were ordered to destroy everything, and to imprison her person; of this she had notice just time enough to escape with her Children and a very few things. Fortunately she was situated near the River. General Howe had just Landed on the opposite shore, and Mr. Wilkins, who came from England the day before, was with the Army, and ready to receive them. So unexpected a pleasure made her forget all the past. This extraordinary couple are on Long Island, about ten miles from hence. I lately passed a few days with them very agree-

ably ; she appeared happy and in good spirits, though just ready to take to her Bed, and although with so large a Family, their property has been for the most part cruelly destroyed, and they have no chance, at least for a long time, of being able to return to his Estate. Desire Mrs. W. to shew you a letter I received from him yesterday, and which I have enclosed to her. I have troubled you with this account as a specimen of the treatment of the King's Loyal subjects in these parts have been exposed to. Our Countryman General Lee (?) has committed numberless acts of cruelty, which he will probably make some atonement for by the forfeiture of his worthless Life. After saying so much you will be surprised to hear that I have lately become acquainted with that renowned Champion of American liberty. He is now a prisoner on board His Majesty's Ship *Centurion* ; as I know Captain Braithwaite, and had a strong desire to see a person of whom I had heard so much, I readily accepted an invitation to dine on Board. Mr. Lee soon gave me an opportunity of entering into conversation with him, by asking me if it was not very hot in New York. I told him that *I* was more sensible of it from having lately left a moderate Climate. This, as I intended it should, led to other questions ; hearing I had lived at Ipswich, he inquired after several Families, and particularly Sir Robert Harland's ; Miss Maryan, as his great favourite, and her melodious voice, was powerful enough to charm the savage heart of General Lee. We had a great deal of conversation upon the present unhappy dispute. He appeared to lament that the differences had not been accommodated when Lord Howe first came out, and said that, had his Lordship arrived before their declaration of independency, everything would have been easily settled ; as it was at last prevented by some trifling circumstances. He told me likewise that the defeat of the body of Hessians some months ago had a second time prevented it, as they were then so dispirited that nothing was so much thought of as making their peace ; but the success they met with on that occasion he thought would prove a great misfortune to them, by protracting a reconciliation. He shewed me a plan of accommodation which I think must have been agreeable to both parties, as it admitted all the claims of Great Britain and at the same time provided a security for American liberty : this plan 'tis said was communicated to Mr. Washington, who thought proper to suppress it. There is nothing of dignity in Mr. Lee's appearance or manner : I have seen him twice ; the first time he had on a shabby old waistcoat, and the second time was in his apartment without his coat, in an old ragged Shirt. This I am told is from a dislike he has

to the parting with his Money. He is sensible and clever, appears easy, and conversed the whole time I stayed, which was full hours. In my second visit something passed that led to my admiring the Ship, on which he said, "D——n them, I cannot bear the sight of a Man-of-War." When you meet Mr. R. Trotman, let him know that I have just seen Mr. Cook, who inquired after and desires to be remembered to them. He came here yesterday on leave of absence for a few days. Let Mr. Trotman know likewise that although Mr. Cook has been so long near his children yet he has not once been able to see them: add my compliments to the Family. I yesterday sealed a letter to Mr. Kirby, in which I told him the great News, and which everybody at that time believed to be true. I wish you would write a note the first time you send to Ipswich, to inform him that it turned out to be a trifling matter, otherwise it may be circulated as coming from me, which not being true I should be very sorry for. After this specimen you will not be surprised when I tell that I have been a good deal of my time employed in writing letters to England since my arrival; I despatched twenty at one time and almost as many since. I should not have concluded without telling you a good deal about myself and a scheme I have formed, but I recollect that Mrs. Warren can inform you, and I think I must have sufficiently tired you already. When you write to Ripple send this letter to Mary Warren, and tell her I wish she would suppose it written to herself, and that it may bribe her to write often, particularly as her Father has quite neglected me. Tell my Mother, with my Duty, that I thank her for the Letter she favoured me with, and hope she will consider my writing to you as though I had immediately addressed myself to her. Before I conclude I must relate a little anecdote of a Major in the Rebel Service lately taken, who, having been wounded, the English officer to whom he surrendered ordered him to be taken great care of, and afterwards talking one day to him expressed his surprise that appearing to be an honest, good sort of man, he should have been prevailed on to engage in so bad a cause. "You are right, Sir; it is a very foolish business. Sir, I am by Trade a Butcher, was well to pass in the World, and lived very comfortably, and I promise you if ever I get back to my Wife and Family nothing shall prevail on me to go a-Majoring again. I would not have you suppose from what Mrs. W. will communicate that I have any thoughts of continuing longer in America than I find is necessary. The scheme I have planned will, I flatter myself, soon enable me to recover part of my losses, with which I believe I shall retire to some remote Farm in Wales, and give up all thoughts of transmitting wealth to my Posterity."

How frequently do short-sighted Mortals discover by their own painful experience that it may be wretchedness to lose what it was not happiness to Possess. You will make my civilities to those who may inquire after me.

I am, my Dear Sister, Most affectionately yours, J. W.

My love to Mr. Jackson, and tell him I hope to hear from him. My kind love to Matthew, and best wishes for the recovery of his health. Don't forget love to the young ones. I am afraid this letter will cost you more than 'tis worth : I will endeavour to get it franked to London.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—As I have written to you by almost every opportunity that has come to my knowledge, and am now in expectation of another, I am preparing for it, though it will not be in my power to write so fully as I could wish. I left New York the 19th of July [1777] with the greatest part of the British Army and a considerable part of the Fleet, which, with Transports, &c., made up about 300 Sail. The general opinion was that our destination was immediately to Philadelphia, but the Admiral, when off the mouth of the Delaware, received some intelligence by one of the ships stationed there that occasioned his steering for Chesapeake Bay. In this attempt we were very unfortunate, having contrary winds for a month, by which the Horses suffered accordingly, and great numbers were lost. On the 25th and 26th of August the Troops debarked in high health and spirits. This passage is usually done in less than a week. The Bay of Chesapeake is beautiful beyond anything I ever saw : the Fleet sailed up more than 250 miles through Virginia and Maryland, a great part of which bears a strong resemblance to England, and some of it in high cultivation. If I had been otherwise circumstanced I should have thought this a most delightful excursion—indeed nothing could be more noble than to see such a Fleet sailing majestically up so fine a piece of Water. As we were not expected there was no sort of opposition—indeed we sailed through parts in which no Vessel of any size had ever gone before, and in which the Americans thought no Ship of bulk could float. The two first days after the Troops landed, and before any sort of covering could be sent on shore, it rained day and night almost without ceasing : thus circumstanced, and in a low, Marshy ground, there was great reason to apprehend the Troops would have suffered greatly : indeed, the Provisioner [?] expected that half the

Army must have fallen by sickness: the event, however, was the reverse: the Troops have continued healthy in an astonishing degree ever since we left New York, notwithstanding they were so long at Sea, very much crowded in the Transports, and have since our landing been exposed to all weathers with little or no covering, for the weak state of the H. L. [?] made it necessary to send all the Soldiers' Tents round by Sea. At the head of Elk, 10 miles from the first landing, part of the Army Marched and took Possession of a small Town, in which was found a large quantity of Stores, and among the others as much Porter as would have sold for about five Hundred Pounds: this Mr. H[are: J. W.'s partner] had sent to be conveyed to a Gentleman in a neighbouring Province: it only waited for his Boats. The Beer was, from being found with rebel stores, deemed a lawful Prize, and accordingly distributed to the Soldiers, and I had no other Satisfaction than the hearing that it was very good. From this place the General marched in search of Mr. W[ashington]'s army, and on the very day we moved had a brush with a small body of the Rebels, in which they lost 50 or 60 Men. After this the British Forces passed unmolested through a considerable tract of country, the Provincials retreating till we came without about 4 miles of Philadelphia, where we found their whole Army advantageously posted. The Troops had marched sixteen Miles, heavily laden with their Baggage, and were much fatigued with the heat of the weather, notwithstanding which Sir William Howe resolved to give battle: the event was more favourable than could have been expected, for notwithstanding these disadvantageous circumstances, so great was the ardour and spirit of my brave countrymen that they obtained with an inconsiderable loss a compleat victory: the Enemy were intirely routed with great loss, and had not the close of day favoured their precipitate retreat, a considerable part of their Army must have been cut to pieces. After this Mr. Washington dispatched 1500 men to harass the rear and endeavour to cut off the Baggage, but the General, having received intelligence of this movement, sent out a party in the dead of night, who, without firing a Gun, killed and took 500 and dispersed the rest, after which the General marched on to this City [Philadelphia], of which part of the Army took quiet possession the 25th of [September] last month. Since our arrival Mr. Washington with his made a furious attack upon part of the British forces, and it is supposed intended to have brought on a general engagement, but they were driven back with great loss. In the course of our long March, which took up a Month, I often experienced distress of various kinds. I had but twice the oppor-

tunity of going into a Bed, sometimes sleeping in the open Air, and thought myself well off if in a tent with a little straw to keep me from the damp of the ground. I have frequently been distressed for a morsel of Bread; however, with all these difficulties I have been perfectly well, and often highly entertained. I find I can stand fire very well; however, I have taken care not unnecessarily to run into danger. I found my affairs here in an uncomfortable situation. I had money independent of what was engaged in the Brewery to the amount of £2,500, which my Attorney without my knowledge or consent thought proper to lend to the Congress, and which is totally lost, Mr. H. having refused to purchase the premises we occupy, which this money would more than have paid for, and the lease of which expired at that very time. . . .

[This letter appears never to have been finished.]

The Book Thief Again.

A NOVELTY in the way of window bills has been seen in Edinburgh recently, the superintendent of police seeking by this means to enlist the aid of the public in capturing the purloiner of a first edition of "Sketches by Boz." The thief evidently knew what he was about, and it may be doubted if the public are likely to have the chance of helping to trap him. The value of the three-volume original "Boz" is now something like £15, and the octavo edition in parts as issued, with all the wrappers, would certainly bring at auction £20, and if properly heralded might find a purchaser at half as much again. These things are not known to all, and a man who smuggles away a first edition of Dickens in his pocket may be presumed to have other than personal use for the rarity.



Early English Printing.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co. announce that they are preparing for publication in September, a portfolio of facsimiles illustrating the history of printing in England in the fifteenth century, which will be edited by Mr. E. Gordon Duff, author of the volume on "Early Printed Books" in their series of "Books about Books."

Such a series of facsimiles has been edited for the Low Countries by M. Holtrop, and for France by M. Thierry-Poux, and the chief issues of the presses of Germany and Italy are now being illustrated in a work in course of publication by Dr. Konrad Burger. In England no attempt has yet been made to do justice to the work of any printer except Caxton, and the productions of the presses at Oxford and St. Albans, and the early books printed by Lettou and Machlinia, by Wynkyn de Worde, Pynson, and Julian Notary, have been almost wholly neglected. Thus, quite one-half of Mr. Duff's book will cover ground which may almost be described as new, and even for the more familiar books of Caxton, the superiority of the collotype process in use at the Clarendon Press over the older methods of reproduction will make this series of facsimiles indispensable to every student of English printing in the fifteenth century. The portfolio will contain about forty plates, giving in all over sixty facsimiles the exact size of the originals, and in every case consisting of an entire page. In these sixty facsimiles a specimen will be shown of every type used in England before 1500 which has yet been discovered, and reproductions will also be given of all the printers' devices.

An introduction of about forty pages (large folio) will be prefixed,

containing an account of the various types and tracing, as far as possible, their origin, and the period during which they were used. There will also be short notices of the printers, giving facts necessary for understanding the development of their work. In order to enable the plates to be more readily used for comparison and reference they will be issued loose, in a portfolio. The size of each plate will be 15 inches by 11 inches. Only 300 copies will be printed for sale. The price of the portfolio to subscribers before publication will be 25s. net. Any copies not subscribed for before publication will be offered to the public in the ordinary way through the booksellers at two guineas per copy.

Books on Printing.

AN exceptionally fine collection of books and pamphlets, which are both technically and historically illustrative of the printing industry, has come by purchase into the custody of William Evarts Benjamin, of New York city. More than twenty years were spent by George Edward Sears in perfecting this monographic library. He is a son of the founder of the prominent establishment of Sears & Cole. Mr. Benjamin is reported to have paid \$25,000 for these volumes, mostly rare and unique, which he proposes to arrange in chronological order for exhibition about October 1st of the present year. Embraced in this remarkable collection are missals, books of hours, manuscripts with miniatures, fifteenth-century books and woodcuts, a complete Caxton, examples of celebrated typographers of four centuries, bindings of the great Italian, French, German, English, and American toolers, and innumerable text-books. It was the rule of Mr. Sears to keep his curious and instructive literary gleanings in one large apartment of a well-ventilated mansion, without any gas-light or artificial heat.



My Upper Shelves.

CLOSE at my feet in stolid rows they sit,
The grave great tomes that furnish forth my wit ;
Like reverend oaks they are of Academe,
Within whose shade broods silence, staid of mien.
I honour them and hearken to their lore,
And with a formal fondness view them o'er ;
As ever with the wise they have the floor !

But high on top, all other books above,
The precious pocket volumes that I love
Foregather, in a Friend's Society
Whose silences are pregnant unto me,
The poets be there, companions tried and true
On many a walk, for many a fireside brew ;
The golden lays of Greece, the grace urbane
Of Roman Horace ; or some later strain
From lyre Elizabethan, passion-strong ;
From minnesinger or from master-song ;
And down the tuneful choir of nearer days,
The chants of Hugo, or the soulful praise
Of Wadsworth tranced among his native fells ;
The orphic art of Emerson ; the wail
Of Heine, ever slave to Beauty's spells ;
The voice of Tennyson in many amusing tale,
These and their fellows poise above my head,
And at their beck imperious I am led
Through all delights of living and of dead.

Less weighty, say you ? All aerial things
That float on fancy or that fly on wings
Are small of bulk, and hence soar heaven-high ;

They have all manner of wild, sweet escapes
 From bonds of earth, and so they do not die
 As die these grosser, more imprisoned shapes.
 My upper shelves uphold a mystic crowd,
 Whose lightest word, though scarcely breathed aloud,
 Will all outweigh a million folios
 That groan with wisdom and with scholar-woes,
 So long as love is love and blooms a sole red rose !

—RICHARD BURTON, in *Harper's Magazine*.

First Editions.

“**H**INTS to Collectors of Original Editions of the Works of Modern Authors,” by J. H. Slater, editor of *Book Prices Current*, is the title of a new book announced for early publication by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. This work does not pretend to be a scientific bibliography. In dealing with the writings of Robert Browning, Mrs. Browning, William M. Thackeray, Charles Dickens, W. Harrison Ainsworth, Coventry Patmore, Richard Jefferies, R. Louis Stevenson, George Meredith, Andrew Lang, A. C. Swinburne, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, Gilbert à Becket, R. S. Surtees, George Augustus Sala, &c., it regards only such books as, by reason of their scarcity, are now in demand at enhanced prices by the present-day collector ; these are fully described and appraised with special reference to the protection of the collector from spurious editions and imperfect copies.



Izaak Walton's Tercentenary.

THE angling clubs of the country celebrated the tercentenary of the birth of Izaak Walton in August last. This worthy example was to some extent followed by metropolitan clubs, for Walton gained while fishing in London waters the experience which enabled him to write the pleasant book that immortalised him. Izaak made the art of luring the finny denizens of the brook his favourite recreation, and the stream he most frequented for this purpose was the river Lea. The first edition of his work, "The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation, being a Discourse of Fish and Fishing not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers," was published in St. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street, in 1653. A native of Stafford, Walton came early to London, and is first heard of as keeping a small shop in the upper story of Gresham's Royal "Burse," or Exchange, in Cornhill. In 1624, according to Sir John Hawkins, Walton carried on business as a linendraper "on the north side of Fleet Street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery Lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow." About that period he married his first wife, a descendant of Archbishop Cranmer. His second spouse was a sister of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. He then removed up Chancery Lane, where he was described as a sempster or milliner. Before his death at Winchester, in 1683, Walton resided for some time with Charles Cotton, the author of the treatise on fly-fishing in the "Compleat Angler," who had built a fishing house on the banks of the Dove.

The Literary Censor Again.

IN a recent number of *Free Russia* a quaint little story is told. Some weeks ago, it seems, a St. Petersburg magazine published an article on Ibsen. It was simply a piece of literary criticism—not a word did it contain against the Throne, the Church, or law and order; for its author is counted one of the wise in his generation. None the less, when his article appeared, the author was promptly summoned before the censor. “I do not approve of your article,” said this dignitary, “and must ask you never to write in that style again.” “But why?” protested the writer; “there is nothing in my article contrary to law.” “No,” said the censor, “but your interpretation of Ibsen is quite different from mine. This means that one of us is a fool—either I or you—and I will not stand that.”

Books.

CLOTH, leather, paper, ink, and gold
Harbour treasures manifold.

* * *

All the wisdom of mankind,
All its laughter and its tears,
Hawk-eyed hopes, and fears blind,
All that is, or that appears :
Love and Loss, and Youth and Age.
Time—the jest and test of God—
Linger on the mystic page—
Lurk, like seed within the pod ;
Seed which, planted every day,
Still remains to plant anew—
Gives, but cannot give away—
Nourishes, yet stays with you !

* * *

What bonds such boundless wealth can hold !
Cloth, leather, paper, ink, and gold !

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.



Old Books in America.

[FROM A YANKEE POINT OF VIEW.]



NEW YORK journalist recently dropped into one of the very few shops in that city devoted exclusively to the sale of rare and valuable books a few weeks ago, and said to the proprietor :

"Where in town will I find those old book stalls that I read about in the papers, where collectors of first editions and other bookish treasures go to look for prizes?"

"There aren't any," said the book dealer.

"What, no old nooks piled up with all sorts of musty volumes and presided over by fossils with grey beards who innocently sell the scholar for 50 cents relics in vellum worth a couple of hundred dollars?"

"Not a nook," replied the book man. "If you want to buy any valuable books you will find a few places like mine in town, where you can choose from a collection of rare and valuable books whatever you like, and pay for them sums which will represent every cent of their value: or else you can watch the newspapers for advertisements of the sale of collectors' libraries, and go to the auction and bid for what you want against the dealers and other sharps, who will be on hand armed with very accurate knowledge as to the exact value of the books to be put on sale. But if you insist on picking up bargains, you will save time by getting on a ferryboat and looking in some other town, for you won't find them here."

"But the picturesque old book stands and cellars, where rheumatic

old scholars, who conceal wonderfully sharp eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles, prowl around in assumed innocence——”

“Don’t exist,” put in the book man, sharply. “I know there is a mouldy old story to that effect, which bobs up its hoary head about once a year, but I assure you the story is a pure invention. The rare book trade of this town is completely organised and is under the control of a few men, who combine a good deal of learning with a very accurate idea of how to squeeze every possible cent out of their business. No New Yorker who hasn’t got a strapping bank account can ‘collect’ in this town. The story, of course, originated in London, where there are plenty of the sort of old nooks you are asking about. The old book trade flourishes over there after the musty fashion you speak of, and rheumatic old gentlemen, if they dissemble with sufficient skill, can occasionally run across a prize and obtain it for a few pence. There are romantic old cellars in Paris, too, stored with dusty volumes, from among which one of value can now and then be unearthed. But there is no such thing in New York. I have visited the old book stands of London and Paris, by the way, and once in a while I have made a profitable purchase. I have explored the old stores in the narrow alleys of Paris, and turned over thousands of odd volumes looking for one of real value. Once in a while I have found it. In those cities you see the venerable collectors with bent frames, absorbed faces, and eager penetrating eyes, turning the leaves of moth-eaten volumes. The story is true enough for London and Paris, but it doesn’t apply here, in spite of constant efforts to make it appear so.”

“But there are old stands in the city, and plenty of them,” persisted the visitor, “for I have seen them.”

“Oh, yes, lots of old book stands,” said the dealer, “but if you ever stopped to examine the books for sale there you would soon become disgusted with your theory. If you want to hear some reasons why no valuable books can be picked up on these stands I can tell you plenty of them. There are very few old books in the country of any value that are not already in collections, either private or public, or on the shelves of book dealers who appreciate their value, and are holding them for a prize. That is easily accounted for. In the first place our country is young, and we have printed very few books, comparatively speaking, that have become valuable. There are a few first editions that are worth money, as the *Federalist*, for instance, which will bring \$1,000 any day. But there is reason to believe that these volumes are all in the hands of collectors, or in museums here and abroad. In the second place, we have few old families to hand books

down from generation to generation, as in England and France. We were not a reading people when these volumes, now of value, were printed, but a working, and fighting, and struggling people. Books circulated freely, and quickly came into the hands of collectors, for we had book collectors almost as soon as we had books. Collecting is a trait inborn in humanity. In the third place, English gentlemen of large estates and a fancy for collecting began to gather up further treasures here at an early period, and the great Napoleon, under the inspiration of his many-sided genius, sent agents to this country with loads of money in their pockets to buy up for the French Government collections all the books in the country which they could lay their hands upon which were likely to become valuable. To-day the finest collection of Americana in the world is owned by the French Government. The next finest is in London, and many French and English families have superb collections of the valuable books of America. Thus it is that there are practically no valuable books, from the days of Franklin to the present time, stowed away in old garrets or in the possession of people ignorant of their value, which are at all likely to fall into the hands of book peddlers and dealers in miscellaneous books on the corners. And what is more, I do not believe that there are Americana to the value of \$25,000 on the shelves of all the dealers combined from Maine to Texas. Most of the valuable books are in foreign hands. Practically, the rest of them are in the hands of private collectors here.

"But further, if a stray volume of value should find its way by any chance into the possession of the secondhand book dealers of this city, you need not flatter yourself that you can pick it up at a bargain. This city is not built right to contain 'nooks.' It is long and slender, and its streets are too broad and regular. It would be impossible to find a spot so far removed from the highways of life and business as to fossilize even a profoundly ignorant man. The longer he stayed in the business the more 'fly' he would get. Don't suppose you are going to fool the secondhand book man on the corner very much. These fellows know very well that small prizes drift around at times, and they don't take any chances. If a book is particularly old or in any way different from the ordinary trash that constitutes the bulk of their stock, they either slap some ridiculously high price upon it just to feel safe, or else take it round to the trade and find out about it. Oh, you needn't expect to pick up any bargains, young man."

"Well," said the visitor, "if what you say is so, how do you dealers get the books to keep trade afloat?"

"Through the auction sales of collections generally. Take the Barlow sale, for instance. Every dealer in rare and valuable books visited that. you may be sure. Of course, we had to pay a pretty fair price, but, as a rule, each of us got about what he wanted at a rate to warrant a fair profit when resold. There were a great many private purchasers there, too, who had to take their chances with the trade. Occasionally a collector, or the heirs of a collector, offer one of the dealers an entire collection at a fixed price. That is another source of supply. Then, on our visits to London and Paris, we pick up stray volumes of Americana of some value and fetch them back to their native shores. But the term Americana, you know, is not confined to works printed in America. Works printed abroad about America also come under that head. These go back to colonial times, even before, and comprise some of the most valuable works. We pick them up in London and Paris, both on the stalls and at auction sales, and bring them over. But you know the business in rare and valuable books isn't confined to Americana. We deal in the gems of all countries and literatures, but it's just as hard to pick up foreign prizes at the secondhand book stores as it is to get hold of valuable American prints.

"There is still another reason why you will have bad luck at the stands. There are in this city about half a dozen old fellows who deal in rare books in a very small way. They have neither capital nor shops. They are free lances. In the trade they are called 'feeders.' They are pretty good judges of what constitutes a valuable book. Their business is to mouse around wherever it is at all likely that a book of any worth can be got at, buy it, and then show it among individual collectors and regular dealers. They attend all the auction sales and watch like cats. If they see something rare going cheap, they will put in a bid at the last minute and follow it up as far as their judgment warrants. If they get it, then they peddle it around. They are rough on the individual collectors at auction sales, I tell you, for they make them pay high for many a coveted prize that otherwise would have been obtained at a low rate. Well, these 'feeders,' during the intervals between book auctions and private sales, manage to keep a pretty sharp eye on such of the secondhand shops as are at all likely to get hold of anything out of the common order. Once in a while they do strike something that may be worth \$5 or \$10. They either manage to buy it in at a price which will leave a margin, or else they put the book man on his guard. In either event they make it rough hoeing for the individual who thinks he may pick up a bargain by hanging around old book stalls."

The dealer chewed on a toothpick for a few minutes, while he allowed his eyes to rest lovingly on a small set of volumes which he had bought of a private collector that morning for \$150. Then he said :

“ You asked me about the conditions governing the trade in rare and valuable books in this town, and I have dealt with a favourite and poetic belief held by many thousands of people in an iconoclastic, perhaps a rather brutal way. But I have given you facts. Now I will throw a sop to sentiment. There is more or less collecting at the secondhand shops, attended by many picturesque incidents when viewed through an artist’s eye. The collectors are not collectors of rare and valuable books, as that term is used. They are not searching for covers, or manuscripts, or curiosities, or Americana, or first editions, or indeed for any books of literary value or of recognised worth. They are special collectors, monomaniacs, mild cranks. They are mighty picturesque in their way, particularly when haggling nervously over the price of some old book that a dealer in rare books wouldn’t look at a second time, which the secondhand book man would almost give away if he hadn’t been keen enough to perceive that he could sell to the anxious old fellow before him at a big price if he worked his cards right. Many of these men are retired college professors who have dealt in special branches all their lives, and in their old age are riding them for hobbies. They are all specialists of one sort or another. One is a mathematician, and in his old age is buying up all the old books on mathematics he can find. Another is after botanical books, and another has a taste for works on the occult sciences. Here is a man who has gone crazy on Chaucer. He cannot buy the valuable editions of the poet, but he has an ambition to own every other edition. Here is another fellow who dotes on Walt Whitman, and spends most of his life hunting up editions of his works. There is no end to the collectors of specialties, more or less worthless, and no end to the specialties collected. Many a scholarly man has gathered up through his life a fairly complete collection of his specialty, and now is after two or three particular volumes. He will often spend years in looking for these volumes, and his face is familiar at every secondhand book stall in the city. Once in a while he finds his prize. Then his hand shakes, his eyes brighten, and his voice trembles with excitement, while the unscrupulous vendor sizes up his eagerness and his general appearance, and names the biggest price he thinks he can secure.

“ These old men drop off by degrees, generally with the ambition

of their later years unsatisfied. Then the heirs sell his books back to the dealer for a few cents each, and they are piled among the other trash on the shelves till another old man with a similar hobby turns up. But that's about the only sort of collecting done at the alleged 'old nooks' of New York."

Books in Rio de la Plata.

MR. HIERSEMANN, of Leipzig, announces J. F. Medina's "Historia y Bibliografía de la Imprenta a el Antiguos Vireinado de Rio de la Plata," a large folio, with 613 pages of letterpress with about 200 plates and woodcuts in the text.

This luxuriously printed work of high importance for the history of Typography in America, treating, as it does, of the art of printing in the ancient Vireinado del Rio de la Plata since its introduction into Paraguay by the Jesuits in 1701, and into Cordoba in 1766, up to the last productions of the English presses in Montevideo from 1806 to 1807, and in Buenos Ayres 1810. The volume is profusely illustrated with reproductions (in heliotype) of engravings in copper and on wood, of autographs, title-pages, and full pages of the books described as specimens of types. By rendering detailed account of the ornamental part of the reproduced works the book may claim to form a "History of the South American Graphic Arts," and by reproducing a great number of facsimiles of contemporaneous portraits and autographs of eminent persons and historical documents to be an important source for the general history of South America. The volume forms the second part of a work planned in great style: "Historia y Bibliographia de la Imprenta en la America Española," the first part of which (treating on Chile) was issued at Santiago in 1891, and may now be had at about £3. The publication of a third part dealing with Lima during the years 1584-1810 is announced by the author. The present volume bears also the title: "Anales del Museo de la Plata, vol. III."



A Small Book.



VOLUME that may fairly claim to be the smallest book in the world is in the possession of a New York collector. Mr. Balt, the discoverer of Mr. Benjamin's bookworm, says that in his forty years' experience with rare and curious volumes he has never seen or heard of another book so small as this one. Other experts say the same. Its title is as follows, and, by the way, needs to be read with a magnifying glass :

"The English Bijou Almanack for 1837. Poetically illustrated by L. E. L. London : Schloss, 42 Great Russell Street."

The little book measures just three-quarters of an inch in height, is half an inch wide and one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The "L. E. L." was Miss Letitia Elizabeth Landon, a writer of pretty verses once extensively read but now almost forgotten. Her sad marriage and subsequent death are familiar to the student of Victorian literature. Several of her poems were printed in the *Bijou* for the first time, and were not reprinted in her collected works. These gave this tiny almanac added dignity—if anything so small can be called dignity—as a first edition.

The almanac was issued as a souvenir of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne of Great Britain, and is dedicated to Her Most Gracious Majesty, "by permission," of course. It would be an awful crime in England to dedicate a book to the sovereign without orders.

Turning to the contents of the volume it is surprising how much information is packed in so small a compass. In all thirty-seven leaves are included. One page is devoted to the dedication, another to the title, and the balance to the almanac proper, several pages of music, some portraits, including one of James Fenimore Cooper, and the aforesaid "Poetical Illustrations."

The whole volume is a beautiful example of miniature engraving, while the music and the portraits are really wonderful. As Miss Landon says in the "address :

" We dream no more that fairies dwell
In the white lily's fragrant cell ;
And yet our little book seems planned
By elfin touch in elfin land,
And sent by Oberon, I ween,
An offering to our English Queen."

The almanac contains the usual information as to sunset and sunrise, the tides, church festivals and saints' days, beside noting remarkable historical occurrences.

It seems rather poor taste to have reminded the young queen that on Monday, January 30, King Charles I. was beheaded, and superfluous information to her that on the next day "Hilary term ends." The queen's birthday, May 24, is chronicled as follows :

" May 24, Princess Victoria, of age to reign 1837."

After the almanac comes a list of the birthdays of the royal family, a list of European sovereigns, and portraits, including, besides the one of Cooper already mentioned, Mary Somerville, Coleridge, Von Haumer, Goethe and Mme. Malibran.

Other pages are filled with lists of the places of amusement and theatres in London, scientific institutions, &c. Of Cooper, Miss Landon says :

" He was the first who ever told
The history of those warriors bold—
The dark, stern race, whose fated age
Has little left besides his page.
And he has told how death and toil
Were round the settlers on the soil,
Who left their native vales to be
Free, as they even now are free.
Now, in the great and glorious hour,
That yet awaits Columbia's power,
When, save his line, the past is dim—
Now she will read her youth in him."

The binding deserves a word. It is of morocco, and quite prettily tooled, with an elaborate gold pattern. The lettering is along the back, while the edges are gilt. The present copy, which is said to be unique, has been carefully preserved in a satin-lined case especially made for it, and is in very fine condition. It is valued at \$50, says its owner.



Embroidery on Book Covers.

THE art of embroidery is probably the oldest of all the arts, and its existence during the earliest ages has been frequently attested by the discovered remains of the most primitive races, as well as of the more cultured peoples, such as the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Chinese. The Greeks and Romans practised it very extensively, and the early Christians considered it one of the most useful and refining of women's pursuits. The Emperor Theodosius I. framed laws concerning the importation of silk for embroidery into the Byzantine Empire, and laid down regulations for the employment of labour in the *gynæcea*, or public weaving and embroidery rooms connected with the women's apartments in great houses. During the Middle Ages embroidery was carefully exercised as a fine art, and regularly taught in almost all conventual establishments; indeed, it is to the Church that the credit must be given for keeping the art alive up till the end of the twelfth century, when it was almost wholly in the hands of cloistered women. England, especially from very early times, was celebrated for the fineness of her embroideries, and Rome frequently had recourse to this country for the choicest ecclesiastical vestments, which she could not procure of such a splendid character elsewhere.

When the art was first applied to book covers is not known, but the oldest known specimen of embroidered work is English—a Latin Psalter worked in chain stitch, which belonged to Anne de Felbrigge, a nun in the convent of Brusyard, Suffolk, in the early part of the fifteenth century. This curious old piece of pictured work lies in the British Museum, let into a leather cover for preservation. The next earliest is the cover of "*Fichetus Rhetoricorum*," printed in Paris, 1471, which bears the coat of arms of Felice Peretti, Cardinal de

Montalte, afterwards Pope Sixtus V. A magnificent English embroidered binding is that of a folio Bible, 1607, from the collection of the late E. H. Lawrence, Esq., depicting the temptation and fall of Eve in the Garden of Eden, the work being filled in with birds and animals, among which is the unicorn; the design is called "A Dreame." One of the finest patterned embroideries on books is that on the plum-coloured velvet cover of "Opera Fransisci" (Bacon's works), 1623, which has a fine border, corners, and centrepiece, worked in "couchings" of cord and "purl."

With such specimens of ornamental, pictorial, and heraldic work, the suitability of embroidery for book ornamentation is apparent, and it only needs a proper consideration of the best materials to enable any lady ordinarily skilled with the needle to produce for herself some choice and dainty book cover, or loose case, for the reception of a cherished book. The great difficulty nowadays is to get any material which can compare with the stuffs used in bygone times, at once stout, firm, soft, and pure, free from the artificial muck that is commonly used for dressing. Velvet, silk, and linen are the best materials for the ground, and perhaps nothing is at once so suitable and so rich in appearance as velvet. Where it came from at first is not known, but the earliest known in England came from the south of Spain, though it was little employed here until towards the end of the thirteenth century. Hand-woven linen is next best, especially where the surface is to be covered over with silk work, and a very good quality is that woven at Langdale, though commonly a coarser kind, more loosely woven, was used, with a semi-bleached, creamy tint. Silk should be quite free from any artificial stiffness, and that of the hand-loom is always to be preferred to the machine-made article; even a piece of a good old dress will work up better than most new material. Satin looks well, but it is very difficult to work without puckering.

For threads, silk should be used—a pure floss silk, which, though more difficult to handle than twisted silk, gives better results than other kinds; but beware of the more delicate shades of modern make, that look very beautiful when new, but which will not stand exposure to the light; the fewer the tints of intermediate hues the better, as only the stronger colours are enduring. Gold and silver thread is also used, but silver tarnishes very rapidly, and should be left out of consideration. The gold thread, called "passing," used also for "purl," a material imported first from Italy in the sixteenth century, consists of a gilt, or sometimes silver gilt thread wound round silk or flax, and can be bought ready drawn. Sometimes

Japanese gold paper is twisted in the same way, but this does not last, and even the silver gilt tarnishes unless specially lacquered. The best plan is to use gold "passing." Another form of gold, known as "plate," is that of thin strips of metal, which is either stitched down on to the ground by threads of silk of the same colour, or of other colours, arranged in zigzag or waved patterns, forming a sort of diaper device, this is called "laid work"; or the "plate" may be stitched through the material used for the ground, but this is only successfully done on an open texture such as linen or canvas. Sometimes tiny rings of gold are sewn on, or spangles, supposed to be of Saracenic origin.

For book covers it is generally advisable to embroider in frames, as a more equal tension of stitch and squareness of design can be secured than when the work is held loosely in the hand: no small consideration when we consider the close inspection to which it is subjected, and the necessity for its corresponding with the outlines of the boards. Very few stitches other than those in ordinary use are required, the most effective being the "orphreys," or raised stitches, such as "chain," "cross," and "tent," which give a broken looking surface called "cushion work." The flat stitches, that is, those that pass or overlap one another, and are used for flat surfaces of even colour, are called "feather work," and include the "satin," "stem," and "twist" stitches, which need no counting, and the "crewel," or long and short stitch, which is especially good for graduated tints. Relief embroidery is secured by stitching over cords, or pads of stuff or cotton wool, with "purl," or by "couching," in which cords are laid side by side, and either silks or "plate" fastened down upon them with silks of various colours. A special style sometimes found in Persian embroidery is obtained by the withdrawal of threads and button-hole stitching, which gives a very delicate and beautiful effect, and beside these there is the "tapestry" stitch for covering up all the ground so that no part appears.

A general knowledge of the art of embroidery is common enough to enable any one to commence the work; what is more needed is the ability to design. The copying of floral forms is all that ladies usually attempt, and most of the older embroideries have been either pictorial or armorial. If we could only get designs, new and fresh arrangements of beautiful and harmonious forms with a relationship to each other, embroidery on bookwork would not be a thing of the past. Some few are doing this, but it is an occupation deserving of pursuit by many more whose time is occupied with far less delightful fads, which afford none of the satisfaction of creative effort.

[In connection with the exceedingly interesting facts dealt with in the foregoing article, the *British Bookmaker*, from which it is taken, gives four illustrations of characteristic examples, Old Spanish, Turkish, Indian, and Persian.—ED.]

Umbrella Literature.

SUCH a prosaic article as the useful “gamp” is not without its literary devotees, as is seen from the accompanying paragraph, which occurs in a recently published catalogue of a London bookseller:—

“UMBRELLAS.—A large and varied collection of plates, illustrated cuttings, caricatures, coloured drawings, with letterpress, of and concerning Jonas Hanway’s boon to his fellow-countrymen—the Umbrella. These are all mounted on about 400 sheets, and form a unique assortment. The part played by this useful protector in the East (its home), is shown in some effective Abyssinian, Egyptian, and Japanese plates and cuttings. India reveals its employment in the ceremonies connected with the Order of the Star of India, and in the Durbars, while in the West it is invested with humour by the good-natured caricaturists of our comic journals, by the inimitable Cruikshank, and by the too short-lived Seymour. Alfred Crowquill is represented by a series of comic sketches of ‘The Tournament,’ and ‘Phiz,’ Tom Hood, Leech, Proctor, and others, make up a worthy gallery of mirth-provoking artists. There are some old Political Cartoons of interest, plates of the curious effect of squalls and storms in disarranging ladies’ attire, as well as some amusing foreign sketches of the vagaries of the Umbrella in different hands. Infinite pains has been taken to bring together a collection of amusement and geographical interest, &c., which is mounted with neatness and care.”

For this comprehensive collection the small sum of thirty shillings is asked.



Modern Authors and Book-buyers.

SPEAKING in response to the toast of "The Printers of New York," at the banquet of the printing and allied trades held to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into New York by William Bradford, Mr. Theodore de Vinne said : " You are all aware of the fact that nearly all of the great improvements that have been made in printing, have been made within the memory of men now living. They have come from every part of the United States, from England, from Europe, and from every place where printing has been done. We are all inheritors, we are all adapters, of nearly everything that is useful in printing. I do not wish to speak so much about the inventions as I do about the condition of the printing business as it now exists in New York. I shall not undertake to say how many newspapers are published or how many volumes are published every day, but I think it is proper at this time to raise this question. The inventor and the printer have done a great deal for the reading public. What are the reading public and the reader at large doing for the printer? We have magnificent machinery, we have everything that is necessary for the promotion of sound literature. We are called upon to exercise the very best of our skill and industry to get out good books quickly and cheaply. What is the writer doing for us? Is he making his copy any better? Do you get any clearer manuscript than you used to? So far as handwriting is concerned, I should say no. What we get through the typewriter is better. The copy which the author furnishes has not kept pace with the improvement in machinery. Yet at the same time the printer is asked to do his work better and quicker than before. We are asked to make bricks without the proper straw. Too much is expected of

printers in regard to this matter. I have been in the printing office for nearly fifty years, and during that time I have had occasion to handle the copy from a great many authors and from all ranks and conditions of men, and I find that the compositor and the proof reader are expected to do more work.

"There was a time when the printer was merely expected to follow copy. Now, I have no hesitation in saying that if every compositor were to follow his copy strictly, and every proof reader were to imitate his example and neglect to correct errors; if books were printed as they are written, there would go up a howl of indignation on the part of the authors as when the first-born of Egypt were slaughtered. I say that too much is expected of the proof reader. He is expected to take the babe of the author and put it in a suitable dress for the public. The author should do it. Now and then you get an idea of how badly copy is prepared when out of revenge some newspaper editor prints it as the author sends it in. The reader, when he reads that copy, printed as it is written, with a misuse of italics, a violation of the rules of composition, lack of punctuation, &c., is astonished that a man of education can be so careless. Of all the manuscript that comes to us not five per cent. is reasonably correct for the press. The author expects that more than nine-tenths of the work shall be done by the proof reader, and I wish to ask, on behalf of the proof reader, a little more attention to the preparation of manuscript. The people who furnish the manuscript are not doing their share. I think it is an imposition that the author should send in his copy in such a condition that the proof reader should do more than correct the errors of the compositor.

"What is the reader doing for us? Printing has been invented for 400 years, and yet I am sorry to say that the persons who know a good book from a bad one are not very many. I think there is a limit to the book-buyers who, if a man was asking \$1 or 50 cents more for a well-printed, well-bound book, would give it. They want printing good, but they want it cheap. That seems to be the logic of most of the people, as all publishers have found out. I may say, too, that the wealthy persons whose business it should be to have a good collection of books do not have that appreciation of books that they ought to have. There are houses in this city, and in all cities, in which, when you enter at the door, you are struck by their magnificence. You see luxurious furnishings; you see hangings, Oriental rugs, collections of everything that is magnificent and costly, except books. You go to the bookcase, and what do you see?

Probably a collection of Dickens, Thackeray, or Scott, bound in a skiyer leather and made hideous by gilt and Dutch metal. The buyer probably got them for 85 cents a volume down on Sixth Avenue, and wants you to at least praise him for good taste in preferring what he calls a full-bound book instead of taking one in cloth."

"The Best Books."

THE *Revue Bleue* has received 764 replies to a request for a list of the twenty-five best authors. The highest numbers are as follows :—

1 Victor Hugo ... 616	10 Pascal..... 373	18 Dante..... 246
2 Molière 563	11 Lamartine 352	19 Renan 246
3 Shakespeare ... 476	12 Homer 346	20 La Bruyère ... 245
4 Racine 475	13 The Bible 331	21 Flaubert..... 240
5 La Fontaine..... 426	14 Montaigne 300	22 Bossuet 239
6 Musset 426	15 Cervantes 288	23 Rabelais..... 237
7 Corneille 400	16 Michelet..... 282	24 A. Daudet 214
8 Goethe 393	17 Balzac..... 256	25 Virgil 207
9 Voltaire 388		

M. Zola received 194 votes, and after him came Rousseau, Taine, Thomas à Kempis, and so forth.

The Hessian Bookbindings.

AMONG the new books announced from Germany, we may mention "Bookbinding from the Hessian Pictorial Exhibition," illustrating the art of binding from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries. The text is by Dr. L. Bickell. The reproductions consist of 53 heliotype prints on 42 plates, and 16 pages of descriptive letterpress on Dutch hand-made paper. The plates, in large folio size, are mounted on stout tinted cardboard, the framing printed in black and red. Only one hundred numbered copies will be issued. A new edition will not appear, the plates having been destroyed and the type distributed. The subscription price is £3 15s.

A Hint to Bookbinders.

NEVER cut a book down if it may be avoided ; rather leave a leaf untouched as a proof of your care in that direction. Some binders keep the shavings of valuable works in case of being charged with cropping. It is unfortunate that cropping has become so common that binders are compelled to take so much trouble, but where a leaf or two can be spared, that may be obviated. If the knife dips, or runs up, watchfulness will soon discover it, and it may be remedied by padding between the upper part of the knife and the plough at the outer side of the cheek for a dip, or the inner side of the cheek for a run up ; but a very little padding makes a great difference in a cut through.

Mr. Gladstone as a Book Buyer.

MR. GLADSTONE evidently does not allow his State duties to deprive him of the luxury of studying second-hand book catalogues. Recently Mr. J. Pollard, bookseller, Truro, received one of his catalogues from the Prime Minister, on the cover of which the right hon. gentleman had himself written the following note :—“ Please forward the marked lots, if subject to 10 per cent. discount for cash, to Hawarden Castle, Chester ; the account to 10, Downing Street, London.—Your obedient servant, W. E. Gladstone.” April 11th, 1893.” Eighteen books were marked, including the following, having reference to Cornwall :—Edmonds’ “ The Land’s End District, its Antiquities, Natural History, Scenery,” &c. ; the Rev. W. S. Lach-Szyrma’s “ History of Penzance, St. Michael’s Mount, St. Ives and Land’s End District” ; “ Memoir of Henry Martyn,” by Jno. Sargent, jun. ; “ The Anglo-Saxon Episcopate of Cornwall,” by Pedler ; Polwhele’s “ Traditions and Recollections” ; Blight’s “ Cornish Crosses” ; Jago’s “ Glossary of the Cornish Dialect” ; Jago’s “ Cornish Dictionary” ; and a “ Cornish Romance,” by I. H. Pearce.



Our Note-Book.

THE literature of Shorthand possesses many curious and interesting items, some few of which escaped even the many years' gleaning which the late Dr. Westby-Gibson devoted to the compilation of his "Bibliography." As is very well known, the most popular and the most suitable medium by which the young phonographer endeavours to "get up" speed is the Sunday sermon. This medium, however, is not so modern a one as is generally supposed. A copy of what may be regarded as the first reported sermon has lately come into the hands of the present writer, and dates as far back as the year 1700. It is entitled "David's Entertainment, or the Word of God set forth in a sermon lately preached at Dudly, in Worcestershire." It "is (without alteration of a word) as taken in characters from the Pulpit by a Young Maiden." The text is taken from Psalm cxix. 11, "Thy Word have I hid in my Heart, that I might not sin against thee." Unfortunately we have no means of discovering either the identity of the "Young Maiden," or the preacher, or of the nature of the "characters" which the reporter used. On the title-page the preacher makes the following statement, which we commend to the attention of the students of the period:—"I having newly published three sermons preach'd in Scotland, taken in characters by this same maiden, when about thirteen years of age, and two lately preach'd at Dudly, had no thoughts of printing this; but seeing so little profiting by the Word, not only in the country, but even here in London, where we so very frequently hear the Word so powerfully preach'd: yea, seeing sin so abound in country and city, I am even

constrained in my mind, to print this plain country discourse, that shows you the cause of all the abounding wickedness when the Gospel is preach'd."

* * * *

"A Key to the Family Deed Chest" is a phrase at which a good many members of old country families will prick up their ears, as the saying is. Unfortunately, these old family chests rarely contain anything of a realisable value, for old documents are not often synonymous with cash properties. They possess, however, sometimes a very considerable literary and antiquarian value far beyond the family in whose possession they may have remained undisturbed for centuries. The chief difficulty in connection with these documents is the easiest and most effective means of deciphering their import. The proper understanding of ancient deeds is only acquired after a long, patient and painstaking study, as every one who has consulted some of the vast materials in the Record Office, or elsewhere. To simplify matters, Mr E. E. Thoyts has compiled a capital book entitled "How to Decipher and Study Old Documents" (Elliot Stock), to which Mr. C. Trice Martin, of the Public Record Office, has contributed an interesting Preface—the book, therefore, may be regarded at once as having the stamp of authority. A careful examination of the book itself will only serve to justify this conclusion, and we may at once state that it will prove a useful handbook for those who are interested in Family History, Genealogy, Local History, and other antiquarian subjects, and that many who have hitherto been restrained from such investigations by the apparent difficulty of the work, will find in its pages the necessary stimulus and guidance.

* * * *

As the author points out, some of the difficulties which beset any one who studies such documents for the first time, unless he be an expert, are the deciphering of the ancient and unfamiliar style of writing; the peculiar abbreviations and signs which were used by our forefathers; the quaint phrases and expressions and obsolete words constantly occurring; the arbitrary and old-fashioned spelling; the use of letters now out of date; the old forms of foreign languages; customs no longer existing, and other stumbling-blocks which to the uninitiated are always vexatious, and often cause the would-be student to give up the quest at the threshold of his investigation. It is to enable the more or less experienced student to meet and cope with these and similar difficulties that this work has been compiled, by one who has had considerable experience in research. The comprehensive character of the book will be best under-

stood from the following list of its contents :—Hints to the Beginner ; Character by Handwriting ; Saxon, Norman-French and Law Latin ; Old Deeds ; Law Technicalities ; Manor and Court Rolls ; Monastic Charters ; Parish Registers ; Parish Officers and their Account Books ; Books on Paleography ; Old Letters ; Abbreviations, &c.

* * * *

The fourth part of Mr. Quaritch's "Contribution towards a Dictionary of English Book-collectors, as also of some Foreign Collectors whose libraries were incorporated in English collections, or whose books are chiefly met with in England," deals with eleven more or less eminent bookworms, the most notable of all being William Beckford, of whom Mr. Quaritch reproduces the portrait engraved by J. Singleton from the *European Magazine*, 1797. Several of the entries which occur in this part relate to men of whom very little is known in their capacity of book collectors, and whose inclusion therefore in this Dictionary is all the more welcome. Facts concerning the more eminent collectors are accessible enough to students, so that the real value of this publication is best tested by the character of the articles relative to minor men. So far, the editor of Mr. Quaritch's "Dictionary," and his assistants, have found themselves thoroughly competent to deal with each side of a list which is almost inexhaustible, both on account of its length and of its various ramifications. So far, some of the information is, through force of circumstances, very inadequate. Of Sir Peter Lely, for example, only one volume is chronicled as having been at one time in his possession—the familiar account of the Voyages and Travells of the Ambassadors sent by the Duke of Holstein to Russia and Persia, written originally by Adam Olearius, secretary to the Legation, and of which a translation from the German was published in London in 1669. This volume, now in the possession of the writer of the notice, Mr. Frederick Clarke, bears the painter's well-known autograph on the title-page, and shows that he had a liking for literature outside his own technical work. The volume is also interesting because Lely apparently preferred the translation to the original German of his fellow countryman. Mr. Clarke asks, "What other books have found their way from his library into other collections?" and it would be of very great interest if an adequate reply could be obtained. Of another collector, who is almost exclusively known as a Scottish Physician and Botanist, Sir Andrew Balfour, 1630-94, Mr. Clarke supplies a few particulars, among which is the fact that the Brussels (Brucelas) edition of Cervantes' "Don



Quixote," 1617, in two small octavo volumes, sold in Edinburgh in 1695 for eighteenpence—a transaction which we commend to the attention of Mr. Ashbee, the latest and most thorough of Cervantes' bibliographers in this country.

* * * *

One of the rarest and most important books on Costume is Jac. Köbel's "Wapen des heyligen Römischen Reichs Teutscher nation. Der Churfürsten, Fürsten, Grauen, Freiher, Ritters," printed in folio by Cyriacus Jacob, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in 1545. The first edition of this splendid volume contains one hundred and forty-four large woodcuts of flag-bearers whose flags bear, with the exception of the twenty-four last examples, the coat of arms of each state in Germany. These figures are admirably drawn, with the bearers in different attitudes. Sotzmann observed that in these figures we have a past master at his very best in this phase of art, and the writer even goes so far as to compare these illustrations with those of Holbein. Nearly all the plates are signed with the initials "J. K."; the text being, as will be seen from the title quoted above in Low German (plattdeutsch). Through the courtesy of Herr Albert Cohn, the well-known bookseller, of 53, Mohrenstrasse, Berlin, we are enabled to reproduce one of the most characteristic examples on the opposite page.

* * * *

We have, on two previous occasions, spoken favourably of Mr. Bertram Dobell's "Catalogue of a Collection of Privately Printed Books" (54, Charing Cross Road, W.C.), and the publication of the third part gives us the pleasure of another opportunity of commending this admirable list to the attention of our readers. The present part includes items from N to W, and in interest it covers nearly every conceivable phase of literature. Mr. Dobell's long annotations and pertinent extracts give the book a very fascinating character to the general reader as well as to a "bookish" man. One of the very quaintest articles is "A Righte Goodlie Lyttle Booke of Frisket Fancies, set forth for Bibliomaniacs! written and printed by Edward Roffe at his Birth-place, 58 Ossulston Street, Somer's Town, 1861" and of which only a dozen copies (small quarto, pp. viii. and 30) were printed, for one of which £1 8s. are asked. Bookish also is the entry of Mr. H. N. Pym's "A Tour round my Bookshelves," which was privately printed a couple of years ago, and which we consider the author ill-advised in not publishing, as the essays are charmingly written, and possess all the best features of an author

writing on a subject with which he is thoroughly in love. Mr. Pym has a large number of presentation copies of several eminent modern authors, and a few facts about these and others of his treasures would be very generally appreciated.

A Japanese Bibliography.

THE honorary assistant librarian of the Japan Society, Mr. F. von Wenckstern, is engaged in the compilation of a Japanese bibliography, extending over the period 1859-1893, and intended as a continuation of the work of M. Léon Pagès's "*Bibliographie Japonaise*," which ranged from the fifteen century to the first year of the period to be covered by Mr. Wenckstern. The bibliography in preparation will include only works in languages other than Japanese, not refusing, however, to record the works of Japanese authors in European languages on subjects *not* relating to Japan. The work will be as comprehensive as the possibilities of literary production and the magnitude and variety of the subject, and—following the example set in Prince Ibrahim Hilmy's "*Literature of Egypt and the Soudan*"—it will catalogue not only books and pamphlets, but papers in the "*Transactions*" of societies, as well as articles in magazines, reviews, and other periodicals.



A MSS. Chaucer.

A SPLENDID and unique manuscript of poems by Chaucer, Lydgate, Lord Suffolk, and others, written between the years 1440 and 1450, on paper, came under the hammer at Sotheby's in June last. It is in very fine preservation; and it is quite unnecessary to dilate on the value and importance of this fine MS., which is so well known to students of early English literature. It contains notes in the autograph of John Stow the antiquary, and has been in the possession of Dr. Askew, Dr. Wright, Gough, Wodhull, W. Browne, J. Taylor, Heber, and has been used by Warton, Ritson, and others. It is in calf gilt, folio; its contents being:—

- I. LYDGATE'S FABLE OF THE TWO MERCHANTS.
- II. CHAUCER'S EXPOSTULATION WITH HIS PURSE.
- III. CHAUCER'S BALLADE TO HIS MISTRESS.
- IV. THE QUESTION OF HALSAM.
- V. FRENCH ROUNDELLS BY THE EARL OF SUFFOLK, WHEN PRISONER IN FRANCE.
- VI. LYDGATE'S ORDER AND NUMBER OF FOOLISH.
- VII. LYDGATE'S PROPERTIES OF HORSE, SHEEP AND GOOSE, ALL THREE CONVENTED BEFORE THE LION AND EAGLE AS JUDGES.
- VIII. CHAUCER'S ASSEMBLÉ DES DAMES, A MORAL TALE.
- IX. CHAUCER'S COMPLAINT OF PYTTYE.
- X. LYDGATE TRANSLATION OF THE PSALM "BENEDIC ANIMA MEA DOMINO."

- XI. ANOTHER POEM OF LYDGATE ON THE PSALMS, TRANSLATED
AT THE INSTANCE OF THE BISHOP OF EXETER.
- XII. HYMN UPON CHRIST'S BEING THE TRUE STONE UPON THE
CROSS, BY RICHARDOUNE.
- XIII. AN HYMN ON CHRIST'S PASSION.
- XIV. AN AVE MARIA.
- XV. CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS FROM THE CONQUEST TO
EDWARD IV., *inclusive, in verse.*
- XVI. PRECEPTS PHISICALL.
- XVII. LYDGATE'S COMPLAINT TO THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER FOR
THE WANT OF MONEY.
- XVIII. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, HIS EPITAPH.
- XIX. OF DEVOTION AND CHRIST'S PASSION, WITH PRAYERS IN
VERSE.
- XX. AN ADVICE LIKE THE PROVERB.
- XXI. DEUS NATURÆ.
- XXII. CRAFT OF LOVE.
- XXIII. LYDGATE ON WORLDLY HONOUR.
- XXIV. ON WINE, MILK, OIL, &c.
- XXV. ON MAN.
- XXVI. ARISTOTLE DE REGIMINE PRINCIPUM.

It was purchased by Mr. Quaritch for £100.





The Management of Books.¹

CERTAIN friends who are forming a library for a gardeners' society have asked for advice on a few points that appear to me of general interest, and therefore may with propriety be treated in a somewhat general manner.

The management of books must be determined in great part by the views held in respect of their place and their uses. I sympathise fully with the beautiful bindings and the glass cases, for they imply religious veneration for the noblest monuments of intelligence and sentiment, for books approach nearest to immortality of any of the works of man. Temples fall and mingle with the dust; cities are destroyed by war or perish by decay, and their very sites are ploughed over to obliterate the last traces of their remembrance; sculptures, pictures, pyramids, are more surely touched by the corrosions of time than are books. The "Iliad," composed, say about 1,200 B.C., or three thousand years ago, comes to us with a certain assumed completeness and integrity that separates it in that particular respect from every work of man of anything like equal antiquity. A dead Egyptian has a better prospect of interesting us by direct evidence of his former existence than the work that secured him renown in his lifetime, for his work has perished, but the mortal part of the man has a place in a museum, and if he wrote a book we are more likely to find it than we should find a temple, supposing he had built one. Glass cases kept closely sealed with suitable locks to protect books that are not to be handled daily have my respect;

¹ [This article was written by the late Shirley Hibberd, who, besides being an ardent horticulturalist, was also a genuine bookworm. The article is from a more or less specialist's point of view, but the rules here laid down admit of a very general application.]

but I never possessed one, and have no desire that way. I can only look on books as things to be used often and to be literally in all their outsides, insides, purposes, relations, spirit, and visible text, "familiar in men's mouths as household words." But I blunder in my hurry, for I keep some books for convenience and because of their beauty under lock and key, and so you see I can have no quarrel with people who lock up all their books. But a library is for use much more than for ornament, and glass cases are prohibitory of the proper enjoyment of books. They make it difficult to get at them. They are like the freezing reserve of some human beings to whom no one can speak, although there is no actual prohibition, and it might sometimes be difficult to say why when we encounter their looks we feel instantly frozen and tongue-tied. Therefore I vote against glass cases and bolts and bars in a general way. When there are reasons for their adoption they must be adopted, but the true theory of a library is to have the books *on open shelves* in the most perfect accessibility.

My book cases or presses—call them what you please—are fifteen in number, all of the plainest kind, a certain few being not only respectable and handsome but beautiful and attractive, and yet with no actual adornment. The simplest and cheapest I call "stacks"; they consist of shelves with a skirting at the base to remove the lowest shelf to a reasonable height from the floor. In the carpentry of a stack certain principles may be observed with advantage if space is to be economised to the utmost—as with me it must be, because the books threaten to push me out of the house.

We begin with a skirting twelve inches deep. Thence upward, in the stack now before me, there are eight shelves of books, the top-most row being 98 inches from the floor. It is a handsome stack, covering one wall of a room, and nowhere projects forward in the slightest degree more than the width of the books requires, the depths of the shelves decreasing upwards. In every case the space is just sufficient for the book to slide in and out, for to waste so much as one inch in the entire stack would be against my principle. It will be understood, therefore, that the shelves were made for the books, and not the books for the shelves; in fact the carpenter worked to an exact measure and cut his uprights to suit the narrowing upwards of the shelves in this way, the corners being rounded in a workmanlike manner.

I will give the measurements of the several spaces, and name one book in each case for an example. Lower shelf, resting on the skirting, say, No. 1 accommodating "Gardeners' Magazine" and

other books of the same size, 14 inches; No. 2 accommodates "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," 12 inches; No. 3, "Knight's Pictorial History of England," 11 inches; No. 4, "Flore des Serres," 10 inches. No. 5 is what may be termed regular octavo size, 9 inches. No. 6, "Loudon's Gardeners' Magazine," also octavo size, 9 inches. No. 7 and No. 8 may be called twelve-mo size; the space is $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and the books comprise mostly the "long sets" of Chaucer, Scott, Byron, Moore, &c.; my Scott being in 100 volumes, and comprising all that he has written, with Lockhart's Life. The length of the stack is 10 feet, to fit the space allotted it, and it is in three divisions of 40 inches each.

The space between uprights, say 40 inches, is, in my opinion, the maximum allowable, and the stuff should be one-inch deal, or any more costly wood you may have a mind for. When shelves exceed 40 inches the stuff should be stouter than one inch, or in time the shelves will certainly "sag," as I know from experience. And this measure happens to be convenient in other ways. For example, one run of forty inches takes a complete set of "Penny Cyclopædia," ditto of "Flore des Serres," which, being discontinued, will require no more room; and the *Gardeners' Magazine*, as it now stands in the run from 1865 to 1888, fills in bound volumes exactly forty inches.

Having a greater love for books than carpentry, I prefer good deal and clean work for my book-shelves, and a brown oak-stain and a coat of varnish give it a respectable finish. It would surprise some people to observe how thoroughly beautiful are some of my presses that are of deal only stained and varnished. Paint is detestable; good carpentry and varnish bring out natural markings in the wood that make the grainer's work contemptible.

From stacks I pass to cases, of which I have three made to fit recesses; they are in good Spanish mahogany, with some pretensions in the furnishing way, but are plain enough, for the books make them beautiful, and mere ornament would render them mawkish. These cases are on a principle that I can recommend for general adoption. Take a plain parlour chiffonier; mount on it a stack to fit, with a neat cornice and leather fillets to protect the tops of the books from dust, and you have one of my model cases. In the lock-up I keep books, pictures, papers, all sorts of things that must be in order under cover. The books in these mahogany cases are a nice lot, in handsome bindings, and they are such as would be termed "readable" books, adapted for enjoyment at the fireside.

The things I call presses are of the same make as these cases,

but larger, and more seriously occupied, and contain many grim old books that one does not want at one's elbow. I shall briefly describe two of these. They are of deal, nicely finished, stained, and varnished, and I will venture to say that though of small cost, they are good enough for a library of greater pretensions than mine ; they are in their way beautiful. One of these fits a wall in a room where serious work is commonly in progress, and it accommodates big folios, heavy quartos and upwards, a large proportion of the books being works of reference. The base is a closet with sliding doors, and herein we stack our serial publications until they are ready for the binder. At each end is a kind of tower or watch box ; in other words, a closet the full height of the affair, and within are shelves for newspapers, periodicals, and the like, for these are untidy things when visible, and keep better when put into their proper places at once and excluded from view. Our tables are never lumbered with heaps of papers, for they are regularly disposed of and put out of sight in the most perfect order possible.

The other press is of similar construction, but has no watch boxes, for they would be of no use in the office library where the old books, and certain collections illustrative of special subjects, are housed apart from all the traffic of daily life in a sort of hermitage of their own. The capacious closets that form the basement of this press is occupied with large illustrated books, and other cumbrous things that must be kept under cover. But we have no sliding doors here, but doors on hinges, fitting well to exclude dust, and kept under lock and key.

Sliding doors are not adapted for choice purposes ; but they are useful where there is not room for opening large doors near the ground line, and where a little dust will do no harm. For valuable books and papers they are quite unsuitable.

Tall stacks are inconvenient, because you must use steps or mount a chair to reach the upper shelves. I am compelled to run up high through lack of space for fair accommodation ; but if I had space enough I would never have any book-shelves taller than a man of average stature could reach without stretching.

A strict classification of books I have been for years attempting to accomplish, and have got near to it, but perfection in this way is absolutely impossible: So far as it can be done, we have our books in classes, thus : 1. General literature, including poetry, history, fiction, and miscellanies that are the more generally sought in a good library. 2. Botany and horticulture. 3. Geography, geology, and travels. 4. Dictionaries and concordances. 5.

Shakespeare and his illustrators : there are twenty-five editions of the poet, occupying considerable space, with all the more important commentaries, thus necessitating a special department. 6. King Arthur, Roman Britain, ancient French romances, Gaelic history, and kindred subjects. We have some other classes, that are not worth mentioning, although to me they are of considerable importance.

A waste stack apart from the library is appropriated to books for which places have not been found. As this fills up, new stacks are provided, and the books have permanent places ; these are fixed by the catalogue, and whether the place be good or bad we consider it bad practice to alter it, for the moment you move one book you must move another, and there is no end to the work if alterations are attempted on a small scale. Have a good system to begin with, and adhere to it as closely as you can.

Our catalogue is in two parts. In part one the books are entered as we find them in the stacks, and every book has pencilled on the inside of the corner its number and its place. Thus stack A has five shelves, and the first book at the top is marked $A\frac{S_1}{1}$, and is so entered in the catalogue. This document contains numbers, names, dates, sizes, and estimated values. In the second part, the whole of the books are arranged alphabetically, the names of the authors giving the order in most cases, but certain leading subjects are placed under general headings for the purpose of showing, in one block, all the books we have on that subject. BOOKWORM.



Author and Bookseller.

IN 1803, Mrs. O. S. Mackie published an entirely new translation of Madame de Sevigne's "Letters" to her daughter, in 3 volumes duodecimo. As was not unusual, the author and the bookseller very quickly got at loggerheads with one another. Through the courtesy of Mr. Cooper, bookseller, of Hyde Street, New Oxford Street, London, we are enabled to give two quotations from letters which Mrs. Mackie addressed to Mr. J. S. Pratt, in which her differences with her publisher are alluded to in rather strong terms. The first letter is dated from Brighton, near Alresford, Hampshire, July, 1803, in the course of which she says:—"It has been truly said, that those who neglect their own affairs cannot expect that others will think of them; this tempts me to trouble you once more concerning my unfortunate Book which is sinking fast into oblivion for want of an active friend and an honest bookseller—that Cawthorne has found means to make money of my translation I have no doubt, but the manner is an enigma far beyond my comprehension. I am assured that if you would exert your influence with Mr. Phillips, and get work mentioned favourably in the supplement to his *Monthly Magazine*, it would be of infinite service, but it must be done immediately, as it appears on the 20th of this month—it seems it comes out every six months—make an effort for me, my dear sir, and don't put me on a par with poor Bibs, although I have a wooden leg as well as him—that is, I cannot take a step to help myself. . . . I am going to write a book against *you* and everybody that forgets me and leaves me to die of vexation and disappointment, because I met with the most worthless Bookseller in England, nay in Europe, nay in Asia, nay in America." From the second letter, dated March 10, 1804, we extract the following sentence:—"I am quite convinced that you would willingly do good to my [edition of] Sevigne—but I much fear that Cawthorne has done too much mischief ever to be repaired. The work is completely ruined for seven years at the least—after that time perhaps it may fall into better hands."



Books for Social Reformers.

THE Fabian Society has issued a second and revised edition of their exceedingly useful little pamphlet, "What to Read," to which we made reference when the first edition was published about two years ago.

The list has been compiled for the use of members of the Fabian Society and other students of social questions. It makes no pretension to completeness. No work has been included which cannot be obtained in English, and few that do not deal almost exclusively with English problems. It has been impossible to find space even for representative specimens of those local records and reports which must be the chief sources of any thorough and original study of social history. With few exceptions periodical publications have been excluded; nor have individual articles in magazines been mentioned, although much of the best results of modern controversy and inquiry is only to be read in that form. Different standards have been adopted in the selection of books for different parts of the list. For instance, only a few of the best books on early and mediæval social history are given; while, on the other hand, an attempt has been made to include every book of any importance which has been issued as part of the Socialist propaganda during the last seven or eight years. The list, even as it stands, is so long that a few years ago it would have been useful only to rich men or professional students; but the great development of public libraries has made it possible for a large number of readers to obtain access to the best works on any subject; and it is probable that more now suffer from want of information as to which are the best books

than from inability to obtain them. As yet, however, few public libraries are sufficiently well equipped to contain all the books here mentioned; and all who desire to promote serious inquiry into social subjects are strongly urged to cause any libraries over which they may have influence to obtain as many of them as possible.

For modern books, much the best and handiest general subject catalogue is W. S. Sonnenschein's "Best Books" (Sonnenschein; 1891. 31/6 net). For obscure and "out of print" books, tracts, &c., the subject catalogue of the Boston Athenæum, 1882, 25 dols., is useful. Watts' "Bibliotheca Britannica," *o.p.*, gives English books published before 1824, under subjects and under authors. Many articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" have short but well-chosen bibliographies appended to them; the "Dictionary of National Biography" will also be found useful. Every paper printed in any important magazine, from the beginning of the century to 1882, will be found catalogued under its subject, in Poole's "Index to Periodical Literature" (Kegan Paul; 1883. 76/-). The Supplement (Kegan Paul; 1886. 36/-) covers the years 1882-87. Since then the work has been carried on by the American Library Association (W. L. Fletcher, editor), and appears annually (Kegan Paul; 36/- per annum). The method of reference, which is rather complicated, is explained in the introduction. The "Index and Guide to Periodicals," published annually, gives in each issue a complete index to contents of periodicals of the previous year, and an exhaustive list of the magazines and reviews of the world, including names of editors, addresses and prices. Vol. i. (2/-), 1890, vol. ii. (5/-), 1891, and Vol. iii. in the Press, 1893, *Review of Reviews*' Office, Mowbray House, Temple. The only subject catalogue of Newspaper Articles is Palmer's "Index to the *Times*" (Palmer's Private Press, Shepperton-on-Thames; 50 vols.).

As "What to Read" only costs threepence it ought to have a very wide circulation, even among those who have very little sympathy with the principles of the Fabian Society.



Tricks of the Eighteenth Century Publishers.

THE above subject is one that takes us back to centuries before the introduction of printing. It is, in fact, almost as ancient as the History of Trickery itself. Authors there were long before the existence of publishing, even in the most rudimentary sense of the term ; but the moment a middleman appeared on the scene, knavery of the most pronounced character became rampant. There is no break in this long wail of complaint, in which the author has been the accuser and the publisher the accused. Whether we dip into the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians, whose libraries were so famous and so extensive thousands of years ago, whether we inquire into the history of the manuscript literature of Greece in her glory, or of Rome in its grandeur, the same trickery is found, differing only in degrees of ingenuity.

It is, however, unnecessary to seek illustrations—of which there are plenty—from among the ancients in proof of the tricks of the early publishers. The literary history of our own country affords sufficient examples to fill a large volume.

Beginning, therefore, with the Genesis of modern history—the great Reformation—when men kicked aside the traditions of an ancient religion, and utilised what was then regarded as the fearful power of a comparatively unrestricted freedom of the press, we find ample material for the great and everlasting battle between the publisher, on the one hand, and the author or public, as the case may be, on the other. In spite of decrees, injunctions, threats, and penalties of all sorts and kinds, publishers issued books, sometimes

escaping the vigilance, but more often suffering, either in body or pocket, and generally in both, for their temerity. When printing became a power which defied all the curses of the church, and evaded all the laws of the realm, men began to employ this new engine of force and effect, and the more rigorous the laws the more numerous became the methods of spreading books, and, as the appetite grows upon what it feeds, so the taste for them increased with a rapidity unknown to every other phase of universal history. If laws and regulations could have crushed any movement, they would have utterly snuffed printing out of existence. When, however, the authorities saw that they could not crush out this new power, they sought by means, fair and foul, to circumscribe its results by licensing certain men for the selling of certain specified classes of books. But, alas for them, their repeated attempts were pronounced failures. They forgot that they had to deal with "publishers"! Early in the reign of Elizabeth, when these arbitrary rights were sought to be imposed, we find a hero in the person of one Roger Warde, to whom the lovers of free speech and a free press ought to raise a most glorious monument. He "printeth what he lysteth" was the report of the Stationers' Company, and no further comment is needed to show how absolutely futile were their remonstrances. We read in the memorandum describing the utter defeat of the officials the following strange allegation:—"Coming to the house of one Roger Warde, a man who of late hath shewed himselfe very contemptuous againste her Majesty's high prerogative, and offering to come into his pryntinge house to take notice of what he did, the saide Roger Warde faininge himselfe to be absente, hys wife and servants keepeth the dore shutt against them, and saide that none shulde come there to search." Brave Mrs. Warde! John Wolfe was another refractory publisher, who got into trouble at the same time as Roger Warde. When he was being "admonished that he being but one so meane a man should not presume to contrarie her Highnesses governmante," rudely retorted, "Tush, Luther was but one man, and reformed all the world for religion, and I am that one man that must and will reform the Government in this trade." But John was too boastful, and does not appear to have had so valiant a wife as Roger Warde, for he was put into prison.

In the sixteenth century, as in the nineteenth, there were many publishers who traded in certain objectionable phases of literary ware. We learn, for example, that the ballad of "A yonge man that went a wooying" was cancelled out of the Stationers' Company's book "for the undecentness of it in diverse verses."

Others committed offences by keeping their shops and selling books on St. Luke's Day, and also on Sundays.

But no phase of old publishing tricks is so fruitful in examples as that which deals with surreptitious editions. In the sixteenth century it was very generally considered an ungentlemanly thing to be an author; and it must in truth be admitted that the usual run of authors at that time was anything but desirable or reputable. The preservation of many a highly prized literary treasure of the sixteenth century would have been lost for ever but for the trickery of the publishers of the period. It was with no desire to oblige either the then reading public or to confer favours on posterity that they used every artifice to beg, borrow, or steal the manuscripts of eminent men, and to print them in the face of the strongly worded remonstrance of the authors themselves. For these were days when a man had no copy or other right in any literary work when it had once left his hands. How the times have changed, and how many of us would be glad if publishers would only steal a few of our unused manuscripts and embryo books which have gone a-begging! One of the most curious examples of this surreptitious publishing and wholesale stealing occurs in "*England's Helicon*" (1600), which is a collection of poems by different writers, issued by John Flasket, who, in his preface, refers deprecatingly to the common practice of the trade of making free with each other's property; but Flasket himself had stolen right and left to make up his book, and he raised a perfect hornet's nest about his ears. Many authors issued authentic editions only because some knavish bookseller had inflicted a garbled one on the public, and had added insult to inquiry by masquerading as editor in the worst possible sense of the word. In the case of Barnabe Googe (1563), the author was only induced to publish his "*Eglogs*" because the printer possessed the "copy," and having bought the paper, he would be at a great loss if the printing was not proceeded with.

So far as paying an author was concerned, the publisher was careful to avoid doing anything of the sort. Was not the glory of appearing in print sufficient payment? Occasionally, when, during the latter years of the sixteenth century, authorship became a profession, the hack would get a few shillings for a brilliant controversial essay; but the publisher invariably stuck to the profits. Shakespeare never received a farthing from the publishers for his plays, whilst they, on the other hand, must have reaped many a golden harvest. Not only this, but they printed his immortal works unknown to him, after having in various ways got hold of the copy, usually an acting

manuscript. Most people are acquainted with the legend in which it is related that one of the London publishers sent an agreeable young man down to Stratford-on-Avon to make love to Shakespeare's daughter Eudith, in order to secure a copy of a play upon which the dramatist was then known to be engaged. Mr. William Black has utilised this story in one of his delightful novels. That quaint, but powerfully written pamphlet, by Thomas Nash, "*Pierce Penilesse: his Supplication to the Devil*," 1592, was one of the many literary publications which crept into print unknown to the author, the publisher, Richard Jones, acting as literary godfather, furnishing an introductory note, which Nash repudiated in no measured terms in a later edition. This same Jones performed a similar office for Marlowe's "*Tamburlaine the Great*" (1592), and as regards the latter, he says, "I have purposely omitted and left out some fond and frivolous gestures, digressing, and, in my poor opinion, far unmeet for the matter which I thought might seem more tedious unto the wise than anyway else to be regarded," and so forth. A few years later, John Davies, of Hereford, relieved his mind by censuring publishers in "*The Scourge of Folly*," in which is a sonnet beginning:—

"At Stationers shops are lyes oft vendible,
Because such shops oft lye for gains untrue," &c.

Few men suffered, or fancied they suffered, so much from the publisher of his time as Michael Drayton. Writing to Drummond, of Hawthornden, he complains of them as "a company of base knaves whom I scorn and kick at," because forsooth, they would not publish the second part of his elephantine "*Poly-Olbion*." Three years later, however, he managed to get it printed, but it contained an exhilarating preface headed "To any that will read it." After complaining that because the first part did not go as well as certain "beastly and abominable trash," the publishers "despightfully left out the epistle to the readers, and so have couzened the buyers with imperfecte books." "Where are thou Michael?" was the cheery inquiry of the John Davies previously mentioned, and poor Michael Drayton might well have answered that he was in the toils of the publishers. Nearly half a century before this, William Turner, whose "*New Herbal*" may be regarded as the first book on English botany, complained of the publisher or printer (which at that time was pretty much the same thing) for not only suppressing the author's name and preface, but with furnishing his own introduction,

and publishing the book as if it were the production of his own brain!

Perhaps no phase of the publishing business was so popular with the old publishers as that of "faking" up a title-page. The nomination, as they termed it, was the rock upon which the good feeling between publishers and authors became wrecked. An early seventeenth century book, by Thomas Decker, entitled "The Strange Horse-Race," contains the following observation:—"The titles of books are like painted chimnies in great country houses, they make a show afar off, and catch travellers' eyes; but coming near them, neither cast they smoke, nor hath the house the heart to make you drink"; and seventy years later, in 1682, John Houghton, when starting his "Collection for the Improvement of Husbandry and Trade," cautions the booksellers and publishers to send him no new titles to old books, for they "will be rejected." Proof both internal and external may be adduced without end. What author, for example, even among the Grub Street fraternity of that period, would allow his book to go forth into the world with such a title as that which we recognise as a work of Yates', and published in 1583? The title is:—"The Castle of Courtesie, whereunto is adjoynd the Hold of Humilitie, with the Chariot of Chastitie thereunto annexed." "The Droome of Doome's Day" (1576) is obviously also the work of a publisher, and so in all likelihood is Breton's "Flourish upon Fancy." As a general rule, the title gave not the slightest indication as to the nature of the contents of a book to which it was affixed, and "apt alliterations artful aid" in this "nomination" was a favourite course with the publishers of the sixteenth century. Coming down to the last century, we find a bewildering supply of publishers' tricks. The most common one took the form, or name, of "Miscellanies," and this was a method of getting rid of a stock of unsold pamphlets, essays, or poems, by sandwiching them between the pirated work of an eminent writer, the padding matter being indicated on the title-page as "somewhat besides." All the publishers did this sort of thing, but none with so much impudence as Edmund Curll, who, by the way, proved more than a match with Pope. With the exception of a few dozen pages in the beginning of the book, Curll's "Miscellanies" show remarkable differences in different copies; that is to say, if the stock of one "padding" pamphlet failed, another had to supply its place. So that there are many variations in the contents of "Miscellanies" issued at the same time, and bearing the same title-page. "Miscellanies" by Mr. Pope or Dr. Swift would be sure to sell. Sir Walter Scott's edition of "Swift's Works" contains many

things which Swift did not and could not have written. The fact of a piece of verse being rightly or wrongly attributed to an eminent person was quite sufficient for the publishers to print it as genuine, and it possessed an additional attraction if it were scandalous or indecent.

Dr. Johnson expressed a very favourable opinion concerning booksellers, whom he described as the true patrons of literature. But Drayton, on the other hand, was, if his own words have any literalness, a positive martyr to their trickery. More than a hundred years after the wicked had ceased to trouble poor Drayton, and when his weary soul was at rest, the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. ix. p. iii.) contained, in "An Appeal to the Public," a passage which tells its own story: "Nothing is more criminal in the opinion of many of them (*i.e.*, publishers) than for an author to enjoy more advantage from his own works than they are disposed to allow him." In the seventh volume (p. 239) of the same venerable periodical there will be found a translation of a highly interesting letter from a French publisher to a journalist, in which the former soundly rates the latter on the incompetent way in which he has earned the "ten pistoles" that he may at any time receive. "You are," says the publisher, "too sparing in encomiums on my books, and do not sufficiently run down those of my brother booksellers." Truly this gentleman's brotherly spirit was exceeding great, but this complaint is nothing to what he says a little further on in the same communication: "You are likewise to play the devil with every book printed for N—— and P——, booksellers, they being God's and the State's enemies, and, what is more, they are also mine." Was ever a desire put in so *naïve* a manner?

The *Grub Street Journal* of December 7th and 14th, 1732, contains an interesting and amusing article on "Tricks of Booksellers." After referring to the title of a book as being important, the writer proceeds: "The chief rule in buying books is the author's name, which is now no rule at all, since the booksellers have usurped the making of names as well as titles." The writer contends that "for the English booksellers there is no species of legerdemain which certain among them do not practise daily, especially that of assuming the name of some celebrated author (or the *title of some eminent work*) either in its proper form, or with some minute variation, as Feilding for Fielding, Colbatsh for Colbatch, Chamberlen for Chamberlayne, Joseph for John Gay, which last article has put some pounds into C——l's pocket by selling some of his worst poems."

The connection between Dryden and Tonson was not without its

tricks on both sides. The latter wrote once complaining that the poet sold to a rival publisher 1,518 lines of verse for forty guineas, whilst for ten guineas more he had only received 1,146 lines. The objections were most delicately put. Old Jacob was a strong Whig, and a great admirer of William the Third, to whom he wished to dedicate Dryden's "Virgil," but the poet's Toryism was too deep-rooted for this. Tonson, bent on having his way to some extent, quietly ordered that the nose in all the pictures of Æneas be drawn with Dutch William's hooked proboscis, a fact which gave rise to the following :

" Old Jacob, by deep judgments swayed,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On young Æneas' shoulders."

There is an exceedingly interesting letter of Pope's addressed to the Earl of Burlington some time in 1716, and it teems with a relation of bookselling tricks. But fortunately there is every reason to believe that this letter had no foundation in fact, although it may substantially represent no very uncommon occurrence at that period. On a journey to Oxford in company with Pope, Lintot is represented as having exclaimed, with reference to translators, "Sir, they are the saddest pack of rogues in the world; in a hungry fit they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe," and that he pays them at the rate of ten shillings per sheet for translations, which are corrected and revised by some other individual. The worthy Bernard had an amusing way of dealing with critics. The rich ones he silenced for a sheet apiece of the blotted MS., which they pretended was submitted to their correction, whilst small authors dedicated their works to them. On one occasion (according to Pope) a lean man that looked like a very good scholar entered Lintot's shop and took up the newly-issued translation of Homer, at every line of which he raised an objection. When in the midst of finding fault, Mrs. Lintot called out that dinner was ready. "'Sir, will you eat a piece of beef with me?' 'Mr. Lintot,' said he, 'I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book. I am really concerned on your account.' 'Sir, I am much obliged to you. If you can dine on a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding, ——.' 'Mr. Lintot, I do not say but what Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning, ——.' 'Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you will please to go in.' My critic complies, he comes to taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath that the book is commendable and the pudding excellent."

But for trickery, of whatever nature it may be, Edmund Curll certainly outdistanced any of the fraternity. Possessed of a fiendish propensity for getting into hot water, to be making somebody uncomfortable seems to have been one of the principal reasons of his existence. His most famous quarrel was with Pope, and it is not the most edifying chapter in the history of English literature. Curll may be exonerated from his share in the publication of Pope's letters, as it is now generally considered that the poet's part in the transaction was neither honest nor honourable. And after the action was brought before the House of Lords, and at once dismissed, the irrepressible Curll declared that Pope might beat him at a rhyme, but he was his opponent's master at prose. It has already been intimated that Curll published the sermons of the principal divines. In a sudden fit of piety or otherwise he sent a copy of Rochester's "Poems," not by any means the most decent book published, to Dr. Robinson, Bishop of London, with a polite request to revise the same. This little dodge was hardly good enough, and his lordship returned the volume with this message: "I am told that Mr. Curll is a shrewd man, and should I revise the book you have brought me, he would publish it as approved by me."

W. R.





Printers' Marks.

THE Printer's Mark appears to be at length in a fair way of receiving the attention to which its general and manifold interest and importance entitles it. The extraordinary thing is that it should have, for so long a period, been neglected. Before the present year has run its course at least two books will have appeared on the subject—one of which is general and the other special. Although confined to a comparatively narrow area, the "Elsässische Büchermarken bis anfang des 18 Jahrhunderts," of Herr Paul Heitz and Dr. Karl August Barack (Strassburg, J. H. Ed. Heitz) is of exceedingly varied interest, whilst its careful get-up and the fidelity of its reproductions distinguish it at once as a work of permanent value. The compilers have for the first time brought together a collection of the marks of the Alsatian printers and booksellers, which are reproduced in the same size as the originals, and accompanied by the names of the books in which they were used. These marks are not only of importance to the student of the history of the art of printing and wood-engraving, but also of art in its widest sense. Frequently they are true works of art by acknowledged masters. The arrangement is chronological according to towns, and most of the marks are reproduced with all their variants, when there are any. The seventy-six plates which comprise this book include several hundred marks, some of which exhibit an astonishing variety of ideas. These vary indeed from a cabbage with the letters M. S. used by Martin Schott, who printed several books at Strassburg at the end of the fifteenth century, to a pair of interlaced serpents surmounted by a dove of Köpfel, of the first quarter of the following century; from the personification of the

horn of plenty of Ulricher von Andlau to the device of Apiarius, which is a punning one on his name—the discovery by an inquisitive bear of a bees' nest in a hollow trunk of a tree, and the uncomfortable time for the bear which followed, being capitally delineated. The subject of Adam and Eve at the tree of forbidden fruit was also a popular one, and we find it on some of the books which bore the imprint of Johann Albrecht; the griffin, too, was not uncommon, for the reason, we presume, that it is emblematical of watchfulness, courage, perseverance, and rapidity of execution. In the score of numbers, variety, and decorative beauty and vigour, it may be doubted if any firm of printers in Germany or elsewhere can offer a rival to the series employed at one time or another by Lazarus Zetner and his successors, who were printing books at Strassburg for over a century, from about 1585 onwards, and whose marks number nearly forty, all more or less different; they nearly always used the motto "*Scientia immutabilis*" engraved on a pedestal which supported a helmeted head of Pallas Athene. This handsome volume is the first of a series, and if the succeeding monographs are compiled with the same amount of care and thoroughness they will meet with all the success which they deserve.

As the second volume to which we have referred is by the editor of the *BOOKWORM*, it must suffice to quote a paragraph or two from the prospectus:—The present handbook has been written with a view to supplying a readable but accurate account of this neglected chapter in the history of art and bibliography, and appeals with equal force to the student of either subject. Only one book, Berjeau's "*Early Dutch, German, and English Printers' Marks*," has appeared in this country, and this, besides being out of print and expensive, is destitute of descriptive letterpress. The principle upon which the illustrations [of which there are over 250] have been selected for this "*Handbook*" is of a threefold character: first, the importance of the printer; secondly, the artistic value or interest of the Mark itself; and, thirdly, the geographical importance of the city or town in which the mark first appeared. The Handbook is divided into eight chapters, arranged in the following sequence:—Introduction (*i.e.*, significations, style, &c.), Some General Aspects of the Printer's Mark, and chapters dealing respectively with English, French, German and Swiss, Dutch and Flemish, Italian and Spanish Marks, whilst the last chapter deals with the modern examples.

It may further be mentioned that the volume is being printed at the Chiswick Press, that the publishers are Messrs. George Bell and Sons, and that it will appear at the end of the present month.



John Lilburne as a Pamphleteer.

IT is only of late years that John Lilburne has had any attention at all bestowed upon him, since the publication of the *Biographia Anglicana*. Five years ago Mr. Edward Peacock gave a fairly good bibliography of his writings in the columns of *Notes and Queries*, announcing that he had now foregone his old intention of writing Lilburne's life, a painstaking but inevitably incomplete account of which has appeared in a recent volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography." Elsewhere I have been endeavouring to make clear his position, and one of these days hope to publish a study, as adequate as I can make it, of the great movement in which he spent his life. Suffice it to say of his life, as now, that it extended from 1615, when he was born at Greenwich, to August 15, 1657, when he died at Eltham; that from 1638 onward he spent most of his days in one prison or another, and was but out on bail when they ended.

Of his career as a soldier, or his place as a political reformer, this is not the place wherein to speak. Here we are but concerned with him as the author and cause of printed paper; and truly he has justified notice under that head, for he himself almost rounded a century of pamphlets, ranging from 4 pages to 40, giving also rise to twice as many more. Even in the Fleet, loaded down with chains, or in the Tower with a sentinel at the door of his cell and his friends kept at more than arm's length, he would manage to write and smuggle out the copy for a pamphlet to be printed in Holland, or on a secret press in London, and when deprived of pen and ink would write them in his own blood. Hardly was he out of prison

when a new pamphlet would put him in again, and then the stream of petitions and pamphlets by, for and against, would go on with ever-enhancing speed. Twice was he tried for his writings; each time to be acquitted by the jury despite extreme pressure for a conviction, and each time to be imprisoned by Cromwell despite his acquittal.

His first trial and punishment, however, that which led to his commencing pamphleteer, was for having to do with the printing of another man's books. This took place in 1638, when he was accused of having printed or caused to be printed at Rotterdam, or somewhere else in Holland, Dr. Bastwick's "Answer" and "Litany" and other books, for which the author had been already pilloried. It was also laid to him that he had a chamber in the house of a Mr. John Foote at Delft, where contraband books were stored for transmittal to England. Ten or twelve thousand of them had been printed, it was said, at a cost of about £80. Lilburne denied all knowledge of the particulars charged against him, but would go no further, nor take the Star-chamber oath. Remaining contumacious, he was whipt from Fleet Bridge to Westminster and imprisoned in the Fleet. Here he wrote and hence he issued "The Christian Man's Triall," and "A Worke of the Beast," in which he described his apprehension, trial, and punishment, following them up with "The Poore Man's Cry," an appeal to mercy and justice. These three were printed at Amsterdam and smuggled into this country. Lilburne records that "Canterbury's catchpoles" seized at the Custom-house almost two thousand of them as they came from Amsterdam; "but when I was informed that they had cozened him of the greatest part of them, and sent them to Scotland for filthy lucre's sake, at whose parliament they were sold as public as Martin Parker's (the Bishop's champion ballad-maker) ballads are sold here at London, it made me to laugh at my loss." That they were sold in Scotland consoles not me for the fact that a copy of the first edition of "The Christian Man's Triall" would seem never to have crossed the border; I know of none existing in any traceable place, it being only to be seen in the second edition, printed in London, 1641.

During the latter part of his imprisonment, and throughout his service in the army, Lilburne was silent, so far as the press was concerned. But in 1645 he threw up his commission, and quickly fell athwart the hawse of those for whom he had suffered. Presbyterians and Independents were drawing asunder, and he was an Independent of the extremest. Prynne and he came to pen-cuffs, for Prynne was more than equally hot as a Presbyterian. The Commons were on

Prynne's side and Lilburne was again thrown within four walls. From this time till his death he was mostly under arrest ; for before the Commons had done with him he was in the clutches of the Lords, and by when the Lords had let him go, he was in the clutches of Cromwell, whom he bitterly attacked for his treachery and double-dealing. "The Commoner's Complaint," "The Freeman's Freedom Vindicated," "An Alarum to the House of Lords," "The Resolved Man's Resolution," "The Just Man's Justification," and many others followed one another in swift succession.

Of the later series, those written when the so-called Commonwealth was coming, or had recently come to birth, "Foundations of Freedom" and "England's New Chaines Discovered," and "The Legall Fundamentall Liberties of the People of England Revised, Asserted and Vindicated," are the most notable. On these three alone Lilburne might rest a valid claim to respect as a great constitutional lawyer. Indeed, every written constitution drawn up since his day does in some part derive from the first-named.

Of all the writers of his time, Lilburne ranks among the most prolific, as well as among the most profound. He has none of the majesty of Milton, but then there attaches to him not even the small taint of mercenary partizanship which indubitably clings to his great contemporary. He is in earnest, in deadly, breathless earnest, all the time ; fights with feet and hands, and strikes to kill, though never a foul blow. His pen has but replaced his sword, and is equally a weapon, neither a solace nor a plaything. He possesses all Prynne's vigour and variety of invective, without Prynne's ingrained vulgarity and crude narrowness of bigotry. His vast and varied knowledge of the law and constitution cannot be paralleled by contemporary jurists nor approached by contemporary laymen. And he stands high above Milton, Prynne, or any other that can be named, in his deep appreciation and statesmanlike handling of the problems of his time: some of them, it may be hinted, being the problems of our time too. In likewise does he surpass all in the stiffness with which he stands to his principles at all hazards, bating no jot nor tittle for fear or favour of any man or set of men, facing all in turn fearlessly whom he held in the wrong.

I have said nothing of the peculiarities of Lilburne's pamphlets : they have none. Saving for the matter and the style they are exactly as all others of the time, poorly printed on bad paper, quartos, and with over-crowded title-pages. But the matter and style, as I have said already, mark him out unique among all those who were active in that strenuous time. It is not wholly, I think, mere unreasoning

enthusiasm for a loved hero that leads me to bracket him with Defoe as a typical Englishman. That Defoe, in the foul and sordid atmosphere of the eighteenth century, could not rise to Lilburne's height, that Lilburne in the tension of the period during which all things English were in the melting-pot could not equal the coolness and self-possession natural to the dull "Augustan age," may go alike without saying. But in so far that each held England first over all, that each wrote always to a tangible end, never straying into the primrose path of "pure literature," that each took for his material and used with striking effect the ordinary colloquial English tongue, never straining after "style," never sinking into the classical or the academic, they may be classed together, and commended to the appreciation of all Englishmen.

H. HALLIDAY SPARLING.

The "Tudor" Translations.

THE new volume of the Tudor Translations will be "The Æthiopian History of Heliodorus, Englished by Thomas Underdowne, 1587." Mr. Charles Whibley writes the introduction, and Mr. Nutt is the publisher. Florio's *Mortaigne* has already been issued in three volumes, besides the present work, the "Golden Asse" of Apuleius, in William Adlington's translation of 1566, is in the press. "If due encouragement be given," says the publisher, "the Plutarch so precious to Shakespeare" will be reproduced. He adds, of the whole series of "Tudor Translations":—The translations made in what it is convenient to call the Age of Elizabeth are scarce less remarkable in their way than the poems and the plays in theirs. It was the Golden Age of English, and the Translator, working with as free a hand and as fresh an interest in his material as his brethren of the theatre themselves, achieved not seldom results which to this day are monuments of diction and style. But these have fallen out of sight, and are forgotten. They are inaccessible to the general reader, or the form in which they were presented is one that makes diligence hard and delight in them impossible.



Some Reflections on Autograph Collecting.

IT is hard to estimate the influence of a collection of autographs on the taste and character of the owner, and just as one's scrap-book is an index of one's preferences and idiosyncracies, so to a large extent is the line of collecting guided by the special personality of the collector—with this difference, that the very collection, its growth, and the care of it, engenders or fosters, or both, an historical, literary, musical or other taste which goes far in making up the breadth of his education.

Outside of the pleasure and profit as indicated, my own collections have been among other items the means of bringing me into close relation with very many delightful and cultivated people, whose acquaintance, in consequence of the common taste, has been easily formed and the friendship quickly cemented, and I do not remember ever to have made any but worthy and desirable friends in this way.

Then, too, choice books have been gradually accumulated about my cases, illustrative of and in sympathy with the holographic pages, and bringing their authors still more into communion with the interested spectator, and the impression that one is surrounded by friends and sympathising minds is greatly enhanced. Take for instance the first book that comes to hand, and which perhaps is a little out of the ordinary line of preferences of autographiles. It is labelled "Hymnology," and on opening, we find it filled with many of the hymns used the world over, and which have done so much towards bringing all religions and sects into closer sympathy and harmony. They are in the chirography of their authors, and bear the signatures of those to whom we are so much indebted for helpful and uplifting thoughts. Here is the poem, "Lead, Kindly

Light," in the neat penmanship of Cardinal Newman, together with a printed clipping telling of the circumstances of its production, and a couple of portraits of the kindly face of the talented author. Next we turn to that missionary hymn sung the wide world round, "The Morning Light is Breaking," from the same pen that gave us "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." Following it is the hymn, "My Faith Looks up to Thee," with the signature of Dr. Ray Palmer, together with a little memorandum of its first being handed to his friend Dr. Lowell Mason, and carried in a pocket-book for a long time before being given to the world. Delightful reminiscences of the singing of finely blended male quartets come to mind as we see "There is a Green Hill Far Away" spread out over the name of Mrs. Alexander, though not the "Mrs. Alexander" of current literature.

Here is the hymn of resignation dating back to the 17th century but translated in the 19th in the familiar words "My Jesus, as Thou Wilt," and the Good Bye so extensively used these days "God Be with You Till We Meet Again."

Then we find a MS. which recalls the horrors of the Ashtabula accident and the fortitude of the quiet, lovable character of the Evangelist P. P. Bliss, for it is the original words of one of his songs, made so familiar to singers of our generation by use in the Gospel services and Sunday-schools.

This is a sample volume picked up at random, but who can make such documents and the thoughts and aspirations suggested by and growing out of a familiarity with them, their friends, and not be helped and bettered?

FRED. M. STEELE.





The First Book Catalogue.

THE first digested list of publications in the English language was compiled by Andrew Maunsell, a bookseller of ability and eminence, who lived in Lothbury, London, towards the close of the sixteenth century. Hearne calls this catalogue "a very scarce, and yet a very useful book"; and it is curious on many accounts, particularly as it affords the titles of many works, and records the names of various authors, long since lost or forgotten. The work is dedicated "To the Queene's most sacred Maiestie"; to "The Reverend Divines, and Louers of Diuine Bookes"; and to "The Worshipfull the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Companie of Stationers, and to all other Printers and Bookesellers in generall." The following is the title: "The first Part of the Catalogue of English Printed Bookes: which concerneth such matters of Diuinitie as have bin either written in our owne tongue, or translated out of anie other language: and haue bin published to the glory of God, and edification of the Church of Christ in England. Gathered into Alphabet, and such method as it is, by Andrew Maunsell, book-seller. *Unumquodque propter quid.* London: printed by John Windet, for Andrew Maunsell, dwelling in Lothburie, 1595." Folio, pp. 123; dedication, pp. 6; with the device of a pelican and its offspring rising from the flames, round which is this legend: "*Pro Lege Rege et Grege: Love kepyth the Lawe, obeyeth the kynge, and is good to the Commonwelthe.*"

The following extract from the "Dedication to the Printers and Booksellers" will not only furnish an insight into the plan of publication, but is also applicable to the compilation of catalogues in

general. “—seeing (also) many singular bookes, not only of diuinitie, but of other excellent arts, after the first impression, so spent and gone, that they lie euen as it were buried in some few studies;—I haue thought good in my poor estate to vndertake this most tiresome businesse, hoping the Lord will send a blessing vpon my labours taken in my vocation; thinking it as necessarie for the bookeseller (considering the number and nature of them) to haue a catalogue of our English bookes, as the apothecarie his Dispensatorium, or the schoolemaster his Dictionarie. By means of which my poore trauails, I shall draw to your memories bookes that you could not remember; and shew to the learned such bookes as they would not thinke were in our own tongue; which I haue not sleighted vp the next way, but haue to my great paines drawn the writers of any special argument together, not following the order of the learned men that haue written Latin catalogues, Gesner, Simler, and our countriman, John Bale. They make their alphabet by the christian name, I by the sirname: they mingle diuinitie, law, phisicke, &c., together; I set diuinitie by itselfe: they set downe printed and not printed, I onely printed. Concerning the bookes which are without authors’ names, called Anonymi, I haue placed them either vpon the titles they bee entituled by, or else vpon the matter they entreate of, and sometimes vpon both, for the easier finding of them. Concerning the bookes that be translated, I haue observed, (if the translator doe set his name) the author, the matter, the translator, the printer (or for whome it is printed), the yeere, and the volume. For example, Lambert Danæus, his treatise of Antichrist, translated by John Swan, printed for John Potter and Thomas Gubbin, 1589, in 4. The author’s sirname, which is *Danæus*; the matter of the booke, which is *Antichrist*; the translator’s sirname, which is *Swan*; are, or should be, in Italica letters, and none other, because they are the alphabetical names obserued in this booke: turn to which of these three names you will, and they will direct you to the booke. —I shall not neede to make the like examples—they are plaine inough by one example.

“A. MAUNSELL.”

In the same year in which this catalogue was printed, Maunsell published a second part, “which concerneth the sciences mathematicall, as arithmetick, geometrie, astronomie, astrologie, musick, the art of warre and navigation; and also of physicks and surgerie.” To this part, as to the first, he has prefixed three dedications. The first was to the memorable Earl of Essex, whose arms, beautifully cut in wood, ornament the back of the title. He is styled, as he

truly was, "a most honourable patrone of learned men and theyr works." The second dedication is to "The Professors of the Sciences Mathematicall, and of Physicke and Surgery"; and the third is, as before, to the "Companie of Stationers, Printers," &c. In this last dedication he says: "Hauing shewed you in my former part of the use of my tables, I will onely in thys shew you and the curteous readers that I haue set the writers of arithmetick, musick, navigation, and warre together, vsing the playnest way I could deuise. Now it resteth, that I should proceede to the thirde and last part, which is of humanity, wherein I shall haue occasion to shew, what we haue in our owne tongue, of gramer, logick, rethoricke, lawe, historie, poetrie, policie, *etc.* which will, for the most part, conceiue matters of delight and pleasure, wherein I haue already laboured as in the rest; but finding it so troublesome to get sight of bookes, and so tedious to digest into any good methode, I haue thought good first to publish the two more necessarie parts, which, if I perceave to be well liked of, will whet me on to proceed in the rest (as God shall make me able) with better courage." Although we can scarcely doubt that Maunsell's Catalogue was "well liked of," yet it seems that he did not meet with sufficient encouragement; for certain it is that the third part, which would doubtless have been the most interesting, never made its appearance.

An interesting copy of this important Catalogue came up for sale at Sotheby's in July last: it is interleaved with manuscript additions in an old-hand, and the autograph of "Tho. Leigh" on the title. It is in the original vellum binding, and was sold for £5 2s. 6d.—a fact which alone is a sufficient indication of its bibliographical interest and importance.



“The Best Books.”—Lord Coleridge’s List.

LORD COLERIDGE, as President of the Shipley Salt Schools, recently delivered an address on Education, which was interesting for its contribution to the famous “Best Books” controversy. Lord Coleridge counselled his hearers to cultivate the memory. A good memory was one of the most valuable possessions a man could have in any occupation of life. One of the best methods of strengthening it was by learning by heart passages they admired, both in verse and prose. The safest rule was to learn that which pleased their taste. His lordship, leaving aside Latin and Greek authors, then gave a list, which may be tabulated as follows :—

POETRY.	PROSE.
Shakespeare.	Lord Bolingbroke.
Milton.	Lord Erskine.
Wordsworth (daily).	Burke.
Gray.	Bacon.
Shelley.	Bishop Hooker.
Keats.	Jeremy Taylor.
Scott.	Sir Thomas Browne.
Ben Jonson.	Cardinal Newman.
Massinger.	Nathaniel Hawthorne.
Pope.	Southey.
Dryden.	
Young.	

Coleridge, said the Lord Chief Justice, he of course omitted ; and Tennyson he omitted, because any estimate which placed him below Shakespeare was the mark of a Philistine. Browning he had not been so fortunate as always to understand. The list was short, but was sufficient to occupy a very long time to master thoroughly. He could not too earnestly recommend their acquainting themselves with good books ; in sickness, misfortune, or sorrow, in sleepless nights and painful days, they would find their recollection of wholesome literature a constant solace and refreshment.

A FIRST LESSON IN BOOK-KEEPING.—Never lend one.—*Punch*.



Marshal Junot's Library.

THE splendid library of Junot, Duke of Abrantes, was sold by auction in London in June, 1816. It principally consisted of works published by Didot, and printed by him and Bodoni of Parma upon vellum, manufactured expressly for the marshal at a very great expense. The following were a few of the articles sold, with their prices:—"Œuvres de Crebillon," 4 vols., best edition. Printed by Didot, upon vellum, with plates, by Peyton; proofs before the letters; proofs with only the artist's names; etchings; and a fourth set of the plates, in colours. Paris, 1797. Sold for £26 5s. "Oratio Dominica," in 155 linguas versa et Exoticis Characteribus plerumque expressa; red morocco. Parma, 1806. Sold for £14. "Homeri Ilias," Græcè, 3 vols. A magnificent book. Parma, 1808. When Buonaparte assumed the iron crown of Italy, Bodoni undertook this edition of the Iliad, avowing that he meant to present the Emperor with the most perfect specimen of the art of printing which could be produced. Sold for £19 19s. "Horatii Opera." Printed in vellum, by Didot, with the exquisitely beautiful original drawings, by Percier, inserted; also a set of proof plates. Paris, 1799. This and the two following articles may be considered as *chefs-d'œuvre*; they exhibit the perfection of the art of printing upon vellum. The exquisite beauty of the vellum and the skill of the printer cannot be surpassed. Two copies only were printed upon vellum, and Didot states that he picked the sheets of this from both. Sold for £140. "Fables de la Fontaine," 2 vols. Printed upon vellum, by Didot. A most splendid and magnificent book. Paris, 1802. Of this edition only two copies were printed

upon vellum. Didot states, at the commencement of the volume, that he picked every sheet from both copies. The beauty of the vellum leaves nothing to be desired by the most fastidious eye ; and to render this copy more interesting the admirable original drawings of Percier are inserted, and a set of proof plates. Sold for £170. "Longus," Græcè. A most splendid and magnificent copy, upon vellum. Paris, 1802. This splendid volume is unique. Didot states that he took it off upon vellum expressly for the Duke of Abrantes. The original drawings by Prudhon and a set of proof plates are inserted. Sold for £73 10s.

In this sale it was expected there would have been the celebrated Bible which Junot carried off from Portugal, but it was not transmitted with the rest of the library. The Government of Portugal was so anxious to redeem this great curiosity that they offered the marshal's widow eighty thousand livres for it ; but the duchess refused it, saying, that from the reverence and respect in which she held the memory of her husband, she could not part with it for less than 150,000 livres !

Books.

THERE are three capital mistakes in regard to books :—

1. Some persons, through their own indolence, and others from a sincere belief of the vanity of human science, read no book but the Bible. But these good men do not consider that, on the same principle, they ought not to preach sermons, for sermons are *libri ora, vivâque voce pronuntiati*.

2. Some collect great quantities of books for show, and not for service. Of such as these Lewis XI. of France aptly observed that "They resembled hunchbacked people, who carried a great burden which they never saw." This is a vain parade, even unworthy of reproof. If an illiterate man thinks by this art to cover his ignorance he mistakes, for while he appears to affect modesty he dances naked in a net to hide his shame.


3. Then there are others who purchase large libraries with a sincere design of reading all the books ; a very large library, however, is but a learned luxury.



Bibles at the British Museum.

THE first part of the new general catalogue of the British Museum treats of the Bible. Altogether the Museum has 2,700 editions of the Bible in different languages. The oldest of the Polyglot series belongs to the years 1514-22, in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. After that there is the Antwerp edition of 1569-73. Of written Latin editions the Museum is in possession of forty-five. The oldest printed Bible is that by Gutenberg, known as the first printed book. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and English printed Bibles occupy ninety pages of the catalogue. Besides these the Museum owns editions in eighty-three languages, among which are several in barbaric tongues. The first German Bible was brought out in 1466 by John Mentelin, of Strassburg. In the time of Luther twenty-two German editions of the Bible were published. The first French edition appeared in 1510; the first in Italian in 1471; the first Spanish was published in Basle, in 1569; and the first old Slavonic in 1580; the first complete Russian Bible was not published till 1876, and then in London. One of the most rare editions is the Malagasi Bible of 1830-35, printed in Madagascar; shortly after that date a persecution of the Christians broke out, and the Bibles were divided amongst them in small parts, so that they might be more easily concealed; a complete Malagasi edition is therefore very rare. The one in the British Museum cost twenty oxen. The first American Bible is in the language of the Massachusetts Indians; it was printed in 1661-63, and is very rare.

Earliest English Medical Work.

HE earliest Medical work written in English is supposed by Fuller to have been Andrew Borde's "Breviarie of Health," which was published in 1547. It must yield, however, in its pretensions to antiquity, to a much older work, the "Breviary of Practice," by Bartholomew Glanville, a manuscript of which is preserved in the *Harleian* collection. The one title, indeed, appears to have been an imitation of the other. The "Breviarie of Health" has a prologue addressed to physicians, which begins thus: "Egregious doctors, and masters of the eximious and arcane science of physick, of your urbanity exasperate not yourselves against me for making this little volume."

Andrew does not confine his attention to diseases of the body, but treats also of those of the mind; as in the following instance, which may serve for a specimen of his manner: "*The 174 Chapter doth shewe of an infirmitie named Hereos. Hereos is the Greke worde. In Latin it is named Amor. In English it is named Love-sick, and women may haue this fickleness as well as men. Young persons be much troubled with this impediment.*" After stating "the cause of this infirmitie," he prescribes the following remedy: "First I do advertize every person not to set to the hart what another doth set to the hele; let no man set his love so far, but that he may withdraw it betime; and muse not, but use mirth and mery company, and be wyse, and not foolish." Andrew Borde called himself in Latin, *Andreas Perforatus*. This translation of a proper name was according to the fashion of the time; and, in the instance before us, appears to include a pun: *perforatus*, bored or pierced.



A Woman on Books.

MARK PATTISON said that nobody who respected himself could have less than 1,000 volumes. That reduces the self-respecting men of the world to a very small number, and of this a very large fraction is composed of publishers and book-sellers, who in every day's paper make known their desire to be rid of, with the greatest despatch possible, the 1,000, or thereabouts, volumes they have.

A thousand volumes !

Why, Chaucer's clerk of Oxenford was satisfied with having at—

“ His beedes hed
A twenty bokes.”

Does any dare deny that the gentle clerk had a claim to self-respect ?

I who write these words on books possess 100, not the best 100, but 100, good, bad, and indifferent, and I never look at them in rows upon my shelves but the heart in me is lifted up.

Why ?

For this reason, shade of Mark Pattison, I have read ninety-and-nine of them through, from cover to cover. The hundredth I have only just got, and it I shall have read through, from cover to cover, in a month. And then I shall get my hundred-and-first. I find that I take a month to read a book, and think about it ; and find out what others think about it ; and then compare their views with mine ; and summarise the book's contents ; and make a list of the good things in it. A book a month ; that is my quickest rate of reading,

and I shall be over 100 years old before my thousandth book is on the shelf, and I have Mark Pattison's leave to respect myself.

"Not so," somebody says, reading over my shoulder. "He does not mean the 1,000 books *to be read*." I will not insult his memory by believing that. Perhaps he himself read very quickly. It is wonderful the amount of literature some people can get through in next to no time. Harken to Mr. John Morley, speaking, no doubt, from a knowledge of himself, and addressing you and me—

"In half an hour I fancy you can read 15 or 20 pages of Burke."

Can you? I cannot. I fancy very few can, especially very few "wise students," reading as he bids them read, with a pen or a pencil in hand. I open a page of Burke at random:—

"Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name, a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called *Larum et venerabile nomen Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi*.

"The venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonises and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure I may have leave to lament."

That is one paragraph.

It takes me precisely two minutes to read that paragraph once quickly through, and then I have to think my thoughts about it.

"Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name"—why is the title here not omitted? Is there not some snobbishness in its being prefixed to the great and celebrated name? That is my first thought; then comes my second thought. By "name," perhaps, is meant by Burke what Shakespeare so often meant by "name"—*person*. There is no snobbishness then. But I cannot proceed to the next paragraph, nay, even to the next sentence, yet. There is another feature in this one that sets me thinking. In 14 words the noun "name" occurs thrice—tautological rather. Stop! Burke was an orator. The effect of the iteration in speech would be magnificent. I picture him speaking the sentence, and then my heart swells to remember that he was an Irishman, and then I hold a mental review of great Irishmen!

Then comes the Latin quotation. What does it mean? Whence is it taken? I copy it down, and resolve to make a search for it.

This brings me to the sentence with the wonderful string of subjects. I read that sentence first to myself, and then I read it aloud to the walls, and then, because it sounds so superb, read it aloud, and because the patient walls raise no objection, I read it aloud, more loudly, once more. And then I think a long thought about that bit, "the fall from power." Is it not generous and beautiful? I resolve to commit it to memory. Then I go on:—

"I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. . . ."

Why those words "I am sure?" They spoil the balance of the sentence. In my conceit I dare to censure here.

And then at last I proceed to paragraph two. But, oh, Mr. Morley! I have been precisely 33 minutes reading paragraph one.

"I read so slowly," you say, indignantly. I do (an Irishwoman's answer), but then (this is a good thing, is it not?) I never forget what I read. To swallow 15 pages of pure literature without thinning it with the water of one's thought must simply intoxicate. Books do intoxicate. They are like beech-mast, the fruit of the beech, which, when taken in great quantities, produces light-headedness like wine. Nay, they are beech-mast, nothing else; the very word "book" has "beech" wrapped up in it. I don't understand people who are able to say, "This is my favourite book." My favourite book changes daily. One day I decide that I love the Bible most; and the next day I make up my mind that I love Shakespeare more; and the next day I put Robert Burns at tip-top of all my loves; and the next day I resolve that Chaucer far excels Robert Burns; the next day I enthrone Lytton; and him I depose the day after to make room for my new king, Spenser. To-day I have been reading "Hyperion" and my soul is full of love for Keats; to-morrow I mean to read "Adonais," and the odds are that Keats will be taken from off his pedestal and Shelly perched there in his place. Think of there being only one book which could make lie-a-bed Dr. Johnson get up two hours earlier than he wished to rise. I get up every morning three hours earlier than I wish to rise, simply to creep into my study and sit among the dear books, taking up any of them—the first that comes—to read it.

A "general reader." Well, yes. Only I don't like that phrase. The word "general" is used with the precise meaning which it here has only, as attribute to two nouns—reader and *servant*, and, indeed, a general reader and a general servant have—generally—much in

common. Both get through a good deal of work, and both—generally—in very different style.

What do you think is the next best thing to reading a book? I think it is writing one. It is so pleasant to think you are doing what Shakespeare did, that your thoughts, like his thoughts, are so precious that you feel, like him, they merit being put to paper (in common logic every writer, even a modest critic, must admit that it is this conviction that first made him take pen in hand), and pleasant it is to picture a publisher's accepting your work "with thanks," though, I believe, indeed, that modifying clause in publishers' diction commonly only follows the word "declined," and finally, and more than all:—

" 'Tis pleasure sure to see one's name in print ;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

"Nothing in't." Why, surely Byron knew that there never yet was a book "in print" but there was something in't. Take only the case of the book which Moore gave the world. Folks are saying all over England to-day that "There's nothing in Moore." Now there's this in Moore:

" There's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."

Find me anything half so sweet as that in your favourite poet. It is only the first thing in Moore that comes to my mind; there are many things more in him.

Cowper has said that authorship is "a whim." The definition is whimsical, and more one cannot say of it. The same writer has the phrase—"a serious affair—a volume." Mark Pattison would have done well to lay that phrase to heart.

What ideas have you on authors? I speak now to the "general reader," not to the critic, nor to the person personally acquainted with authors. Before I myself became an author and met Mr. Walter Besant—and he was the first writer I ever beheld (except as a frontispiece)—I thought of all authors as being "wizards that peep and that mutter." I know at present one author of whom the old girlhood's notion holds good. He is a poet and is a wizard that peeps and that mutters. Sometimes he laughs, and sometimes he cries, and sometimes he gasps, and sometimes he grunts, when at authorship. When you first pass his study you wonder how many are in it. You might sometimes imagine that he was entertaining

quite a number of people, and that these people had brought with them their children, and dogs, and cats, and canary birds.

The poet is employed *tete-à-tete* with his Muse. Their plan is, in working together, to imitate all the things that they describe, just as Shakespeare in writing a certain notable poem imitated at first the infant mewling and puking in his nurse's arms, and then the whining schoolboy—and then the lover—then a soldier—and then the justice. I know exactly how Shakespeare wrote that poem from watching, listening to my friend, the poet, wizard-like peeping and muttering.

What accident annoys you most in connection with the book? Not the cover torn, or a dog's ear, or a blot, or spot, or foolish underlining, or comment upon margin, not these, I hope. More aggravating than any of these, or all of these combined, it is to come upon a leaf torn out. The wife of Bath owed her deafness to a box on the ears which her fifth husband gave her for tearing a leaf out of one of his books. Well, a husband (even a fifth husband) has no right whatever to box his wife's ears; but if there could be a circumstance more extenuating than any other in connection with the act, it seems to me to be the one connected with the box on the ear which her fifth husband gave the wife of Bath. The world seems to stand still when one opens a book at a page torn out. One feels morally certain that the pith and marrow of the whole work was contained there, and that the 300 and odd pages which may be left are only so much worthless paper which wrapt that priceless leaf about. Merely writing on the subject is fraught with pain, and I feel I grow "intense."

You notice, of course, the number of little books which are now to be seen about. A lady wrote last year in a society paper in London: "It is the fashion at present to have a great number of little lamps, each adapted to give as little light as possible." It seems as if this "fashion" had taken a special hold on publishers, who supply us indeed with a great number of little lamps (a wise writer long ago said that a book was a lamp), *each adapted to give as little light as possible*. Addison, it is true, wrote years ago that were all books reduced to their quintessence there would be scarce any such thing in nature as a folio; but would he, one asks oneself, be pleased to see all books, as to-day all books may be seen, "reduced to their quintessence"? As matters stand it is really quite refreshing to come across a folio. What with the booklets which in place of books are supplied to it, our reading public threatens to become a race of polished Florios, of whom their sons will be able to say, what Hannah More said of their prototype:—

“ Some phrase that with the public took
Was all he read of any book.”

Verily, the providers of quintessential literature give us little more of our great writers than some phrase—mayhap some phrases—that with the public took.

A word about French fiction. Is it so wholly vile as people say? I do not think it is. There is a widespread notion among English folk that a French bookshop is a place that harbours only what is bad, is an unholy of unholies. The simple truth is this—there is more pure and good in the French language than any English reader will have ever time to exhaust. Unfortunately, the French books which are absolutely unsullied by gross thought do not meet with readers here. Of the English men or women who have read Daudet's “Sapho,” and declaimed against it as spotted and unchaste, it is no exaggeration to say that scarce one has read his chaste and spotless “Contes Chorses.” French books that do not now and again surprise and shock us, like French people that do not now and again surprise and shock us, we of this country regard as “formal dulness.”

What sort of books do you like best to read? I think you answer—Biographies. When a biographer knows his duty and does it, no writer, indeed, is more delightful. But what is his duty? I take it to be this—to tell the acts of a king, and all that he did, and all his might. Only kings are fit subjects for biography, and it is not the duty of any one to tell all that they left undone and all their weakness. No, that is disloyal; that is *lize majeste*. Some years ago I took up the life of a king, written by one to whom had been given the king's friendship. I read on, on, through pages and chapters, with heart and head burning; read till my eyes were blind with anger and tears.

Why was it written?

Page after page of the shameful book only told how the king had been a sorry mortal, lovely and pleasant, with harp in hand (for the king was a poet); else in all his acts, and in all that he did, unlovely and unpleasant.

I have not read a biography since, and have no wish to read ever again a biography.

What sort of books do great men read? Some of them tell us, and we are filled with surprise by what we learn. In an article on natural rights and political rights, written by Professor Huxley, and published in the *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1890, several allusions are made to poems and books; so to Dr. Watts' immortal

quatrain, "Let dogs delight" (it is praised by the great professor as containing sound, moral philosophy "in a nutshell"), to "Robinson Crusoe," to the "Vicar of Wakefield," to "Henry V.," to "Alice in Wonderland." These then, are some of the works that Professor Huxley has read, that have helped to mould his thought, and that come to his mind when he takes his pen in hand to write on natural rights and political rights. Who would have dreamed it?

ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

Curiosities of Cataloguing.

AS curious an instance of wrong classification as we have ever seen is to be found in Part I. of the catalogue of the famous Borghese Library. There, under the general heading of "Sciences," and following the names of "Thackeray Smith Becket" (printed as though they belonged to one person), appears the *Comic Almanack*, from 1844-1853. Cruikshank's illustrations are mentioned, and so also are the "Merry Tales, Humorous Poetry, Quips, and Oddities," which this singular example of scientific learning is well remembered to contain.

A Specimen of Bookbinding.

A VERY remarkable specimen of bookbinding has recently been completed by Mr. Revière. This consists of a copy of the first edition of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the original thin little square octavo of Johnson. The two designs on the covers and *doublé* are tulips decoratively treated by Mr. Thomas, extremely rich in effect, entailing an enormous amount of coloured inlay. The chief merit of the work, from the designer's point of view, consists in the fact that no special tools seem to have been cut for it, and from the binder's that the workmanship is perfect in its exquisite finish.

The Inquisition Again.

"CONDEMNED by the Holy Office of the Inquisition." It is somewhat of a shock to read these words at the end of the nineteenth century. Yet this famous or rather infamous institution is in practical existence to-day, as is shown by the fact that the *Nineteenth Century* has fallen under its ban. Mr. Mivart's three articles on "Happiness in Hell," as the editor of the *Tablet* informs us, have been thus condemned, "and accordingly placed upon the Index Expurgatorius." This is probably the most valuable advertisement Mr. Mivart's ingenious arguments could receive, and we shall therefore no doubt see them promptly reissued in volume form. It is interesting, however, to notice that the Pope shares the popular view that "happiness" and "hell" are contradictory terms.



Singular Dedications.

IN the dedication of books, one general manner has prevailed ever since books were written—namely, to extol with more or less extravagance the individuals to whom they are inscribed. Every reader is familiar with instances of the fulsome extremes to which such adulation has been carried; let ours be the more agreeable task to bring together some of the few cases which are either deserving of imitation for the good taste in which they are conceived, or amusing for their eccentricity. The happiest, and at the same time one of the shortest, dedications which we remember to have met with, is that prefixed to the poem of “Madagascar,” by Sir William Davenant, 1648. It is in these words:—“If these poems live, may their memories by whom they are cherished, Endymion Porter and H. Jarmyn, live with them.”

Sheppard, in his “Epigrams, Theological, Philosophical, and Romantic,” 1651, has adopted almost literally the same style of inscription:—“If these epigrams survive (maugre the voracitie of Time), let the names of Christopher Clapham and James Winter (to whom the author dedicateth these his endeavours) live with them.”

Davenant’s dedication had many other imitators; it may be said, indeed, to have given for a time *the mode* to this class of composition. Nothing can be more pleasing than the idea of thus handing down to posterity the names of those friends by whom one’s labours have been “cherished,” and but for whose encouragement they might perhaps never have seen the light. How different the feeling of the author, who,

“To his most esteemed and beloved Selfe,

Dat Dedicatque.”

Who but some churlish cynic—some growler at the world—some man without a friend to commemorate, could thus proclaim his “selfe” idolatry? Such, in fact, in many respects, was Marston, whose “Scourge of Villainy” is inscribed in these terms.

Although Marston was imitated by many, he does not appear to have been copied in this particular by any one. The dedication of “A Scourge” seems more properly to belong to those who are scourged; and so we find the “Scourge of Drunkenness,” by William Hornby inscribed:—“To all the impious and relentless-hearted ruffians and roysters under Bacchus’ regiment: *Cornuapes* wisheth remorse of conscience and more increase of grace.

“Come, Drunkenness, untrusse,
And naked strip thee,
For without mercy
I will soundly whip thee,” &c.

Cornuapes is a name assumed by the author, in allusion to a wood-cut on the title, of a wild man of the ape species, smoking a pipe with one hand and holding a scourge in the other.

Of a similar description is the following dedication of Richard Brathwayte’s “Strappado for the Divell”—1619.

“The Epistle Dedicatorie

To all vsurers, broakers, and promoters, serjeants, catch-poles, and regraters, ushers, panders, suburbes traders, cockneies that haue manie fathers; ladies, monkie, parachitoes, marmosites and cate-mitoes folks, hightires and rebatoes, false-haires, periwigges, moucha-toes; grave gregorians and shepointers,—send I greeting at adventures, and to all such as be evill, my Strappado for the Divell.”

Instead of a whole class of persons being honoured with such epistles dedicatory, we sometimes find them addressed to the more eminent names in a class, as examples of all that is most wicked or ridiculous in it. It is thus that the prevailing character of the heroes of the Commonwealth is portrayed by Denzil Holles in the following dedication of one of his political tracts:—“To the *unparalleled couple*, Mr. Oliver S. John, his majesty’s solicitor-general, and Oliver Cromwell, the parliament’s lieutenant-general, the *two grand designers of the ruin of three kingdoms*. GENTLEMEN,—As you have been principal in ministering of the matter of this discourse, and giving me the leisure of making it, by *banishing* me from my country and business;

so it is reason I shall particularly address it to *you*. You shall find in it some representation of the *grosser lines* of your *features*,—those *outward enormities* that make you remarkable, and your picture easy to be known, which cannot be expected here so fully to the life as I could wish : he only can do that whose *eye* and *hand* have been with you in *secret councils*,—who has *seen* you at your *meetings*,—your sabbaths, where you have lain by your *assumed shapes* (with which you *cozened* the world), and resumed your own, imparting each to other, and both of you to your *fellow-witches*,—the bottom of your design, the policy of your actings, the turns of your contrivances,—all your falsehoods, *cozenings*, *villainies*, and cruelties, with your full intentions to *ruin* the three kingdoms. All I will say to you, is, what St. Peter said to Simon the Sorcerer—‘Repent, therefore, of this your wickedness ;’ and pray to God, if perhaps the thoughts of your hearts may be forgiven you : and if you have not *grace* to pray for yourselves (as it may be you have not), I have *charity* to do it for you, but not *faith* enough to *trust you*. So, I remain, I thank God, not in your power, and as little at your service,

“DENZIL HOLLES,

“At S. Mere. Egglide, in Normandy, this 14th of Feb. 1647. St. V.”

To Coryat, the traveller, as the prince of a more harmless class, dealers in strange sights and wondrous adventures, the facetious John Taylor, the water poet, dedicates his satirical work of “Three Weeks’, Three Days’, and Three Hours’ Observations and Travel from London to Hamburgh, in Germany,” &c. in these terms : “To the cosmographical, geographical describer, geometrical measurer ; historiographical, caligraphical relater and writer ; enigmatical, pragmatical, dogmatical observer ; surveyor, and eloquent British Grecian Latinist, or Latin Grecian orator ; the odcombyan decambulator, perambulator, ambler, trotter, or untyred traveller, Sir Thomas Coryat, knight of Troy, and one of the dearest darlings to the blind goddess Fortune.”

The writer, who has comprehended the greatest number of persons *by name* in one dedication, is the anonymous author of a scarce poetical tract, entitled “The Martyrdome of Saint George, of Cappadocia, Titular Patron of England, and the Most noble order of the Garter,” 1614. It is dedicated “to *all* the noble, honourable, and worthy of Great Brittain, bearing the name of George ; and to all other, the true friends of Christian chivalrie, lovers of Saint George’s name and vertues.” It has been often erroneously stated that George was a Christian name of very rare occurrence in this country until the accession of the present family to the throne.

Burton mentions George de Charnels, in the time of Edward I. and one of the brothers of Edward IV. was called George, but the name at that time was certainly less common than might have been expected, considering that St. George was the titular patron of England, that he was the patron also of the order of the garter instituted by Edward III., and especially how the Scotch and Irish have honoured their patron saints by the numberless Andrews and Patricks among them. In history, however, we find many Georges previous to the date of this work, as may be seen by consulting any of our biographical collections. Although few may have heard of George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, or George Abbot, archbishop of Canterbury, yet none are strangers to the names of George Buchanan, George Fox, George Monk, duke of Albemarle, or the profligate George Villiers, duke of Buckingham.

The "Battaile of Agincourt," by Michael Drayton, is dedicated—"To you, those noblest of gentlemen of these renowned kingdomes of Great Brittain; who, in these declining times, have yet in your brave bosoms the sparks of that sprightly fire of your courageous ancestors." Although the "declining times" here spoken of are but the first years of the seventeenth century, it would seem that, in the opinion of Drayton, as the name George increased, the spirit of Agincourt departed from amongst us. Alas! for the present day, which is at least two centuries lower in the scale.

One thing more certain than this decay of courage, was a great increase during these "declining times" (that is, during the reign of James I.), of habits of intemperance and debauchery. And hence the propriety with which Edward Calver, after dedicating his poem of "Passion and Discretion in Youth and Age" (1641), "To the right noble and truly vertuous Lady Temperance," subjoins a metrical apology for thus seeming "*to invoke the winde.*"

Next to dedicating to a shadow, we may class dedicating to nothing and nobody. Of this we have a quaint enough example in the following lines, which present a specimen of what may be termed dedication by inference.

"To my dear Friend, Mr. Charles Aleyn.

"When Fame had sayd, thy poem should come out
Without a dedication; some did doubt
If Fame in that had told the truth; but I,
Who knew her false, boldly gave Fame the lye,
For I was certaine, that this booke, by thee,
Was *Dedicated to Eternity.*"

"Thy true lover, ED. PRIDEAUX."

Nothing perhaps is more generally remarkable of dedications than the little insight which they give us into the real characters of the writers. In the earlier periods of our literary history, it was so much the fashion to play the mountebank on these occasions, that we may search in vain for one line of truth in most of the portraits, or rather, *certificates of character*, that we find prefixed by authors to their works. Who, nowadays, for example, knows anything of *Robert Baron*, or the *Cyprian Academy*, of which he was the author? And yet, to read a letter which he has modestly prefixed to that poem, addressed to him by his uncle Howell, the well-known writer of "The Letters," one would suppose that his fame could not so soon have perished.

"To Mr. R. Baron, at Paris.

"GENTLE SIR,

"I received and presently ran over your *Cyprian Academy* with much greediness, and no vulgar delight; and, sir, I hold myself much honoured for the dedication you have been pleased to make thereof to me, for it deserved a far higher patronage: truly, I must tell you, without any complaint, that I have seldom met with such an ingenious mixture of prose and verse, interwoven with such varieties of fancy and charming strains of amorous passions, which have made all the ladies in the land in love with you. If you begin already to court the Muses so handsomely, and have got such footing on Parnassus, you may in time be lord of the whole hill and those nice girls; because, Apollo, being now grown unwieldy and old, may make choice of you, to officiate in his room and preside over them. The 'Pocula Castalia,' another work by Robert Baron, has prefixed to it some more lines of praise from his uncle; in which, by way of diversity of phrase, he thus puns on the name of him who is to be 'in time lord of the whole hill and those nice girls.'

"You may in time, where now old Phœbus sits,
Be Lord Chief *Baron* of the Court of Wits."

In modern times plainness and sincerity have come more into repute than they were in the days of the "Lord Chief Baron;" and we do occasionally meet with very lively traits of character substituted for the customary adulation. Where, for example, in all Dr. Delany's works, has he left us a juster picture of himself than in the following dedication of his "Fifteen Sermons upon Social Duties" to the Lady Grace, the first Viscountess Carteret and Countess Granville?

“The author of these discourses pretends not to acquit himself of ambition ; he hath perhaps as strong a *bias* of original guilt that way as any mortal ; but the truth is, it was early checked, and entirely turned from all hope or prospect of preferment, to the sole view of endeavouring to deserve it. In this situation he was found by your son, near twenty years ago, in an honourable obscurity ; and drawn thence, with some distinction (though without any suit or solicitation on his side), a little more into the light—at least, into the hurry of the world, where he hath continued to this day—unhonoured, indeed, but (I thank God) unrepached, and (what is perhaps matter of more vexation than vanity) not unenvied ; though he stood in no man’s way, nor was rival to any mortal, during the whole time, either for wealth, preferment, or power. He had been long before this a constant preacher ; nor did his natural vehemence allow him to be indolent, or uninterested in what he delivered. His condition of life, and the circumstances of some particular friends, led him early to the consideration of almost all the following subjects ; and a thousand subsequent occasions drew him frequently into repeated re-consideration of them ; so that what he now presumes to present to your ladyship, are very truly the first fruits of his early labour and unwearied zeal in the service of religion.”





The Perils of a Book Collector.



CASE of interest to all collectors of books is reported from Paris, and a case, moreover, of a most extraordinary character. It seems that some twenty-five years ago, one M. Bégis, who had a Government position in Paris, was also a collector of rare books. His specialty was the reign of Louis XVI., the Revolution and the Empire. He purchased works through booksellers. In June, 1866—only imagine the patience of this victim—a detective seized a consignment of books in the shop of a Paris dealer. The consignment came from Brussels. The dealer, in order to save himself from jail, acknowledged that the books were for M. Bégis, one of his customers. The French Comstock then invaded M. Bégis' home, and out of some 10,000 volumes confiscated some 300, on the ground that they were of a libertine character. These works were not, however, destroyed. They were simply placed in the National Library. They were too rare and precious to be sacrificed in the interest of public morality. The works seized included a number of old pamphlets against Marie-Antoinette, like "La Vie Libertine et Scandaleuse," "Les Fureurs de Marie-Antoinette," "La Journée amoureuse ou les derniers plaisirs de Marie-Antoinette," etc.; others against the Empire: "La Vie Privée de Napoléon," "L'Ogre de Corse," "Zoloé et ses deux acolytes," etc.; twenty-eight pamphlets against Napoléon III., and a number of anti-religious works. The gallant literature consisted of works of the last century which are recognised as permissible in private collections. Most of the books were bound in full morocco, and valuable even for that alone. There was also seized from M. Bégis a collection of drawings, prints, lithographs, and the like, which he

had assembled at great cost. The value of the seizure he placed at 30,000 francs. But, as he was drawing a salary from the Government which was necessary for the support of his family, he dared not go into court. So he went on drawing his salary, while his free books and prints were sequestered in the secret cabinets of the Imperial Library. He, however, took the precaution to secure a list of the seizure, in detail, from the Imperial Procureur.

In 1882 M. Bégis resigned his position under the Government, and, being free of fear, demanded the return of his property. He was informed that the record of the seizure had been burnt by the Communists in 1871. Then he produced his receipt. The Republican Procureur replied that he was not responsible for the seizures of his Imperial predecessor, and M. Bégis promptly went to law about it. The jury has decided in a general way in his favour, and, although the National Library will not return his property to him, he may, if he lives long enough, be indemnified for the robbery. An expert has been appointed to determine the amount of the steal, and when he gets through the victim will have a chance to wait until the State appropriates for restitution to him the money he has been plundered of, without interest.





Books in Manuscript.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Falconer Madan's volume with the above title in Mr. Pollard's capital series of "Books about Books" is not the first book on the subject of which it treats, it is in many respects the most satisfactory. As it deals with the materials, forms, and instruments of writing, with a brief history of ancient writing, with scribes and their ways, with the decoration of manuscripts, with the chief styles of illumination; with the blunders of scribes and their correction, with some famous libraries and collectors of manuscripts, with celebrated manuscripts, with some famous forgeries, and with the treatment and cataloguing of manuscripts, it will be at once seen that its scope is an exceedingly comprehensive one. Mr. Madan has successfully resisted the temptation to which the specialist too often succumbs, for he has produced a book which is not too crammed with facts of minor importance. His book is eminently readable from beginning to end, and his statements are thoroughly reliable.

The word "manuscript" itself is directly derived from the Latin expression, *codices manu scripti*, which literally signifies books written by hand. In the present superabundance of printed material, of hundreds of daily and weekly newspapers, it is difficult to imagine the condition of things which existed when every record was a written one. Yet such was the case even less than five hundred years ago. All the great literary monuments of antiquity, therefore, have come down to us through this exceedingly uncertain medium; and although much that we would willingly have had with us to-day has been forever lost, there is no doubt that we still possess by far the most valuable portion. Sometimes, as in the case of Tacitus and Catullus, these monuments have been preserved to us by the thinnest possible

thread of transmission, others have all the advantages of a very large body of evidence, such as that which supports the New Testament or Virgil. The entire history of the world was in this uncertain manner conveyed to succeeding generations up to the middle of the fifteenth century, when the introduction of the printing press almost immediately sounded the death-knell of the manuscript-historian. It is curious to reflect that every book, or, in other words, every MS. born, as it were, prior to the year 1440 is unique. Very many, it is true, are all but exact copies of one another, but there are variations of a more or less extensive nature which render them distinct from a technical point of view. Many which are avowed copies differ very materially from the direct fountain head, for the scribe of the old times had his own particular view of things in general, and rarely scrupled to improve upon his "author." It is these irresponsible alterations and amplifications that have given rise to so many of the literary quarrels of the past and present. One often wonders upon what peg the scholars of the last few centuries would have hung their fulminations against one another if there were only one "reading" of every classic author. The annals of literature, failing these fruitful causes, might have been considerably more dignified, but they certainly would be very much less diverting. We have, perhaps, much to be thankful for in this respect.

To return, however, to Mr. Madan's book : it is curious to note that the earliest efforts of the human race to record its thoughts and history were by scratching with some hard instrument on stone ; and perhaps it is to this source that we have the idea of using stone or metal to receive engraving for sepulchral tablets, for official records, such as State decrees and for honorary inscriptions. Up to this point, therefore, it will be seen how very little we have advanced in the course of two or three thousand years. We have, as examples of this very early form of writing, the drawings of prehistoric man on the walls of caves, the Ten Commandments, the Nicene Creed cut in silver by Pope Leo III.'s order to fix the absolute form decreed by the second General Council, the Parian Chronicle, the Rosetta Stone, and tombs of all ages. "As material tends to act on style, and as curves are harder to grave than straight lines, writing on stone tends to discard the one and to encourage the other, we find in such inscriptions a decided preference for angular forms of letters." The wood or bark of trees was another material used for writing on at a very early period, and it is interesting to note that three of our common terms are derived from the custom of cutting or scratching on wooden boards or bark, the Latin *liber* (a book, properly the bark of

a tree, whence such words as library, libretto), the Latin *codex* (or *caudex*, a tree stump, then sawn boards, then a book, now narrowed to a manuscript book), and perhaps the Teutonic which appears in German as *Buch* and in English as *book*, meaning originally a beech tree and beechen boards.

To pass from the materials used in making books to the form in which books were made up : in the case of papyrus, the roll-form nearly always obtains. "This long strip was, of course, rolled round a stick or two sticks (one at each end) when not in use, very much as a wall map is at the present day. With parchment the case has been different. Though in classical times in Rome, so far as can be judged, the roll-form was still in ordinary use even when parchment was the material, and though, in the form of court-rolls, pedigrees, and many legal kinds of record, we are still familiar with the appearance of a roll, the tendency of writers and parchment has been to establish and perpetuate the form of book best known at the present day, in which pages are turned over by the reader, and not membranes unrolled."

The "Illuminated" phase of manuscripts is in many senses the most important, as they are commercially the most valuable. Illuminated manuscripts are naturally an elaboration on the bare-written volume, which are, from an artistic point of view, anything but beautiful or pretty. The transition from the severely plain to the splendidly elaborate was a gradual one of several centuries. There are no examples of classical illumination left to posterity ; the nearest approaches being the Pompeian wall-paintings, and the recently discovered mummy cases from Egypt. There are, however, several MSS. with paintings clearly based on classical models as known from sculpture—notably the two early MSS. of Virgil in the Vatican, and the famous "Iliad" in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, all of which are not later than the fourth century of our era. Mr. Madan points out that the characteristics of these are simplicity and directness in aim, with no straining after effect, and few accessories ; plenty of colour, but very little shading. It may be said that ornamented borders and elaborate initials are quite rare. The mediæval period begins in Ireland in the seventh, and on the Continent in the eighth century, where we find ornaments and designs independent of Roman style. The best period is from 1250 to 1550 : "the finest examples of illumination are to be found in the fifteenth century in France, Italy, England, and the Netherlands, though some still prefer the costly, magnificent, and florid ornamentation of the first quarter of the sixteenth century. The art is, however, generally in decline

after about A.D. 1480." As we have only recently dealt with Professor Middleton's elaborate work on "Illuminated Manuscripts," we need not enter more fully into a consideration of Mr. Madan's book.

"Books in Manuscript" contains eight full-page illustrations, starting with the "Book of Kells" and ending with an example from the Bodleian MS. of Cædmon, written about A.D. 1000 in a West-Saxon hand. It is published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench Trübner, & Co.





Paris as a Book Centre.

IN the latter days of the Second Empire there was secretly circulated in Paris a remarkably seditious song, supposed to emanate from some discontented students inhabiting the classic district of the Quartier Latin, which breathed inveterate hostility to the Imperial sway and personal hatred of the Emperor himself. A metrical translation of this anti-Bonapartist ballad appeared in an English newspaper with the title of "The Lion of the Latin Quarter"; but it was remarked at the time that, however leonine might be the utterances of the enemy of Cæsarism, he had not given a correct address, since practically the Quartier Latin existed no longer. Baron Haussmann had expropriated the major part of the inexpressibly squalid and dilapidated and intensely interesting old slums. The Prefect of the Seine had cut through a labyrinth of narrow and tortuous streets the broad, handsome, but somewhat garish Boulevard St. Michel, a thoroughfare nearly eighteen hundred yards long, which, starting from the Pont St. Michel, extended to the Observatoire. Other improvements in the neighbourhood had almost completely obliterated streets full of historic memories recalling Voltaire and Rousseau, D'Alembert and Diderot, Fontenelle and Beaumarchais, and many more famous frequenters of the bygone cafés of this antique region. The Rue des Écoles had been prolonged for a distance of three hundred yards; the Rue Descartes enlarged and continued to the Boulevard St. Germain, and considerable alterations and improvements made in the Rue St. Jacques and the Rue de l'École de Médecine. Otherwise the two most interesting streets of the Quartier Latin had been transformed almost beyond recognition. According to a Paris correspondent, however, the demolition of the students' district

still proceeds apace, and the enlargement of the buildings of the Sorbonne will necessitate the total destruction of the Rue Gerson and the further expropriation of what remains of the Rue St. Jacques. The first-named locality is celebrated as the place where Pascal wrote his scathing "Provincial Letters"; while in the Rue St. Jacques Rousseau resided for a time in mean lodgings, and the wits and Bohemians of the period used to carouse at the formerly noted tavern of the Cochon Fidèle. Finally, this correspondent tells us of the once-renowned secondhand bookshop kept by La Mère Mansut, an eccentric bibliopole, whose house was crammed from cellar to basement with literary commodities, but was said to be destitute of either doors or windows.

Madame Mansut, if tradition is to be believed, was in the habit of sleeping on a pile of books, and of making her ablutions *coram publico* in the Rue St. Jacques itself. She was likewise endowed with that distinctive mnemonic faculty known as the librarian's memory. There is the cabman's memory, which enables him unerringly to drive a fare to a particular spot if he has ever been there before; there is the actor's memory, which, as a rule, is evanescent, and has to be refreshed by rehearsal every time an old piece is revived; there is the memory of princes, the principal phenomenon of which is the instantaneous recollection of the names of persons who have once been presented to them; waiters, club servants, and barbers have each and all different and special memories; whereas the librarian's memory chiefly consists in an exact knowledge of the outsides of books and a faultless remembrance of their places on the shelves of a library. There are instances on record of librarians who were not only acquainted with the titles and location of the contents of their own literary storehouses, but who had also acquired through correspondence an exhaustive acquaintance with the libraries of other countries. Thus a Florentine librarian at the time of the Renaissance, while regretting that he did not possess a copy of the "Cosmogony" of the Byzantine historian Zonaras, remarked that the work in question, bound in white vellum, with red edges, was in the library of the Grand Signior at Constantinople, in the left-hand corner of the third shelf from the ceiling, in the Southern Kiosque, facing the Golden Horn, in the Palace of the Old Seraglio. He had probably derived his information from some learned Byzantine refugee. The book-memory of La Mère Mansut seems to have been nearly as marvellous as that of the Tuscan librarian. When a customer asked for a book she was wont to go straight to the place where it lay in

the midst of a gigantic pile of other volumes ; and students would sometimes make bets that La Mère Mansut would, within a given number of minutes, rummage out from the darkest recesses of her shop some almost totally forgotten specimen of antique lore, such as the "Mare Clausum" of Selden, or the "Teatro Critico" of the learned Benedictine, Dom Fejon. La Mère Mansut was only the descendant of a long line of male and female vendors of second-hand books, as expert in their calling but not quite so eccentric as she. The history of secondhand booksellers—and, for the matter of that, of bibliopoles at first hand—yet remains to be written ; and a most curiously interesting volume would such a work be. We should be reminded that Martial's Epigrams were sold, while the poet was still living, by a certain Secundus, a freedman of the learned Lucencis, whose shop was close to the Temple of Peace and the Forum of Nerva ; and that the seventh book of his works, on superfine vellum, polished with pumice-stone, and bound in purple, was to be purchased for four Roman "nummi," or about five shillings sterling. What prodigious bids would be made for the satirist's book, were it put up to-morrow at an English auction ! It is to be feared, however, that the Goths and the Vandals, the Huns and the Visigoths, made short work of many thousands of copies of Martial, Horace, Virgil, and Ovid to boot. The poet's regular publisher was one Valeranus Polius Quinctus ; and the term publisher may be applied without fear of falling into an anachronism, since the leading Roman booksellers of antiquity employed hundreds of amanuenses, who were generally slaves specially trained as copyists of the works of popular authors. France became early a patron of literature ; for from the beginning of the Christian era Roman booksellers were accustomed to make large consignments of books to Gaul ; and Pliny the younger expresses rather affected astonishment that his "little trifles" should be quite popular at Lyons.

The booksellers of Paris received a charter of incorporation from Philip the Hardy so early as 1275 ; and their guild comprised not only dealers in books, but scribes, bookbinders, illuminators, and parchment-makers. In succeeding generations all books published were subjected to the rigorous censure of the Sorbonne ; but shortly after the invention of printing Francis I., terrified at the dissemination of independent thought by means of movable types, ordained that every bookseller in Paris should forthwith close his shop on pain of death. The absurd decree was soon rescinded, but until the outbreak of the Revolution the booksellers were subjected to all kinds of stringent regulations. It was only permissible

to sell books in the University Quarter, which included the Rue St. Jacques ; but the principal mart for literature was in the Salle des Pas Perdus of the Palais de Justice, each bookseller having apportioned to him as his stall the base of a particular pillar, although his next neighbour might be a female dealer in fans and gloves and lace. Altogether, it was much safer in the days before the Mère Mansut to sell secondhand books than new ones. The restriction of the sale of books in the Quartier Latin was gradually relaxed, and in process of time bookstalls were established on the Pont Neuf and throughout the length of the quays. The Pont Neuf books were sold at wonderfully cheap rates ; and the dealers being denounced to the Parliament as making the majority of their purchases from schoolboys and servants, who had stolen the volumes which they sold, were fain to abandon the bridge. The publishers and sellers of new books had, however, a much rougher time of it. In 1649 a bookseller named Vivenet was condemned to five years at the galleys for issuing lampoons against Cardinal Mazarin ; and in the same year authority swooped down on a whole family of printers of "Mazarinades." The eldest son of the house was sentenced to be hanged ; his mother to be present at the execution, and to be afterwards whipped through the streets of the Quarter, while her youngest son was sent to the galleys for life. In 1694 two publishers, with their clerks, were hanged, and a woman imprisoned in the Bastille, for putting forth a pamphlet on the marriage of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon ; while throughout the eighteenth century the persecution of the Paris booksellers was so continuous and so inexorable that many of the principal firms betook themselves to Holland, and published their books at Amsterdam or at the Hague. The Revolution gave entire freedom to the "libraires" ; and, although a futile attempt was made under the Restoration to license printing presses, and under the Second Empire steps were taken to prosecute the author of "Madame Bovary" for an alleged outrage on morality, the dealers in books, new and old, in Paris have not ceased to enjoy complete liberty, which may have occasionally degenerated into licence.



Our Note-Book.

ZURICH, which at various times figured on the title-pages of books as Tigurum, Tigurinus Pagus, Turigum, and Turicum, plays no unimportant part in the annals of the great Reformation of this country; for there is very good reason for believing that the first edition of the English Bible, in folio, 1535, was printed in this ancient and historical city. It is, however, not on this account that we desire to draw the attention of our readers to this place; but because we have selected as the frontispiece of the present volume an illustration from a Zurich book of extreme rarity and interest. It is the "*Imperatorum Romanor. omnium orient. et occident. verissimæ imagines ex antiquis numismatis quam fidelissime delineatæ*," of Jacobus Strada, printed by A. Gesner at Zurich in 1559, in folio. It contains an almost prodigal display of ornaments which were both designed and engraved on wood by P. Floetner, and it is in many respects one of the most delightful of the large number of illustrated books in which the sixteenth century was so prolific. For the almost "wild" originality of these illustrations, a glance at our frontispiece will suffice, and for which we are indebted to the courtesy of Herr Ludwig Rosenthal, the eminent Munich bookseller, who prices a copy at the very low figure of £50.

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Speaking of Herr Rosenthal reminds us of the fact that we have too long neglected to acknowledge the receipt of this industrious bookseller's very handsome catalogue in quarto size of "*Incunabula Xylographica et Chalcographica*," which we received a few months ago. This publication is not to be classed with the majority of other trade lists, for it is an important contribution to the history of the

phases of typography indicated by its title above quoted. In publishing this work, Herr Rosenthal has suppressed a very natural and a very laudable desire to enter into the region of controversy, a fact which is to a certain degree regrettable, for it is very evident that the compiler could have propounded many theories which would be very generally approved, and received with respect if not actually accepted without reserve. There are over one hundred illustrations in this "Catalogue," and these merit attention not only because of their great rarity, but also because of their equally great curiosity, both on account of their age and their artistic interest. Several are full-page plates. Among the numerous items, we note a specimen of the earliest known book-plate, namely, that of Jean Knabensperg, or Iglar, the chaplain of the Schönstett family. It is a somewhat sensational picture of a hedgehog holding a flower in its mouth; above the animal is a *banderole* or streamer, on which is the inscription, "hanns Iglar das dich ein Igel kuss." It is a xylograph executed about the year 1450, and is in three colours, green, yellow, and brown, and for a single specimen the sum of 600 marks, or £30, is asked. The Ex-Libris Society ought to subscribe *en masse* and have this very covetable specimen, and hang it up in the archives of the Society for the general benefit of the members, and not for the exclusive benefit of any one particular individual.

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Mr. H. S. Ashbee has had reprinted from the *Annuaire* de la Société des Amis des Livres fifty copies of his paper on "Mela Britannicus" in his useful but irregular series entitled "les Anglais qui ont écrit en Français." We are pretty safe, we think, in saying that the name of Mela Britannicus is quite a dead letter to the majority of our readers, for it is only in the byepaths of literature that we come across this Romano-Britannic pseudonym which hides the identity of Charles Kelsall, who on various other occasions subscribed himself "Junius Secundus," "Zachary Craft," and "Laurea Arpinas." The one work in French which this versatile individual wrote had for its title, "Esquisse de mes Travaux, de mes Voyages, et de mes Opinions: dans une Lettre à son Ami Agathomerus," for which he selected a motto in the shape of a couplet from Goldsmith's "Traveller":—

"Let school-taught Pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little Men."

The title was curiously contradictory, and ran as follows: "Londres: Francfort - sur - le - Mein: chez les Marchands de Nouveautés.

MDCCCXXX." It consists of 241 pages, and deals, it may be mentioned, with the author's incessant peregrinations in various parts of Europe, and with his opinions on the men and things which came under his notice. The book is in a great sense autobiographical, so that it has a double value to the bibliographer. In his *brochure* Mr. Ashbee quotes several long and highly entertaining extracts from this original work, which has long since become rare, and is certainly worth buying when met with.

* * * *

The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg has recently become enriched by the acquisition of the papers of the recently deceased M. Kraiévski, which had been bequeathed by him to his son-in-law M. Bilbassov. This collection contains over 3,000 letters addressed to that distinguished journalist by persons of all classes and conditions, and their publication in entirety would add a great many interesting facts to the modern history of Russia. The same library has also acquired the precious collection of ancient manuscripts which formerly belonged to the academician Brouslaïev. These date from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, 50 out of the 98 items are illustrated, and the entire collection has an artistic as well as a literary interest and importance. The collection of Brouslaïev has for a long time been well-known among specialists as one of the most remarkable of its kind in existence.

* * * *

Among the earliest of the Augsburg printers, Anton Sorg (1475-92) holds a foremost place, for his works are not only numerous, but many of them are of the greatest interest. One of the rarest is entitled, "Von der Kinthait Unsers Her Jhesu Cristi," the colophon running thus: "Getruckt Anthonius Sorg Burger tzu Augspurg und hatt des geendet an Montog vor Sant Margarethen tag, des jars do Ma Zalt von Cristi Geburлтаusent vier hundert und ein und neunzig jare 1491." The title states that it is the Life of Christ, but the colophon is more explicit, saying in addition that it is the Life of the Virgin and the Legend of the three Kings of Cologne ("auch von den leben Marie lieben Mutter mit sampt der legend von den heyligen drey Kunigen"). There are 70 very curious woodcuts, besides a large number of woodcut initials. Of the former, we give two examples on the next page through the courtesy of Mr. Treaskis, bookseller, of Holborn.



FROM "THE LIFE OF CHRIST," 1491.



The Literature of the Century.

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

ON occasion of the summer meeting of the University Extension Society, at Cambridge, in August, Mr. Edmund Gosse lectured on the Literary Movement in England during the last hundred years. The lecturer expanded the view that since the revolt of the romantic system against the classic, in the beginning of the hundred years, no radical change had taken place in English literature up to the present time. He remarked :—"The first thing we need to obtain, if we are trying to analyse the literary movement of the century, is a clear sane impression, proportionate in all its parts, of what that movement has been. If Clough was part of it—why, so is Mr. Kipling ; if the German philosophers influenced one end of it, it is quite equally certain that Ibsen and Norwegian drama influences the other end. It is very hard to do, but we should at least *try* to see the second just as plainly as the first. What we cannot, of course, attain, but what we should endeavour to climb towards, is a sort of Pisgah-height from which we can look at the hundred years of nineteenth-century literature winding like a river at our feet—one part as near, as distinct, as unclouded as another. As I say, we cannot quite manage to do this ; but that is the attitude of mind desirable.

"Well, if in measure, and so far as our prejudiced and imperfect optics will permit, we do look down upon the literary history of England from 1793 to 1893 in this way, what do we see? I think I shall perhaps startle you a little if I confess that what I seem to see is a vast cascade, a sort of Niagara, at one end, and a remarkably calm and unruffled tide proceeding from the fall of this cascade to

our very feet. To my vision, the first thing that strikes the attention is precisely this short and violent crisis or cataclysm, followed by a long stretch of almost unmodified calm.

"You will immediately ask me if I am so blind as to see no individuals of genius breaking through the surface of the literary movement during, let us say, the last seventy years? Am I one of those, for instance, who declare that English poetry stopped with Crabbe, and that Sir Walter Scott was the last genuine novel-writer? Most certainly that is not my foible. I am no praiser of bygone days at the expense of our own, and I think that the middle of the nineteenth century was unusually full of great original names in literature. But this is not the point in question. We are speaking of the tendency of literary movement, and that is often curiously independent of personal genius. I will remind you of a very striking instance of this. If there is in English poetry a name which appears to every one of us synonymous with originality, with individuality, with genius in all its forms, it is that of Milton. But Milton is positively a negligible quantity, if we are considering the literary movement of the seventeenth century. He stood aloof from it, he exercised no influence over it, it dashed around him and left him behind it like a colossal rock—left him protesting against it by every line he wrote; whereas Waller and Cowley, poets of the third class, are more interesting to us (from this peculiar point of view) than the pure and majestic author of 'Paradise Lost.'

"But I must now ask you what is to be the limit of our one hundred years—are we going to be very exact, and begin with 1793, or are we to take 1800 for our starting-point? The detail is an important one; for, according to my telescope, looking backwards from our Pisgah, the great crisis of movement took place during those seven years. Will you think me very paradoxical if I say that it seems to me that there was a more complete change made in English literature between 1793 and 1800 than between 1800 and 1893?

"Let us now think for an instant what that change was. In 1793 the eighteenth century in literature, the old régime, was still alive; it showed no sign of change, no threatening of decay. Down through those seven years there continued to be whole bodies of intelligent and attentive persons who remained positively untouched by a single new idea. There is a very curious, and in its way a very charming, book which used to be a great favourite with our grandfathers—'The Diary of a Lover of Literature.' That journal was begun in 1796, and carried on for many years, by a young man

called Thomas Green. The chief interest to us now in that book is that it belongs entirely to the old world, the world of Addison and Pope and Johnson, and that not a single sign exists in it to show that the very clever and erudite author had an idea that the standards of literary taste would ever be undermined. And yet, as we look back to those years in which he wrote, they seem to us not merely undermined but crashing about his ears. The blind forces of Romance took the pillars of the eighteenth century in their hands, and swayed to and fro, until the whole edifice crumbled in atoms."

After a rapid survey of the condition of English literature at various moments in the course of the century, Mr. Gosse closed his discourse as follows:—

"Let no one persuade us, inspired by antiquarianism on the one hand or by a cheap cynicism on the other, to underrate the richness, the variety, the splendid fulness and accomplishment of these hundred years. To have lived through our share of this magnificent time is, if our ears and eyes have been open, to have lived broadly and loftily. Nowhere else in the history of the world—not under Pericles or Augustus, not under Elizabeth or Louis XIV.—was so delicate and so various a literary banquet spread before the hunger of readers. In several solitary instances, without doubt—so far, at least, as we are able to trust our present impressions—a greater altitude has been reached by writers of bygone times. But nowhere in past history do we find so high a general level, nowhere such a persistency, for generation after generation, in moving with strenuous variety along the same great line of literary tendency.

"To us all, however, the practical service of such a train of reflection as we have sought to follow to-night must be measured by the degree in which it adds pleasure and profit to our private reading. I am in hopes that a perception of the continuity in nineteenth-century authorship, which I have attempted to dwell upon, may add an enjoyment to your course of more extended study. To take a book and to read it as an isolated production, to absorb what entertainment and instruction it offers without regard to its relation to other books, may be a very delightful thing. But that delight is immensely increased, is made part of an organised system or a vertebrate structure, when we take the book in connection with what preceded and what followed it, as a link, in fact, in the long and beautiful chain of 'sweetness and light.'

"I cannot help hoping that a consideration of the unity of purpose

which marks all the most vital literature of the nineteenth century, its deliberate and persistent pursuit of what is genuine, natural, and vigorous, and its rejection of mere rhetoric and superficiality, will add to your pleasure in reading Coleridge and Browning, Thackeray and Stevenson, Charles Lamb and Carlyle. You will enjoy the characteristic variations of all these authors the more, because you see that, essentially, and wherever they are truly successful, they are moving along the same line of literary influence. And the interest to us must surely be the more vivid, because we know not at what moment a complete reorganisation of society may produce another crisis in literary history as unexpected, as complete, as that of 1793."

Mr. Quaritch's Hat.

AN American magazine is responsible for the following: "Bernard Quaritch's antiquated hat is a favourite theme with London and other bookmen. A committee of the Grolier Club once made a marvellous collection of newspaper clippings about it, and a member of the Société des Bibliophiles Contemporains wrote a tragedy which was a parody of Æschylus. In this tragedy, Power and Force and the god Hephaistos nail the hat on Mr. Quaritch's head, like the Titan on the summit of overhanging rocks. Divinities of the Strand and Piccadilly, in the guise of Oceanidæ, try to console the hat; but, less fortunate than Prometheus, the hat knows it is for ever nailed, and not to be rescued by Herakles. However, *tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse*, as Dumas said, for Mr. Quaritch has bought a new hat, and a journal of London announces that the epic hat is enshrined in glass in the bibliophile's drawing-room."

Casting Pearls, &c.

OBJECTIONS having been made to the sending of leather-bound Bibles with gilt edges to the South Seas, as a needless luxury in the mission field, it is announced that the strong binding is necessary on account of the humidity of the climate, and that the gilt edges are not so much an ornament as "an armour-plating against the attacks of cockroaches and the white ant."



The Guildhall Library.

A LITTLE book just issued by the Corporation, entitled "The Guildhall Library and its Work," by Mr. Charles Welch, is full of interesting detail concerning the history of this valuable institution, and opens up, according to the *City Press*, some important questions as to its future. Although the Corporation itself is an ancient body—so ancient that we cannot tell exactly when it first came into existence—the Guildhall Library is a comparatively modern institution. It is true there was founded at the Guildhall a library by Richard Whittington and William Bary in the early part of the fifteenth century, but the generous bequests of these noble founders had long since been dispersed when the present library came to be established in the early part of the present century. How the original library was dispersed is related by John Stow. In the reign of Edward VI. the Duke of Somerset, Lord Protector, sent for all the books in the library, promising that they should be restored shortly. They were taken away, but never returned, and in the time of Stow this "fayre and large librarie" was made a storehouse for clothes. In 1550 the Chamberlain was instructed to sell all the desks of the library for the profit of the city. It is a sad blot on the city's escutcheon. No attempt appears to have been made to recover the stolen property, but it is suggested that, as the books and manuscripts must have borne the name and superscription of the Guildhall Library, some of them may still be found in private or public collections, and that if returned forthwith no questions will be asked.

For nearly three hundred years there was no library belonging to the Corporation, but at last, in 1824, Mr. Richard Lambert Jones

got a committee of the Common Council appointed for the purpose of re-establishing the library at the Guildhall. A sum of £500 was voted for the purpose, and it was agreed that the modest sum of £200 should be expended annually on maintenance. Fortunately, at this time old and rare London books were obtainable on much easier terms than is now the case, when the market is overrun with collectors; and the library was successfully opened in 1828 with 1,380 works in 1,700 volumes, a catalogue of which was prepared by Mr. Edward Tyrrell, the Remembrancer. The collection was increased the following year to 2,800 volumes, and nearly 2,000 prints and drawings. In 1840 the library contained 10,000 volumes, and at the end of last year the number of volumes had reached 68,369, and there were 38,075 pamphlets. The library has improved not only in quantity but in quality, and at the present time £1,000 a year, instead of £200, is spent on its maintenance. This is not the place to enter into details concerning the contents of the library. It will suffice to say that they are liberal and comprehensive, books and manuscripts on matters relating to London, and the City of London in particular, naturally occupying a prominent place, but other kinds of works are well represented. Thanks to Mr. Philip and Sir David Salomons, aided at a more recent period by Mr. Alderman Faudel Phillips, there is a most valuable collection of Hebrew works, and an excellent catalogue of Hebrew and Jewish literature by the Rev. Albert Löwy. The valuable library belonging to the Dutch Church in Austinfriars was presented to the Corporation in 1863, and we regret that the Corporation have not been equally successful in securing the library of the French Protestant Church, lately existing in St. Martin's-le-Grand, this library having now been taken out of the City. Amongst the treasures of the Guildhall Library are the first Dutch version of the Bible (Delft, 1477), *Bibli Sacra*, 1483, contemporary bindings, and Shakespeare's autograph to a purchase-deed of a house in Blackfriars, which was bought for £145. The library is particularly rich in the history and topography of London, British topography, even to villages and parishes, publications of literary, scientific, and archæological societies, early London newspapers and directories, genealogical and heraldic works, British history and biography, English poetry, particularly London editions of sixteenth and seventeenth century writers, dictionaries and grammars of various languages, bibliography, and books from the presses of early London printers (some fine specimens of which were shown at the recent reception of the London Congress of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain),

broadsides and tracts of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, modern dictionaries, home and foreign, archæology, architecture, and costume, clock and watch-making, and pamphlets on the Tractarian movement. The public are largely indebted for the present splendid building to Dr. Sedgwick Saunders, who was chairman of the Library Committee in 1869, and who induced the Common Council to erect a new library and museum at a cost, exclusive of fittings, of £25,000. A full and interesting description of the building by its designer, the late Sir Horace Jones, is given in the volume before us.

It is interesting to learn in what manner and to what extent the Guildhall Library has been used. Even before the Free Libraries Act was passed, the Corporation were in 1853 considering the desirability of throwing the library open to the public free of charge, and in 1856 readers were admitted by ticket, and members of the Corporation were allowed to borrow books for home reading. After the opening of the new building the yearly attendance of readers rose from 14,316 in 1868 to 173,559 in 1874. This was a remarkable increase, but the increase was still more remarkable when the library was opened to readers in the evening, and for the whole day on Saturdays. This not only entailed a large addition to the staff, but the attendance at library, newspaper-room, and museum rose to 396,720 in 1888. Since then there has been a slight falling off, the total in 1892 being 356,343. This, no doubt, is due to the fact that numerous other free libraries have since sprung up in different parts of the metropolis. One of the reasons of the popularity of the Guildhall Library is doubtless the introduction of the excellent card catalogue by Mr. Welch, which has greatly facilitated the work of readers. It is clear from a statistical return presented by the Librarian that the majority of those who frequent the Guildhall are not novel readers who come for an hour's pleasant dissipation, but students bent upon more serious business. Of the books read fiction amounts to only 16·56 per cent., while history represents 7·04 per cent.; theology, 6·6; biography, 5·37; useful arts, 5·28; science, 4·58; poetry, 4·49; topography, 4·4; philology, 3·34; foreign literature, 3·25; genealogy, 3·17; "Encyclopædia Britannica," 2·73; fine arts, 2·64; travels, 2·46; philosophy, 2·37; Greek and Latin classics, 2·20; music, 2·02; archæology, 1·49; politics, 1·32; commerce, 1·23; drama, 1·14; law, 0·61; and bibliography, 0·35.

The interesting question remains: What is to be the future of the Guildhall Library? Useful and popular as it is, it cannot be doubted

that it might be made infinitely more useful and infinitely more popular. Even so far back as 1853 the Library Committee warmly supported a proposal for the establishment of a free circulating library, which they rightly contended would be the means of introducing the works of the most approved authors to the homes and firesides of the inhabitants of the City, would give an impulse to diligent and thoughtful reading, and encourage the pursuit of studies, the result of which would extend the boundaries of human knowledge and national civilisation. Unfortunately the proposal to establish a free circulating library was rejected by the ratepayers, and now, while some of the suburban districts and nearly every great foreign capital have provided such an institution, the centre of London—the centre of European civilisation—is without this boon. Funds have been provided by the Charity Commissioners out of the Parochial Charities Fund to establish circulating libraries in the parishes of Cripplegate and Bishopsgate, and Mr. Welch thinks a halfpenny rate would suffice to provide the rest of the City with free circulating libraries, having Guildhall for the centre. Unfortunately the ratepayers are already heavily burdened, and they have found to their cost that rates originally small have a tendency to grow. There are other ways, however, besides an appeal to the ratepayers. There are the City Companies who might surely co-operate in a work of this kind, and there are millionaires and other wealthy individuals who might do worse than imitate the noble generosity of men like Sir Richard Whittington. The City libraries would not be confined to inhabitants of the City, but would be open to all who are occupied therein, and they are counted by the hundred thousand. There is no doubt about the need of a free circulating library. The requests for permission to take books home for study, says Mr. Welch, are constant, and at times almost painful to refuse. If the Corporation could initiate a work of this kind, and offer a plot of its vacant land for the purpose ; if, moreover, it could secure the co-operation of powerful philanthropists and City companies, it would be performing a most popular act, and would add enormously to its prestige, a point which it cannot afford to overlook in these democratic days.



The Battle of Bibliography.¹

THE last decade of the nineteenth century will witness the solution of many great problems which have hitherto been looming as dark storms upon the horizon, ready to break, we know not when nor where, with consequences which we cannot yet foresee.

If this be so especially in the Political, Religious, and Social worlds, the Literary world will not escape without its trials.

We are slowly awakening to the fact that the flood of Modern Bibliography has overtaken us, and we are at length forced to confess that we are unable to cope with it. Advancing with stealthy line, it has found us unprepared and unorganised, and we have fled.

What, then, will be the result? Where will flight end? Must it continue? are the questions which we ask ourselves.

To any casual observer of matters bibliographical there are many tendencies which will at once attract attention. In regard to the object of this paper, two are especially noteworthy.

1. The prevalence of the belief that the evils which afflict Modern Bibliography are *necessary* evils for which there is no radical remedy.

2. The belief that, if solution there be, we must turn for remedy to *Indexes*.

Now, of course, Indexes contribute a share, and a valuable share, towards the solution of our difficulties. But the great radical defect of Modern Bibliography is the absence of a systematic Periodical Series of Lists of Books on Special Subjects.

¹ Being a summary of the latter portion of a paper entitled "Bibliography Backwards," read before the Library Association.

The first great national want in Bibliography is to be able to find with speed and certainty any book out of the million, on knowing the author and title. This want is supplied to perfection by the Alphabetical Catalogue.

The second great want is, without any previous knowledge, to be able to find a chronological list of ALL the books on any given subject with absolute certainty, in reference both to time and geographical area.

This want remains to be supplied.

Whence, then, the remedy? The answer is simple. Pursue a course exactly opposite to that of the past.

In the past, the books of the years have been allowed to disperse, before taking due note of them for the purpose of Special Bibliographies, at the time when note could best be taken.

The consequence is that when solitary individuals have bravely set themselves to the task of re-collecting the books, they have done so only after endless cost of money, time, and labour, and have then often only succeeded in bringing a fraction of the books on a subject together again to the point from which they originally started (*"Bibliography Backwards"*), and where they might have been so easily retained in the first instance.

It is not, therefore, a question of after-remedy. We must *prevent* the evil altogether.

And the solution of the problem is to be found in Periodical National Registers of Books. We want a periodical list of all the books of the year, which we can afterwards divide into any reasonable number of natural divisions and subdivisions at will.

And how are we to get this list?

The most natural way is to avail ourselves of the first registry of books which can possibly take place. But alas, this registry does not exist, except on a very limited scale, and even then the registers are not printed.

If the reason be inquired, we must point to the existing law.

The fate of an important branch of modern bibliography depends on the difference between the little words *MAY* and *MUST*.

According to English law, a man *may* register his book for copyright.

In India and the United States a man *must* register his books. Consequently, in the two latter cases registers exist. With us they are absent.

But whether a register exists or not in this country, we have so far progressed that it is generally approved of in principle. It is

generally agreed that a reformed Stationers' Hall under immediate Government control is the *sine quâ non* of future copyright reform.

There is reason to suppose, however, that we are yet far from realising the full value of a register *bibliographically*.

In India it is arranged on lines unsuited to the highest aims of bibliography.

In America, at once like and unlike our cousins, they have written up "*Customs*" over the door of bibliography—in other words, the first contemplated use of the recent scheme of registration in America was to supply tariff lists of books for the use of the Customs Officials.

Now the real value of a National Printed Register is that, whereas it is necessary from a copyright law and commercial point of view, it may also be made available for furthering the welfare of one of the most important branches of bibliography.

Registry *has* to be made concerning the ownership of copyright, the term of duration, and other details; and since, under a proper system of registration, all books not *privately printed*, or at least all books to be copyrighted would be registered simultaneously with the date of publication, the register entries (being in strict chronological order) would form, if printed, the best possible basis for special lists of books, provided that the original entries were made in proper fashion.

In conclusion, then, let me in the briefest manner sketch the outline of a National Register, noting the essential conditions.

All copyright books must be registered on the date of issue from the press.

Each entry in the Register must be a compact one, including all the essentials of a bibliographical title.

Periodicals and Continuations will be kept separate.

The registering being performed by means of manifold-writing books and type-writers, several entries could be made at one time, one for a receipt form, another as an office reference form, another as a title form, &c., &c.

Once a quarter the chronologically numbered title-forms would be sorted into a reasonable number of broad but well-defined subject group bibliographical sections, and sent to the printer.

If necessary, further details could be added to title-forms after distribution of receipt forms, and extra titles could be type-written when common to more than one group.

In regard to internal details, special attention would be paid to uniformity of type, continuity of arrangement, and simplicity of treatment.

Each quarterly section would be issued with a separate title page; would contain titles printed only on one side of the paper; would be on sale as a separate work for a moderate sum.

Here, then, for the year, and for all future time, provision is made for the special bibliography of the greater subject groups, and with a minimum of labour and expense, and with absolute certainty of details.

But this is not all. By the mere cutting up and re-arrangement of selected entries in spare copies of the quarterly lists, and by the shifting of the type before it is broken up, there is easy scope for the immediate compilation of any number of *smaller biographies* of special subjects which may be in request. And all this without any delay in visiting libraries, in hunting through catalogues, and transcribing titles in manuscript.

In addition also to the above advantages, when once we have our Periodical Registers, it would then be possible to promote a further elaboration of bibliographical enterprise, by which the thousands of books which are at present diverted from the natural stream of literature as subordinate "parts," "papers," and "articles" in "collected works," "learned society journals," and periodicals, &c., would be drafted back in due honour as appropriate sections of the Periodical Registers. This plan, while not interfering with, but rather aiding, the system of separate and collective *Indexes*, would render a large portion of the literary world very greatly independent of indexes which do not and cannot supply all our needs.

Furthermore, not the least of the results of the periodical class registers would be that a beautiful system of International bibliography would arise (certainly amongst the English-speaking nations), which, while enabling any one country to inform itself concerning the whole or any part of the literature of any other country year by year, would also enable each country to contribute by International Bibliographical Exchange periodical lists of its contributions to the National literature of any other country.

Is not this a matter worth thinking of?

FRANK CAMPBELL.

[In the published pamphlet on the above subject, Mr. Campbell gives a series of exceedingly useful and carefully thought out diagrams, which all interested in the classification of books would do well to study. The pamphlet may be had, we believe, of the author, who is an official in the British Museum Library.]



Auction Prices of Rare Books.

THE following is a selection from the last book sale of the past season at Messrs. Sotheby's rooms, and will be read with interest. All things considered, the prices are remarkably good, whilst some of the items are of great rarity. The entire proceeds of the four days' sale of 1,452 lots were £3,158 4s.—a result which may be taken as indicating a very healthy state of the trade in second-hand books.

The sale was made up of various properties, and included a portion of the library of Bishop Stortford School (sold by order of the Charity Commissioners), in addition to the library of a dignitary of the Church. The most important item in the sale—and, perhaps, of the past season—consisted of an almost perfect copy of a book issued by the Unknown Printer of St. Albans, "The Cronicle of Englode with the Frute of Timis," black letter, capitals printed in red, woodcuts, wants the seven preliminary leaves of Table, "a i" (a blank leaf) and "j i," the last leaf is a little defective, "J viij" is placed after "K i," a few leaves are slightly defective and others mended, purple morocco antique, sold with all faults, St. Albans (1483), £220. The other items included "Catalogus Omnium Erasmi," 1523, imperfect, but with the arms of Henry VIII. on one side and the Tudor rose on the other, £5 10s.; an imperfect copy of Coverdale's "Bible," Zurich, 1550, £10; another example of the same, Southwarke, 1538, wanting the first two leaves, but otherwise a fine copy, £25; J. Gower, "De Confessione Amantis," 1532, large copy, £23; Selden's edition of Michael Drayton's "Poly-Olbion," 1622, £10; Higden's "Polycronycon," printed by Wynkin de Worde, 1495, the first leaf missing, £15; Archbishop Cranmer's

copy of the second edition of Erasmus's Greek Testament, with the autograph of "Thomas Cantuarien" on title, Basle, 1519, £10; the first edition of Euclid's "Geometriæ Elementa," 1482—the first book issued with woodcut diagrams—a large copy in the original limp vellum, £17 10s.; Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations, Voyages," &c., 1590–1600, £6 10s.; a first edition of Mathew Arnold's "Empedocles on Etna," 1852, uncut, £3 5s.; Ruskin's "Stones of Venice," first edition, three volumes, £9; and Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1669, the first edition with the seventh title-page, £8 5s.; J. B. de Laborde, "Choix de Chansons," 1773, engraved throughout with the music and plates by Moreau, Masquelier au Rée, £67; J. Dorat, "Les Baisers," 1770, large paper, with the incorrect pagination, and the charming vignettes and *culs-de-lampe* after Eisen and Marillier, £13 5s.; J. de La Fontaine, "Contes," 1853, on "papier vélin à la cuve," only 100 copies printed, and with two extra sets of plates, £10 15s.; an extra-illustrated copy of T. Campbell's "Poetical Works," 1837, with numerous exquisite vignettes, inlaid to folio size and extended to two volumes by the insertion of a number of rare mezzotint and other portraits, by and after Rowlandson, Kneller, Wheatley, &c., with a long and interesting quarto autograph letter of Robert Burns to his friend James Candish, and letters of Campbell, J. M. W. Turner, J. P. Kemble, and an autograph memorandum of Mrs. Siddons, £48; a collection of ninety-five of the rarest caricature and other engravings, by Woodward and Rowlandson, most of which are coloured, 1798, &c., £10 10s.; H. Alken, "National Sports of Great Britain," fifty large and beautifully coloured plates, with descriptions in English and French, 1821, £23 10s.; the *Caricature Magazine*, a series of upwards of 460 coloured caricature plates by Woodward, Rowlandson, Bunbury, Cruikshank, &c., the engravings are all in good condition, 1821, &c., £22 10s.; H. Bunbury, "A Collection of 207 caricature and other engravings," in two volumes, many of the plates printed in colours, comprising several extremely rare examples, and the whole in the finest possible condition, 1789, &c., £47; "Heures présentées à Madame la Dauphine," par T. de Hansy, Paris (no date), £22; a series of eighty-four volumes of the *Sporting Magazine*, 1793–1834, £66; "Breviarium Romanum," Lugduni, 1561, exceedingly rare, £8 8s.; M. Thevenot, "Receuil de Voyages," 1681 (a very rare collection of early voyages down the Mississippi and elsewhere, with maps of New Holland, Nova Zembla, plates of insects, &c., £10 10s.; Bewick's "Select Fables," 1820, imperial paper, original edition, £10; George Washington's copy of "Cicero's Cato Major,"

Philadelphia, 1744, with the celebrated American general's signature on the first leaf of the preface, £49; the first edition of "The Life of Sir John Oldcastle," attributed to Shakespeare, 1600, a fine copy, £36—this same copy sold for £46 in the Gaisford sale two or three years ago; Caxton's "Recuyell of the Histroyes of Troy," printed at the Kelmscott Press, 1892, on vellum, £29; Fitzgerald's "Life of David Garrick," extended from two to four volumes, £42; Allot's "England's Parnassus," 1600, this very rare volume contains extracts from almost all the most noted poets of the day, including no less than seventy-nine from Shakespeare; and, as Mr. Collier remarks, "among other advantages derived from it may be mentioned the manner in which it has enabled us in modern times to assign to their true authors several productions of curiosity and popularity, £10 15s. J. Milton, "Poems," 1645, first collective edition, £19; a copy of the second folio Shakespeare, 1632 (not quite perfect), £20; W. Blake, "Songs of Innocence," 1789, the original edition, with two coloured illustrations by Blake added, and a portrait by Linnell, £49 10s.; and St. Augustine, "De Vita Christiana," printed by Fust and Schoeffer, about 1465, £20.



Two Books of Reference.

TWO very useful books of literary reference have just recently appeared. The first is a "Bookman Directory of Booksellers, Publishers, and Authors," a little volume published at the low price of a shilling. It contains a list of booksellers in London and the provinces, a list of publishers, in many cases with interesting accounts of the origin and performances of the firms; and a list of authors, and addresses at which letters will find them. The list of booksellers will be of use, of course, only to the trade, but all writers and readers will be glad to have at hand in so cheap and accessible a form the directories of authors and publishers. Dr. Robertson Nicoll has abandoned his intention of including a complete directory of literary pseudonyms. A number of these are included in the directory of authors, but we had hoped that Dr. Nicoll would have been able to furnish us with a list similar to those which have been published of French and American authors employing pseudonyms. It may be, however, that the habit of pseudonymous writing is not so common in England as in other countries. The second is issued from the *Review of Reviews* office, and should command the support of every journalist and man of letters. It is the third issue of the "Index and Guide to the Periodicals of the World," which Mr. Stead attributes to the "industry and enthusiasm of Miss Hetherington and her able and zealous assistants." It contains an admirable introductory essay by this lady on the indexing of periodicals, an apparently complete list of the periodicals of the world, and a marvellous index of the subjects treated in them all during 1892. Miss Hetherington is well known as the compiler of the yearly index to the old *Pall Mall Gazette*. This index is published at 5s., and its character as a labour of love entitles it to generous support. Certainly no library, newspaper office, or journalist should be without it.



Limited Editions : A Prose Fancy.

WHY do the heathen so furiously rage against limited editions, large-papers, first editions, and the rest? For there is certainly more to be said for than against them. Broadly speaking, all such "fads" are worthy of being encouraged, because they, in some measure, maintain the expiring dignity of letters, the mystery of books. Day by day the wonderfulness of life is becoming lost to us. The sanctities of religion are defiled, the "fairy tales" of science are become commonplaces. Christian mysteries are debased in the streets to the sound of drum and trumpet, and the sensitive ear of the telephone is but a servile drudge 'twixt speculative bacon-merchants. And Books! those miraculous memories of high thoughts and golden moods; those silver shells, tremulous with the wonderful secrets of the ocean of life; those love-letters that pass from hand to hand of a thousand lovers that never meet; those honeycombs of dreams; those orchards of knowledge; those still-beating hearts of the noble dead; those mysterious signals that beckon along the darksome pathways of the past; voices through which the myriad lisplings of the earth find perfect speech; oracles through which its mysteries call like voices in moonlit woods; prisms of beauty; urns stored with all the sweets of all the summers of time; immortal nightingales that sing for ever to the rose of life—Books, Bibles—ah me! what have ye become to-day!

What, indeed, has become of that mystery of the Printed Word of which Carlyle so movingly wrote? It has gone, it is to be feared, with those Memnonian mornings we sleep through with so determined snore, those ancient mysteries of night we forget beneath the mimic firmament of the music-hall.

Only in the lamplit closet of the bookman, the fanatic of first and fine editions, is it remembered and revered. To him alone of an

Americanised, "pirated-edition" reading world, the book remains the sacred thing it is. Therefore he would not have it degraded by, so to say, an indiscriminate breeding, such as has also made the children of men cheap and vulgar to each other. We pity the desert rose that is born to unappreciative beauty, the unset gem that glitters on no woman's hands; but what of the book that eats its heart out in the threepenny box, the remainders that are sold ignominiously in job lots by ignorant auctioneers? Have we no feeling for them?

Over-production, both in men and shirts, is the evil of the day. The world has neither enough food, nor enough love, for the young that is born into it. We have more mouths than we can fill, and more books than we can buy. Well, the publisher and collector of limited editions aim, in their small corner, to set a limit to this careless procreation. They are literary Malthusians. The ideal world would be that in which there would be at least one lover for each woman. In the higher life of books the ideal is similar. No book should be brought into the world which is not sure of love and lodging on some comfortable shelf. If writers and publishers only gave a thought to what they were doing when they generate such large families of books, careless as the salmon with its million young, we would have no such sad workhouses of learning as Booksellers' Row, no such melancholy distress-sales of noble authors as remainder-auctions. A truly good book is beyond price; and it is far easier to under than over sell it. The words of the modern minor poet are as rubies, and what if his sets bring a hundred guineas—it is more as it should be than that any sacrilegious hand should fumble them for threepence. It records that golden age of which Mr. Dobson has sung, when—

". . . a book was still a Book,
Where a wistful man might look,
Finding something through the whole,
Beating—like a human soul ;"

days when for one small gilded manuscript men would willingly exchange broad manors, with pasture-lands, chases, and blowing woodlands; days when kings would send anxious embassies across the sea, burdened with rich gifts to abbot and prior, if haply gold might purchase a single poet's book.

But, says the scoffer, these limited editions and so forth foster the vile passions of competition. Well, and if they do! Is it not meet that men should strive together for such possessions? We compete

for the allotments of shares in American-meat companies, we outbid each other for tickets "to view the Royal procession," we buffet at the gate of the football field, and enter into many another of the ignoble rivalries of peace; and are not books worth a scrimmage for—books that are all those wonderful things so poetically set forth in a preceding paragraph? Lightly earned, lightly spurned, is the sense, if not the exact phrasing, of an old proverb. There is no telling how we could value many of our possessions if they were more arduously come by: our relatives, our husbands and wives, our presentation poetry from the unpoetical, our invitation-cards to one-man shows in Bond Street, the auto-photographs of great actors, the flatteries of the unimportant, the attentions of the embarrassing—how might we value all such treasures if they were, so to say, restricted to a limited issue, and guaranteed "not to be reprinted"—"plates destroyed and type distributed."

Indeed, all nature is on the side of limited editions. Make a thing cheap, she cries from every spring hedgerow, and no one values it. When do we find the hawthorn, with its breath sweet as a milch-cow's; or the wild rose, with its exquisite attar and its petals of hollowed pearl; when do we find these decking the tables of the great? or the purple bilberry or the boot-bright blackberry in the entremets thereof? Think what that "common dog-rose" would bring in a limited addition. And new milk from the cow, or water from the well! Where would champagne be if those intoxicants were but restricted by expensive license and sold in gilded bottles? What would you not pay for a ticket to see the moon rise if nature had not improvidently made it a free entertainment, and who could afford to buy a seat at Covent Garden if Sir Augustus Harris should suddenly become sole impresario of the nightingale?

Yes, "from scarped cliff and quarried stone," Nature cries: "Limit the Edition! Distribute the type!" Though in her capacity as the great publisher she has been all too prodigal of her issues, and ruinously guilty of innumerable remainders. In fact, it is by her warning rather than her example that we must be guided in this matter. Let us not vulgarise our books as she has done her stars and flowers. Let us, if need be, make our editions smaller and smaller, our prices increasingly "prohibitive," rather than that we should forget the wonder and beauty of printed dream and thought, and treat our books as somewhat less valuable than wayside weeds.

RICHARD BE GALLIENNE
(in *Pall Mall Gazette*).

An Artist Bookbinder.

AT the World's Fair the artist successor of Trautz-Bauzonnet will be represented by some of his most beautiful handiwork on leather. Even in his imitations of the classic book cover adorners of old France it cannot be denied that Léon Gruel is a master. He has sent to America brilliant specimens of the styles of Le Gascon, Maioli, and Dérome. His speciality is engraved and modelled leather in the Gothic patterns. One of the finest examples of Gruel's work in this manner covers a prayer-book woven entirely of silk—miniatures, black letter characters and all—by an ingenious manufacturer at Lyons. Another specimen is on a copy of the artist binder's own "*Manuel Historique et Bibliographique de l'Amateur de Reliures*." He has neatly introduced in this, among the Gothic foliage and flowers of its border, a grue (crane) and a book as his *marque parlante*. Some of the prices of rarities which Gruel has bound for the gréat international exposition of 1893 are worth noting. There is a vellum manuscript, "*Livre de Mariage*," cased superbly in brown levant morocco, with an ivory bas-relief of the Marriage at Cana inserted, and clasped in silver gilt, marked at 2,800 francs; a chirographic copy of the "*Imitation de Jésus Christ*," translated by Lamennais, with miniatures by Ledoux and E. Moreau, which will cost its purchaser 20,000 francs, if the precious souvenir is destined to remain in pactolian America; and an exact copy of Madame de Pompadour's blotter, in citron morocco, with flowers daintily inlaid in red and blue. Seven hundred francs will buy the latter. As bookbindings do not exclusively command the skill of Léon Gruel, other elegant specimens of it, which will be shown and admired at Chicago, are a leather-covered casket for jewels, a scissors case after a model in the museum at Cluny, and a card case in Renaissance style.

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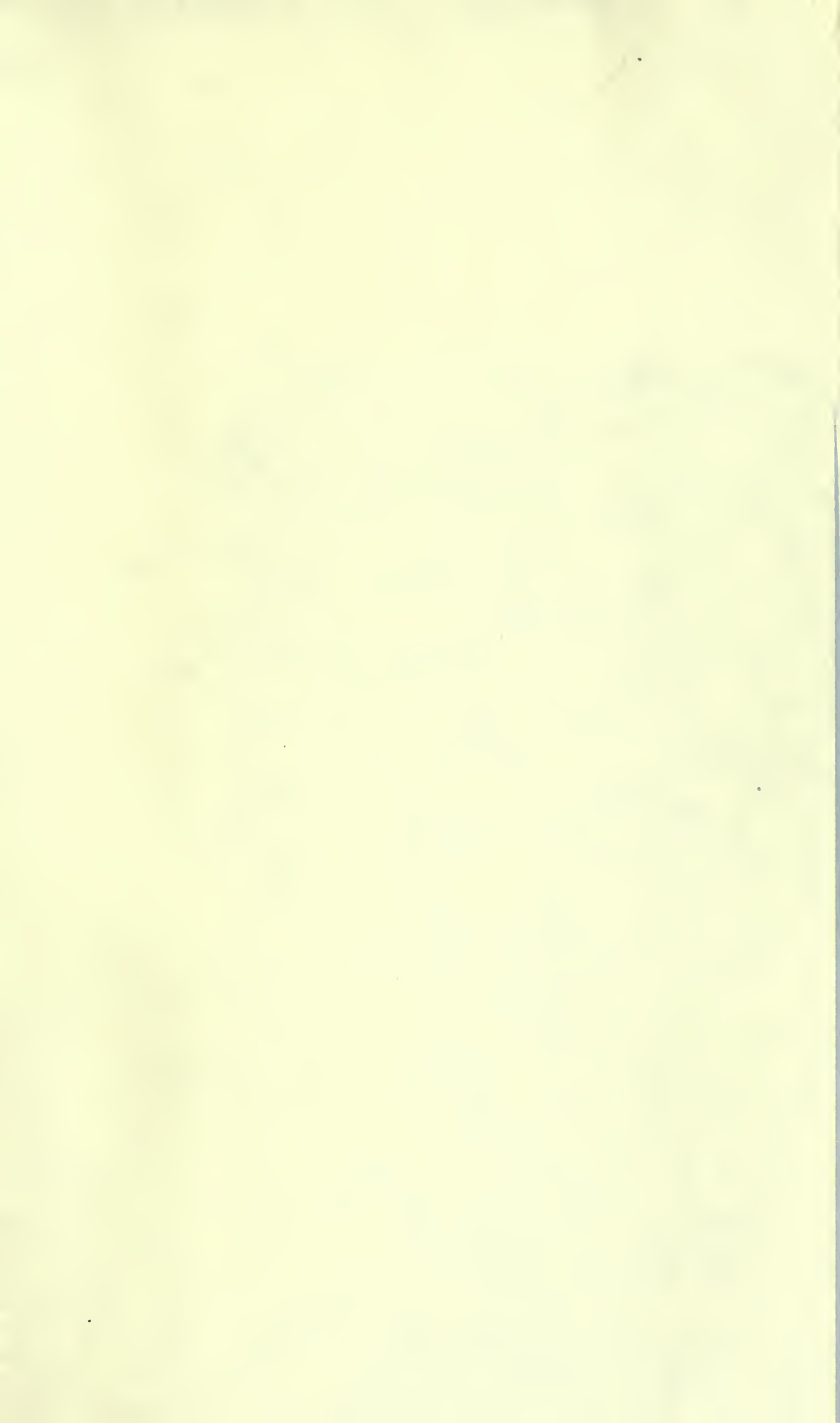
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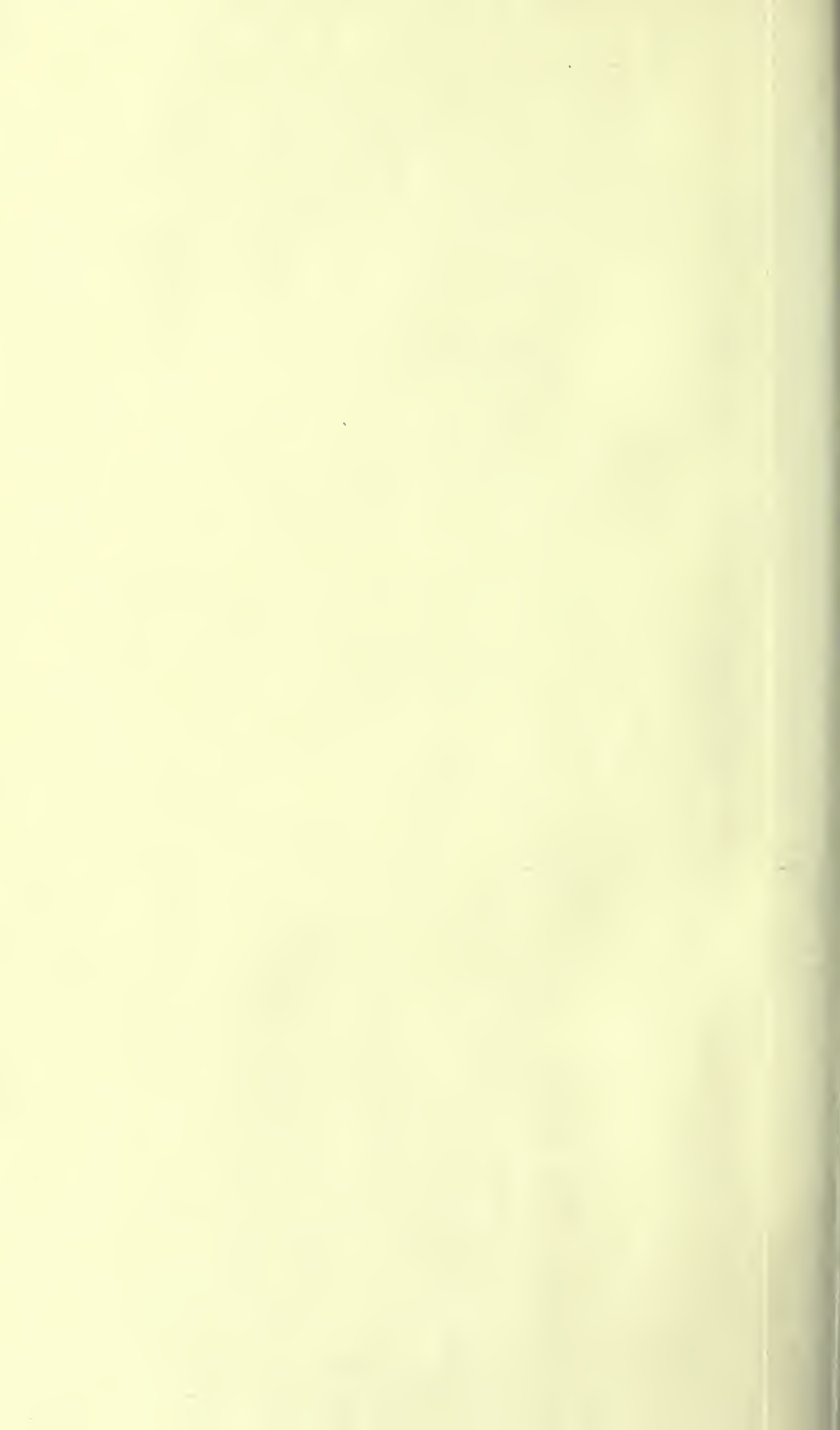
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